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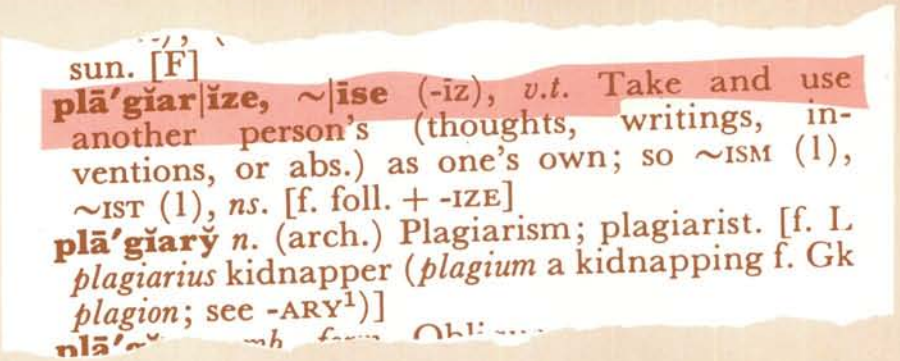
Who "Plagiarises" Whom?

A Critical Look at Dictionaries, Old & New

By Robert Burchfield


sun. [F]
plā'gĭar|ĭze, ~|īse (-īz), v.t. Take and use another person's (thoughts, writings, inventions, or abs.) as one's own; so ~ISM (1), ~IST (1), ns. [f. foll. + -IZE]
plā'gĭarў n. (arch.) Plagiarism; plagiarist. [f. L plagiarius kidnapper (plagium a kidnapping f. Gk plagion; see -ARY1)]

Alun Chalfont: The "Star Wars" Scenario

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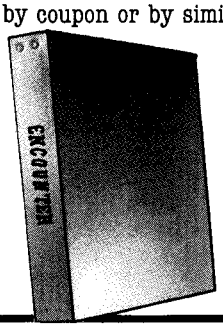

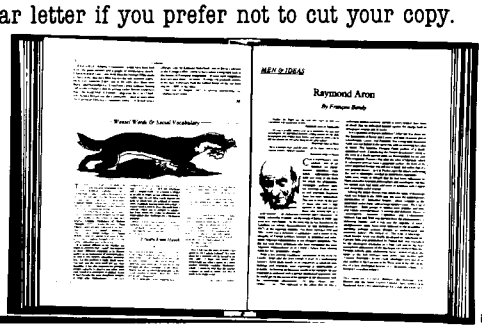

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John Gohorry

Acts of Merit

"The works or acts of merit towards learning are conversant about three objects: the places of learning, the books of learning, and the persons of the learned. For as water, whether it be the dew of heaven, or the springs of the earth, doth scatter and leese itself in the ground, except it be collected into some receptacle, where it may by union comfort and sustain itself, and for that cause the industry of man hath made and framed spring-heads, conduits, cisterns, and pools, which men have accustomed likewise to beautify and adorn with accomplishments of magnificence and state, as well as of use and necessity; so this excellent liquor of knowledge, whether it descend from divine inspiration, or spring from human sense, would soon perish and vanish to oblivion, if it were not preserved in books, traditions, conferences, and places appointed, as universities, colleges, and schools, for the receipt and comforting of the same."

FRANCIS BACON, **Advancement of Learning** (1605)

THERE HAD BEEN SOME DOUBT earlier that morning whether it would be necessary to change the venue for the public lecture, but the Senior Technician and the pro-Vice-Chancellor had gone together to the Great Hall for a careful inspection of the pipework, and had decided that the small puddle lying at the foot of a water-pipe in the corner had accumulated from a downfall of condensation during the night, and that there was therefore no need to make alternative arrangements. A junior member of the maintenance staff was sent with a mop and a pail to make cosmetic adjustments to the floor; Dr Kellner was met at the station and shown his accommodation before being entertained to a substantial lunch in the College Refectory, and already the Hall was filling with people—the dignitaries of the University in the three rows of reserved benches at the front, and behind them, in the body of the Hall, a motley assortment of teaching staff, students, and members of the public.

For some of the dignitaries, attendance was perhaps a matter of obligation, a formal requirement that was enforced informally by the knowledge that not to be seen on such an occasion would raise hostile insinuations from the Vice-Chancellor (himself unable to attend, as it happened, due to a prior engagement) not only as to the scope and nature of their extramural activities, but also, and more materially, to the probable budgetary provision for offending Faculties or Departments in the forthcoming allocation of funds. It was certainly so for Miss Dupuis, the Head of European Studies, who had vigorously campaigned for her own Department's nomination of Public Speaker from the Arts Faculty this year, and was considerably embittered that the rival Department of English had succeeded in their bid to issue the invitation.

For the lecturing staff, for the students, and for members of the public, however, it was intellectual interest rather than anything else that drew them in through the enclosed quadrangle with its busy fountains to the Great Hall lined with wooden pews and the stern figures of beadles and ushers patrolling up and down as the hands of the wall-clock rose steadily towards two. For Newcombe, Senior Reader in the Faculty of Law, anything that Dr Kellner had to say about a former Attorney-General would be of interest, while Hagan, a Research Fellow in the Department of Linguistics, had naturally read Dr Kellner's provocative book on Bacon, and indeed had corresponded with the author on a number of points, though his lowly status within the hierarchy of the University had precluded him from being extended an invitation to lunch. Helen O'Reilly, in her last year as an undergraduate, was finding the prospect of two three-hour examination papers in Renaissance Studies at the end of the following term rather daunting; a diligent and systematic student, however, and one whom her tutors expected to get a first, she would have let herself down had she neglected to take advantage of any discourse that was relevant to her studies. But now, as the pro-Vice-Chancellor escorted Dr Kellner from the antechamber at the back of the Hall to the oak table on the dais amid an eruption of welcoming applause, it was the presence of Mrs Osborne, and others like her, which marked the profoundest response to the event, and validated, with greater authority than the rest, what the University was engaged in, in setting up courses of public lectures in the first place.

A HOUSEWIFE FOR 40 YEARS, Mrs Osborne had devoted all her energies to the welfare of her husband and their two daughters, main-

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taining a lively though not a technical interest in her husband's laboratory work and in the academic side of the children's schooling. When the daughters had married and moved away, Mrs Osborne found that she had time on her hands, although she did not feel competent, and in any case did not have the inclination, to embark on a formal programme of study for herself. Her interests were very general—too wide to be confined to a syllabus of literature that would have excluded science, or of physics that would have excluded Spanish—moreover, she had no liking whatsoever for the compilation of essays.

What she did instead was to secure details of public lectures and short courses offered throughout the year by the various educational bodies of the region, and organise herself accordingly. Where these had taken place in the evenings, or, as happened occasionally, at weekends, it had been possible to involve Charles, and the two of them had derived enormous pleasure and satisfaction from a visit to the Rijksmuseum, where an expert from the University had opened their eyes to the achievements of Rembrandt, and from an archaeological excavation in Suffolk, where they had drawn from the earth with their own hands fragments of Neolithic pottery and arrowheads.

When Charles died, Mrs Osborne had suspended her activities as her enthusiasm for life as a widow failed, but she had only suspended them; for the benefits she had obtained from these things in his lifetime were substantial enough, finally, to sustain her throughout her mourning, and to assert themselves as vigorously as before once the intensity of her grief had begun to subside. In the last couple of years she had attended lectures dealing with aspects of immunology, tree-preservation, and the compilation of dictionaries, taken part in a short course on the theory and application of computer techniques in the development of micro-technology, and been lucky enough to secure one of a handful of places on a week-long residential course in practical astronomy, held at the University's observatory, which had given her a much more than average grasp of current knowledge regarding the constitution of the solar system, and our planet's relations with its neighbours.

She was extremely appreciative of the complex of information, explanation, and speculation that was invariably presented on these occasions in a lucid, distinguished, and accessible form, and it was an eccentricity of hers, straight after having attended a lecture, to write a short letter of thanks to the speaker, so that her mentor should never, if she could help it, be lulled into thinking that a discourse of quality was taken for granted, even if, from the speaker's standpoint, its delivery might be routine. Already, as a polite round of applause marked the end of the pro-Vice-Chancellor's speech of introduction, and Dr Kellner, armed with a sheaf of papers, assumed his position at the lectern, Mrs Osborne was focusing her attention closely, so that she should miss nothing of what he said, and her letter of thanks, when she came to write it, would be sincere.

In a warm and confident voice, Dr Kellner began with a brief account of Bacon's life, in order, as he said, to contextualise what he would be suggesting in the substance of his talk with regard to his subject's patterns of thought and expression. Unlike Newcombe, who was thoroughly familiar in any case with the trials of Essex and Somerset, and unlike Helen O'Reilly, who considered that matters of mere biography could easily be assembled from any competent written source, Mrs Osborne listened with attention and interest to the unfolding of a bare but significant history, drawn from a time when personal histories seemed to her to have been charged in any case with a special significance. There had been no vaccination in those days, and, setting aside the hazards of warfare and political intrigue, the expectation of life was short. Dr Kellner outlined an education at Cambridge from the age of twelve, qualification as a barrister at twenty-one, and a thirty-four-year career as a member of the House of Commons; he unfolded the stages by which his subject rose to eminence—Queen's Counsel at thirty-five, Knight at forty, and ten years later, Attorney-General. A peerage and promotion to the position of Lord Chancellor quickly followed, with a Viscountcy only a few days after his sixtieth birthday.

Mrs Osborne, however, took notice of the man, as much as of the offices that he had held, and she was disturbed to learn that having formed a friendship with the Earl of Essex in the 1590s, and having received from him the gift of a house in Twickenham worth a considerable sum of money, he should so vigorously, a decade later, have prosecuted against him the charges that led to his trial and execution. It was a disgraceful way to behave to a friend and benefactor. She derived satisfaction of a kind, therefore, from Dr Kellner's account of the disgrace and dishonour to which he himself succumbed when, only a month after having gained the Viscountcy, the erstwhile prosecutor found himself on trial for accepting bribes, and within three months had delivered a voluntary confession of guilt, and been forced to retire immediately from public life. Yet it was satisfaction only of a kind, for she felt that although these later events requited the man with the retribution of poetic justice, there was still something inherently sordid and demeaning about a prominent public figure, or indeed anyone with such a well-educated and finely-trained mind, soiling his integrity by such actions. It reminded her, all over again, of Joad.

There was a puzzle as well in what Dr Kellner retailed of the circumstances of his subject's death. The Viscount had been travelling in his coach in late March between London and Highgate. Being of an experimental habit of mind, he had alighted from the coach in order to test a theory about the preservative qualities of snow by stuffing a chicken with it; he had caught a chill, which

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proved fatal. Mrs Osborne could infer the availability of the snow from the journey's having occurred in March, but the provenance of the chicken was not clear. It seemed unlikely that the Viscount would have furnished himself with a chicken before setting out, and then stopped in mid-journey to carry out an experiment that could have been conducted with greater ease and far less disruption either before departure or at the terminus of arrival. But then, stopping the coach *en route*, seizing and slaughtering a convenient chicken—presumably it had been slaughtered beforehand—presupposed either an act of trespass upon some stranger's property or else—and this was a possibility that pushed Mrs Osborne to the brink of unseemly laughter—the prospect of the elderly Viscount standing in the snow and explaining to an incredulous farmhand the reason why he wished to purchase one of his brood of chickens, in exchange for a black purse jingling with the promise of silver coins. She never asked questions after a lecture, but she might raise these points, for observation and perhaps clarification, in her letter of thanks. She would have to include a stamped addressed envelope.

There was another puzzle too that had thrust itself awkwardly, and in an undefinably sinister way, upon Mrs Osborne's attention during the span of Dr Kellner's opening remarks, although this had resolved itself by the time he had reached the experiment in refrigeration. Almost as soon as he had begun speaking, there was a faint and muffled sound of knocking metal—the sort of sound made when, on returning to her house after a weekend's absence, Mrs Osborne reached down under the kitchen sink, gave two firm clockwise twists to the handle that controlled the water supply, and sent water shooting back from the mains into the empty pipes, tanks and cisterns upstairs and in the loft. It was that sort of bumping noise, and it was followed at intervals by gurgling sounds like bubbles of air moving in spirals and eddies up through a column of water. The sporadic recurrence of these sounds enabled Mrs Osborne finally to identify their source as a thick pipe running from floor to ceiling of the Great Hall in the front right-hand corner as she sat facing the dais—evidently part of the plumbing, although it had been carefully painted a stippled brown to harmonise with the interior paintwork of the Hall, and was not at all conspicuous. When she looked hard at it, its surface seemed silky and radiant; it did seem to be reflecting rather a lot of light from the overhead illuminations.

Dr Kellner, meanwhile, had moved easily and gracefully into his first main area—an account of the forms of expression deployed by his subject in his extensive writings. The audience, if he read the atmosphere correctly, was attentive, and would have little difficulty in following up the biographical details, which he had chosen with care as a preface. He had made a point of referring to rhetoric on three separate occasions; in connection with the traditional Cambridge trivium, in the context of Bacon's Parliamentary speeches, and also of course in connection with his forensic work as a prosecutor for the Crown. The transition to an analysis of aphorism and method in Bacon's work would not be nearly so difficult as it would have been otherwise.

What then was aphorism, asked Dr Kellner. Its most obvious properties were formal ones—qualities of symmetry, balance, and contrast, sometimes involving progression, and structured, Mrs Osborne was interested to hear, with an almost architectural sense of design. The writers on rhetoric had names for these designs, as there existed names in geometry for the concatenation of lines in a polygon, or as the planners of some great cathedral might designate a singular kind of arch, or a particular vault, with its unique and singular name. Dr Kellner gave as an instance a well-known aphorism of his subject: "If a man will begin with certainties, he shall end in doubts, but if he will be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties." The figure of repetition involved was antimetabole.

But was aphorism nothing more than a formal arrangement of words? Dr Kellner stressed that it was not. The architectural analogy was helpful here. The vault and the arch of the cathedral were executed not to provide ornament or decoration, though if they achieved this it was well enough. Their rationale, he asserted, was always primarily functional—to support a roof, to enclose a space. Even the stained glass window, with its blaze of colour and its wonderful, intricate harmonies of green and red, existed for a very practical purpose—to tell a story, and suggest instruction. His subject had certainly not regarded aphorism as mere ornamentation, but as a test of his own solidity, as a pointer to action, and, most importantly, because of its status as a "residue of knowledge broken", as a stimulus to further enquiry. The last point deserved special emphasis, declared Dr Kellner, for as Bacon himself had asserted on numerous occasions, there were powerful forces at work to close off further enquiry at, or before, the point where it really engaged with the truths lying scattered beneath the teeming semblances of nature. One of these forces was the perversity of the human understanding, "of its own nature prone to suppose the existence of more order and regularity in the world than it finds", and hence persistently misreading the world through a compulsion for finding relationships—"though there be many things in nature which are singular and unmatched, yet it devises for them parallels and conjugates and relatives which do not exist."

Another of these forces, observed Dr Kellner, Bacon had located within the systems of elaboration employed by those such as himself to express their findings about the world. He did not refer solely to the notorious treachery of words, which his subject had treated under the heading of *Idols of the Market Place* and had designated "most troublesome of all", nor to the fanciful and erroneous philosophical notions that constituted

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the *Idols of the Theatre*. Nor did these systems of elaboration wholly derive from what Bacon had labelled the "contract of error" between the deliverer and the receiver whereby "he that delivereth knowledge desireth to deliver it in such form as may best be believed, not as may be best examined; and he that receiveth knowledge desireth rather present satisfaction than expectant inquiry, and so rather not to doubt than not to err"; Dr Kellner expressed the hope, and indeed the confidence, that no such contract was in force that day. No—the chief obstacle, declared Dr Kellner, lay in the organisational systems deployed by an author to give substance to his thought. These followed the aphorism; they consisted of what Quintilian had called disposition, which he along with Aristotle and other classical authorities had assigned as a province of rhetoric, but which Bacon, following Ramus and his contemporaries, considered more properly to belong to the realm of logic.

The "methods", as Bacon referred to them, had positive advantages: "they carry a kind of demonstration in orb or circle, one part illuminating another, and therefore satisfy." What was wrong was the rigidity and ossification with which they were deployed. The author, it was urged, should be able to vary his methods according to his subject, his audience, and his occasion; to be something of a chameleon, "*Orpheus in sylvis, inter delphinas Arion*", and had indeed himself been thoroughly consistent in matching his own practice with precept throughout the range of his own writings. Dr Kellner proposed to consider next Bacon's treatment of emblems.

ATTENTION IN SOME PARTS of the Hall was beginning to wander, not because of the difficulty or the obscurity of Dr Kellner's address, which in fact he had succeeded in making of passing interest even to Miss Dupuis, but on account of rival claims made by the spreading of water underfoot—a development of which Dr Kellner, surveying his listeners only briefly when raising his head from his text, and himself elevated in any case from the floor of the Hall by virtue of the dais on which he stood, remained unaware. "Emblem", he declared, "reduceth conceits intellectual to images sensible, which strike the memory more."

What characterised the responses of the audience to the sensation of water beneath their feet was the way in which each registered the fact in considerable measure according to his or her academic training and discipline. Harvey, a teacher of physics, referred himself briefly to questions of pressure and the height of the water table, estimating a flow of perhaps five cubic feet per minute from the corner pipe. He diverted himself from the dampness beneath his feet with the elementary calculation that at that rate, and within the likely duration of Dr Kellner's lecture, there would be 360 cubic feet of water flowing into the Hall, covering the floor, on the assumption that it was level, to a depth of about one eighth of an inch. Miss Dupuis, lifting her feet from the surface of the floor and resting them carefully on the back of the bench in front to safeguard her new court shoes, exercised her mind with the consecutive translation of events into Spanish, French, and German, in which language, quite inexplicably, an absurd and child-like distich framed and repeated itself over and over again in her head:

jetz im niedrigsten Gewässer
werden meine Füsse nässer.

Newcombe meanwhile speculated on questions of negligence, liability, and possible damages that could be secured by various parties as a consequence of *injuria*. Only those free from adherence to particular disciplines, like Mrs Osborne, held in the forefront of their minds the dilemma that faces anyone in such circumstances, and which even the most intellectually preoccupied persons present acknowledged to some degree: namely, whether to fulfil the obligation of courtesy towards the University's guest, and to sit out a discomfort that after all had a foreseeable end, or whether to sacrifice common politeness for the sake of not catching a chill, and head for the door. At this stage, good manners prevailed, and the audience attended to emblems.

Dr Kellner took as his instance the passage from the *De Augmentis* in which Bacon established his theory of the way in which "poesy parabolical" had formerly employed stories and descriptions, such as those of the god Pan, to signify in an emblematic way darker and less accessible truths, as they conceived them, about the world. The face, the features, and the bodily form expressed, for those able to decipher the emblem, significance of a high order—the horns showing the gradations in nature from a host of particulars to a universal, transcending unity, the blend of human and animal features indicating the participation of all species in a compound of superior and inferior elements. The technique had been described by Bacon as one of "infoldment"; Dr Kellner made reference to a letter written by Lady Bacon, the Viscount's mother, to her other son, Anthony, in which she enclosed a prior communication from the philosopher. "Construe the interpretation", she had asked him; "I do not understand his enigmatical folded writing."

Clearly, said Dr Kellner, techniques of infoldment were ambivalent stratagems of expression, for their contents remained undeciphered unless one had access to the code or the time-signature in which they had been compiled.

He was about to expatiate upon his own theory of the importance of emblem as providing a code for decipherment, when a movement beneath his feet distracted him from his theme, and he momentarily recalled the bottle of claret he had shared with the pro-Vice-Chancellor over lunch. It could not be so. He was a temperate man, given only to moderate indulgence of appetites.

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Repressing the thought, he pursued his thread.

Mrs Osborne, however, felt herself fully aware of the circumstances, and had she known of Harvey's earlier calculations, would have dismissed them as inaccurate, founded as they were on the mistaken assumption that the pipe in the corner was the only source for the influx of water into the Hall. From where she was sitting, she had observed gushes of water spilling in from the airbricks on the courtyard side; already the bricks were covered, swirls and combs of incoming water making their dizzy patterns on the surface, as its level crept at an almost visible rate up the inside of the wall.

AS THE DAIS LURCHED AND ROCKED very palpably beneath Dr Kellner's feet, the dilemma that confronted him was the partial contrapositive of the one that had confronted members of the audience moments before. Should he fulfil his obligations to the University, which had invited him, to the audience, still sitting politely, despite obvious discomfort, in the buoyant pews before him, and to learning itself, or should he abandon ship? He considered the labours of his research, the trips to the Reading Room, the time spent on manuscripts. He considered the practical problems involved in suspending his lecture now—the printed text was already at the binder's, awaiting publication later that afternoon; an extensive schedule of further speaking appointments precluded the possibility of his being able to give a repeat performance before the next Spring term at the very earliest. A glance at the pro-Vice-Chancellor, whose hands grasped the sides of the table top with a grip of some evident strength, persuaded him. He addressed himself to "dissimulation."

He had barely begun his account of the essay "Of Truth" when events overtook him. Mrs Osborne, holding on firmly with both hands to her part of the lurching bench, which threatened at every moment to topple backwards from the agitation and uncoordinated fumblings of its occupants, saw it happen quite clearly. The windows on the courtyard side of the Hall had been left ajar to provide for the circulation of air, and one of them, just by the front bench on the left-hand side as she looked, was wide open. To her astonishment, there flashed through this window, in a wide and curving arc of blue and white, a creature which only after she had witnessed the parabola of its trajectory through the air, and the enormous splash with which it landed in the water, was she able to identify as a dolphin. The impact of its bulk on the water sent waves spreading through the Hall, overturning the benches occupied by Hagan and Helen O'Reilly, who found themselves forced to swim. Miss Dupuis, her court shoes already utterly ruined by their immersion, was also cast into the water, and being in the first place quite unable to swim and in the second fairly convinced that the aquatic intruder, whatever it might be, had carnivorous intentions, was in great distress until Harvey, a strong swimmer, came to her rescue and drew her to a safe handhold at the edge of the floating dais, which, however, the fierce and unambiguous gestures of the pro-Vice-Chancellor forbade her to board.

Mrs Osborne, balancing on the underside of her floating bench, caught the words with which Dr Kellner abandoned his lecture and crouched down for security on the rolling platform: "If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of that you are thought to know, you shall be thought another time to know that you know not. I am sorry, ladies and gentlemen."

The Hall was now filled with a maelstrom of voices calling urgently for help, giving shouted instructions, or lamenting the damage to clothes. There was a certain amount of panic, but no one was in any danger, for there was a good quantity of floating furniture, which proved quite serviceable in the role of pontoon or raft, and for a moment to Mrs Osborne the scene had almost a carnival or regatta atmosphere as the flotilla bobbed up and down and the dolphin sounded its way through the water, cruised round the perimeter of the Hall, or threaded its way inquisitively through the colony of absurd figures on the surface. The movements of the dolphin in fact brought a measure of order back to the disarray of the afternoon, because now that people had secured themselves, attention began to be focused on this creature and its actions, much as previously interest had centred on Dr Kellner.

It was a fascinating creature, unbelievably agile in the water, and, though it could with the greatest of ease have up-ended any one of the platforms and hurled its occupants back once again into the flood, it seemed almost solicitous, as it neared a raft, not to do anything that might jeopardise those aboard. It approached at some speed, but slowed down when it came close, and it did not bump the benches, nor did it again leap out of the water, though it lifted itself higher up above the surface sometimes, as if to satisfy curiosity with a fuller view. It was almost as if the dolphin were making a systematic round of calls, introducing itself as one might do when making a first acquaintance with groups of strangers. Mrs Osborne knew of the dolphin's reputation for intelligence; she understood that they exchanged very sophisticated messages with their high-pitched, enigmatic squeaks. What did the dolphin make of the bizarre setting?

THERE WERE MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE who were already engaged in the search for a rational explanation of the events that had sabotaged Dr Kellner's lecture, and brought them acute discomfort. Hagan and Helen O'Reilly were totally baffled, but Harvey was some way towards assimilating what had happened into a framework of order shaped by an ingenious combination of classical probability theory on the one hand and Heisenberg's Principle of Uncertainty

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on the other. Stavrilis, the Professor of Psychiatric Medicine, did not regard it as an event at all, but as a fantasy projected upon reality by the combined subconscious fears of all those present; it confirmed, more authoritatively than anything he had encountered before, the theory which, when he published it, he was sure would become known as Stavrilis' Law of Disturbance. For Foster, from the Geography Department, whose literal mind never transcended mere description, and who struggled to identify in himself the faculty of imagination which he had heard attributed to others, the most plausible explanation seemed to be a student prank. There would have to be formal enquiries.

This line of thought, or rather, a more sophisticated version of it, predominated too in the mind of the pro-Vice-Chancellor, who for some time had suspected sinister political intrigues among certain anarchic elements in the student body. He would have to investigate. His most pressing obligation, however, as he surveyed the disorder in the Hall, was of the moment; he had somehow to retrieve the situation, summon help, and extricate everyone from their predicament. The water in the Hall had now risen to the level of the window-sills, and this seemed to offer some possibility of escape; but then, looking out through the window, he saw with dismay that the entire courtyard was a sheet of water reaching to the same level as the interior; even the fountains were submerged, only the heads of the ornamental statues that graced them remaining, grotesque and apparently disembodied, above the surface of the water. Then, with a quickening of the pulse, he glimpsed, edging its way past the far stone upright of the window arch, the blunt edge of a wooden boat, or punt. It looked as if help was at hand, and he called out for it at the top of his voice.

MRS OSBORNE SAW THE PUNT GLIDING IN under the arch of the opened window, its prow moving gracefully forward into the bustle of the Hall. As it edged gradually into the building, there appeared first, sitting athwart the seat in the well of the vessel, a beautiful young woman with the palest white skin and the blondest hair imaginable. It fell from a parting in the centre of her head down in long straight swathes below her shoulders to her firm and rounded breasts beneath. Erect at the end of the punt, and guiding its progress carefully by means of a long pole which he gripped with familiar, confident hands, was a tall and entirely naked negro—Mrs Osborne thought a West Indian, though she couldn't be sure—his long black legs bending slightly at the knees as he pushed backwards with the pole, and the sinews of his chest and stomach taut with the effort of propulsion. Neither of those aboard the punt spoke or acknowledged in any way the presence of the distressed persons in the Hall. What on earth were they doing? What did their presence signify? Mrs Osborne watched with transfixed fascination; between them she distinguished a wicker basket, which she at first took for a picnic hamper—there would be sandwiches, pieces of chicken, and perhaps a bottle of wine. Their clothes would be folded inside; probably packed in a plastic bag, and stacked neatly on top of the food.

The hubbub in the Hall subsided as the punt made its stately way to the middle of the building where, as the man reversed the pole and pushed forward, it came to a halt, and remained stationary apart from a gentle up and down motion on the water. Still no one spoke. The girl rose to her feet, and Mrs Osborne could see that she too was quite naked, her spare and splendid frame suggesting perhaps a dancer, or at least that she regarded the cultivation of an athletic body as the cornerstone of the considerable beauty with which nature had endowed her. Her partner methodically stowed the punt-pole, and stepped down into the well of the vessel, where the two of them engaged in a tender and lovingly-extended embrace, which was entirely unselfconscious and devoid of any signs of desire visible to the outsider. Then after an interval they came apart, turned to the basket, and with an almost choreographed movement knelt down on one knee, each attending to one of the straps holding its top secure. With a flick of the hands they threw back the wicker lid, and continued to kneel, heads bowed as if in reverence, as, to the astonishment of Mrs Osborne, a solitary dove fluttered unsteadily in a snowstorm of plumage up into the air, circled the interior for a moment or two, and then swept out in a confident line away through the window and off over the waters of the courtyard. The couple, in unison, rose to their feet, lifted their arms, and leaped gracefully off the punt, diving head first into the concealing depths of the water. The eyes of the spectators remained fixed on the spot where they had plunged in, and Mrs Osborne could see their distorted outlines twisting and writhing playfully beneath the surface. They came up again together a little way off, the man briskly shaking the droplets from his hair and the woman, with greater agitation, throwing her sodden strands out of her eyes and back over her shoulders. They were out of the water from the waist upwards and were speeding along without any apparent effort, their bodies pressed tightly together, the woman behind the man, on whose hips she had positioned her hands like a pillion passenger behind her driver. Mrs Osborne caught a glimpse of the dolphin's back as they were borne through the window and away out of sight. The punt with its wicker cargo lapped steadily before the dais. A profound silence defined itself in the interior of the Hall.

AT THE MOST DISTANT EDGE of this silence, there could be heard, very faintly at first, the barest hint of a sound so remote as to be unidentifiable. It approached nearer, and presently the

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pro-Vice-Chancellor was able to distinguish it as the staccato rise and fall of a two-tone emergency siren. The academics, and most of the other occupants of the Hall, heard its increasing clamour with pleasure and relief at their anticipated release; only Mrs Osborne felt inexplicably sad as the blue flashing lights of the emergency services drew up some little distance away, and the shouts of the firemen and the clatter of their appliances filled the chamber with their strident noise. Across the courtyard, Dr Kellner could see, through the window, the inflatable dinghies of the Marines scudding over the water towards them, the white water churning and frothing in their wake. The back door of the Hall fell away under the onslaught of firemen's axes, and now that a bearded giant in a waterproof jacket and thick yellow leggings lifted her gently down into the rowing boat he had sculled up alongside, Mrs Osborne, who narrated to him the events of the afternoon in as concise and coherent a manner as she could, found it impossible, when he questioned her further, to assert what they meant to the others, or what they might come to mean to herself with any certainty.

The Ladies Room

On rainy days when no one was in the Golf Club,
we'd follow the old plaques
up the stairs to the Ladies Room.
Afraid to be caught, we'd go slowly,
drawing out the fear,
listening with our fingers,
resting on the railing: 1928, 1929, 1934, 1935, 1936,
1940, 1941, and we were in the shadows
where Janet Hobbs had undressed,
Mrs Gilman Churchill had showered, and we'd imagine
the pale, secret parts
of Lib Halvester, Mrs Avery Brundage,
of Kit Wakeman who chain-smoked and broke par,
let her dress slip to this floor worn now
from the dripping of women's bodies,
their bare feet on towels.

We roamed the stalls
rubbing our hands around each toilet's rim,
ran the water softly
as if listening to it, we might learn
something new of these ladies
who dug their spikes into the greens, came in
with handicaps lower than most men's.

We didn't know what to do in the room then,
had planned all kinds of pranks
with toilet paper, tampon grenades, lipstick.
For a nickel we had a shield
and once the soft, absorbent bandage was in our hands
our hands were under the faucet,
the cotton filling and holding so much.
This room turned us quiet, fidgety
as church did,
and here, just as there, we made as little difference,
ended up pissing in each toilet,
then flushing it.

Christopher Bursk

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Robert Burchfield

Dictionaries, New & Old

Who Plagiarises Whom, Why & When?

1. Precise Texts & Eclectic Results

GENEALOGY is defined in the *Oxford English Dictionary* as "an account of one's descent from an ancestor or ancestors, by enumeration of the intermediate persons: a pedigree." As with most abstract nouns, figurative extensions are permissible and the *OED* itself gives an example of 1793 in which Thomas Beddoes speaks of "the genealogy of significations" of words. In this article I propose to speak of the ways in which English dictionaries are related to one another, with particular attention to Dr Johnson's *Dictionary of the English Language*, the dictionaries connected with the name of Noah Webster, and the Oxford dictionaries. Indebtedness and cross-linkage will form part of the theme, and also the need for the emergence of a new sub-group of bibliographical scholars to turn my outline account into a much more professional form.

Genealogical tables—that is, "family trees"—exhibit startling and unpredictable directional changes of pattern because of unforeseeable deaths or marriages. New hereditary lines needed to be drawn, for example, when Prince Charles married Lady Diana Spencer, and, similarly, when Princess Margaret married Anthony Armstrong-Jones (Lord Snowdon) and, later, when their marriage was dissolved. The ordinary dislocations and joinings of life provide endless opportunities for genealogists to display their skills.

For lexicographers, one of the more startling discoveries of genealogy—"the climax of genealogical ingenuity", A. L. Reade called it—is that Samuel Johnson and Lord Chesterfield, the "poor scholar" and the "aristocratic patron", separated by the formidable social barrier of patronage, were linked by marriage and kinship through the peer's brother, Sir William Stanhope, to the Reverend Cornelius Ford (died 1731), first cousin of Johnson.[1]

The genealogical chart of a particular dictionary is in a sense less complicated than that of a member of the Royal Family, or even, for that matter, of an ordinary citizen. Obviously there are more people, all with individual names, than there are dictionaries. Nevertheless the lineage of a given dictionary is normally less obvious than might appear to be the case. Prefaces of dictionaries seldom give an accurate account of the way in which the work that follows has been compiled, and promotional handouts or blurbs even less so.

ONE OF THE traditional assumptions of textual criticism was that if an ancient work existed in several manuscripts, and the autograph manuscript of the author had not survived, it was reasonable to believe that the remaining manuscripts were descended from a single archetypal ancestor. By a process known as "recension", the archetypal readings were deduced (or, at any rate, approximately deduced) by systematically rooting out readings that, for one reason or another, could not have formed part of the original text. The resulting text, "the residue" as it were, represented the nearest that one could rescue, or reconstruct, of the author's original work.

Later scholars—the French medievalist E. Vinaver and the English Renaissance scholar W. W. Greg among them—came to see that the genealogy of manuscripts of works surviving in many versions was much more complex than had once been assumed. They treated variant readings on their merits and arrived at what might be called eclectic texts.[2] At first sight it would appear that the connection between the ramification of the manuscripts of *Piers Plowman* and of other medieval works on the one hand, and that of families of dictionaries on the other, might be difficult to demonstrate. But I am not so sure.

Lineal descent is not a common feature of dictionaries, however much the works of a given dictionary house are plastered with words like *Concise*, *Collegiate*, *Pocket*, etc. Conflation, reduction, and adaptation occur on such a scale in the members of a family of dictionaries that one can normally detect only a general similarity between one such dictionary and another. But my concern is not so much with the relationships of the dictionaries within one family as with those between the products of different publishing houses.

The key dictionaries in any study of the genealogy of dictionaries are those of Dr Johnson, Noah Webster, and Dr J. A. H. Murray. If we knew no more about the editors of all subsequent English dictionaries, and the way in which they were prepared, than we know about the authors or scribes of

[1] A. L. Reade, *Johnson's Early Life* (1946), p. 157. The evidence is set out in tabulated form by A. R. Wagner in his *English Genealogy* (1960), Table III.

[2] A well-known anti-recensionist scholar in the Vinaver/Greg tradition is a Canadian, Professor George Kane, and his edition of the A-Text of *Piers Plowman* (1960) is a classic of its kind.

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the seventeen surviving manuscripts of the *A*-text of *Piers Plowman*, and had only the text of the dictionaries themselves to go by, it would be possible to build "family trees" showing the complex genealogical relationships of these dictionaries and of the way in which they themselves are related.

The nature of the relationships would, of course, be revealed more quickly if publishing houses would open up their correspondence files, and if lexicographers would set down accounts of their actual sources and their week-by-week working methods. But as neither of these processes seems likely to occur, lexicographical genealogists must needs employ the techniques of textual criticism and of genealogy to establish the kinship of dictionaries.

LET ME START with a trifling question. Which dictionary do you think lacks the words *anus, irritable,* and *euphemism*, though the words were well-established at the time?

Anus is first recorded in 1658, *irritable* in 1662 (in the work of the 17th-century philosopher Henry More), and *euphemism* is listed in several dictionaries of the 17th and 18th centuries, leading off with Thomas Blount's *Glossographia* (1651-1681). The absence of these reasonably ordinary words from Samuel Johnson's dictionary in 1755 demonstrates a principle of lexicographical genealogy—that the mere existence of words at a given moment and even the use of them by a lexicographer in his own work (since Johnson certainly used *irritable*, for example) do not guarantee the inclusion of such words in dictionaries. In 1755 dictionaries were much more like herbaceous borders in a private garden, filled with well-cultivated flowers that had been planted with reasonable deliberation. Numerous classes of words that are now admitted "on principle" were then excluded on principle. And a certain haphazardry was also more obviously at work then than at the present time.

Of course there are differences between the genealogy of medieval manuscripts and the genealogy of dictionaries, but I am focusing on the similarities. The date of composition of many medieval works needs to be deduced from the script itself, by other palaeographical means, or by looking for external evidence. Thus for example, from the work of Professor E. J. Dobson on *The Ancrene Riwle*:

> "We know that the 'Corpus revision' must have been made after 1224, when the Franciscans came to England, and was probably a little later than 1227, the approximate date of the establishment of their house in Hereford."

Such external evidence is less apposite for the dating of modern dictionaries though it is not entirely inappropriate. The date of publication of new dictionaries and of new editions is not usually in doubt, even if by skilful use of the copyright device © a dictionary can be made to seem more up-to-date than it actually is. External evidence, however, is occasionally useful in dating of new *impressions*, the sort described as "reprinted with corrections." Date-determinable items like *ayatollah*, *yomping*, and *zero option* establish dates before which particular impressions could not have been published. The habits of medieval scribes, as Professor Dobson says, can also be paralleled in minor ways:

> "Scribe D did not use *wynn*, or *yogh*, or *eth*, and apparently did not understand the last when he saw it."[3]

By the same token the conventionally printed versions of modern dictionaries will shortly be distinguishable from the print-outs of electronic word-processed packages by the abandonment in the latter of such ordinary conventions as ligatured letters (e.g. *fi, œ, æ*), old-style Arabic numerals, and a range of diacritical marks that are awkward for microcomputers to reproduce. Other orthographical devices of the first 500 years of printing—for example, the ligatured *we* and *wo* and some other sets of letters in Caxton's type 2*, the long *s*, the use of the apostrophe, the employment of final *-t* instead of *-ed* in words like *wished* and *kissed* (thus *wisht, kist*)—have come and gone, and can be used as useful orthographical watermarks of particular periods. A 2-shaped *r*

[3] *The English Text of the Ancrene Riwle*, edited from B. M. Cotton MS. Cleopatra C. VI. pp. ix, xii.

Latin Lovers

Rome

WHETHER **Latin is a dead language or not, the discussion is very much alive and will go on** *ad infinitum et ad nauseam*. **The new edition of a Latin dictionary that will be published by the Vatican Press, translates new words that have emerged in the English language that are tough to put into Latin.**

It has managed to cope with such expressions as "atom bomb" (*pyrobolus atomicus*), **"radar"** (*radioelectricum instrumentum monitorum*), **"television"** (*imaginum transmissio per electricas undas*), **"central heating"** (*calefacientis aquae ductus*) **and "tape recorder"** (*magnetophonium*).

MOST OF THE NEW WORDS *which have to be tackled are American slang or Americanisms, many of which have not yet entered British English. The editor is not uptight* **(sollicitatur)** *about newly minted expressions and takes a cool attitude* **(acceptum)** *on novel interpretations of old words, weasel words, euphemisms and the language from the Pentagon, Madison Avenue, and Academia. He is bravely facing the challenge of such words and expressions as* **"discotheque . . . fuzz . . . stonewall . . . freakout . . . gay . . . male chauvinist pig . . . hard core."**

Certain words that are particularly obnoxious to Vatican thinking, like *"Playboy bunny"*, *"wife-swapping"* **and** *"swinger"*, **will not be included in the dictionary. On the other hand, a number of words that could be incompatible with Vatican opinion have still not been ruled out, including** *"Jesus freaks . . . splitsville . . . deep throat."*

ABOUT **10,000 new Latin words have so far been concocted to supplement the language's original 30,000 words. Sometimes editors have to spend as much as three or four months working over a single word.**

Says the Rev. Reginald Foster (aged XXXVIII), "One word that I've already put just too much time on—and it still gives me daily headaches—is *'soul brother.'* **You see,** *'soul'* **has a very special meaning in our religion. In addition, we run into the problem of not knowing whether to make it masculine, feminine or neuter gender, since** *'brother'* **in this context could also refer to a woman."**

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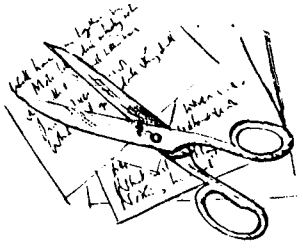
is a useful guide for the dating of medieval manuscripts. The spellings *authentick* and *critick* usually point to a date between 1700 and 1800.

Our own period is characterised by similar date-determining conventions. For example, all Oxford dictionaries before the 37th edition (1967) of *Hart's Rules for Compositors and Readers at the University Press, Oxford* used the spelling *connexion*, with an *x*—thereafter *connection*, with medial *-ct-*. The programming of microcomputerised dictionaries of the future is bound to lead to normalisation of many matters of spelling and punctuation. Modern equivalents of the 2-shaped *r* are bound to disappear—among them, I suspect, the freedom to use *-ise-* or *-ize* according to taste, and the more important spelling differences between American and British English, the types *center/centre*, *color/colour*, *marvelous/marvellous*, and *esthetic/aesthetic*. And the development of even more sophisticated Optical Character Recognition machines will lead to pressure on people to make the shapes of their hand-written letters of the alphabet more uniform, and also to reduce the variety of founts of type available for any given letter of the alphabet.

I turn now to the heart of the matter.

2. *The American College Dictionary & its Derivatives*



LET ME FOLLOW a path of descent. In 1947 a new American collegiate dictionary was published—*The American College Dictionary*, edited by Clarence L. Barnhart. The Introduction reported that it was "a record of the English language prepared by more than 350 scholars, specialists, and editors. . . ." It was "The first abridged dictionary to be prepared by a staff larger than is usually assembled for an unabridged dictionary. . . ." It also claimed to be based on significant advances in the study of language by linguists and psychologists; and, in general, this claim was justified. Some of the more dazzling names of the period were listed as advisers for general areas or special fields (Leonard Bloomfield, Charles C. Fries, Kemp Malone, Zellig S. Harris, Allen Walker Read, Sir William A. Craigie, George L. Trager, and numerous others), as well as scores of authorities in subjects like anatomy, plant physiology, insurance, medieval history, textiles, typography, etc. It was an exceedingly good dictionary. Its policy about inclusion and exclusion was based upon the frequency of appearance of words and meanings in print, and upon certain principles of phonetics, and so on, that seemed acceptable at the time. As far as one could tell it was a "fresh start", and not an abridgement of any other dictionary.

Under the careful eye of Clarence Barnhart the dictionary went through various editions and in the normal manner absorbed new words and meanings and abandoned others to make room for the new items. It became established as an ideal dictionary for use at college or university in the United States.

In one of the introductory sections, Irving Lorge, a member of the Editorial Advisory Committee, drew attention to the words *aorist*, *enclose*, and *stupefacient*; and to the names *Pohai* (a place-name) and *Marie Antoinette*. Let me set out the definition of *aorist*:

> "**n. Gram.** 1. a tense of the Greek verb expressing action (in the indicative, past action) without further limitation or implication.—*adj.* 2. of or in the aorist."

Now move on 24 years to *Hamlyn's Encyclopedic World Dictionary* (1971), edited in London by Patrick Hanks. Under *aorist* what do we find?

> "**n. Gram.** 1. a tense of the Greek verb expressing action (in the indicative, past action) without further limitation or implication.—*adj.* 2. of or in the aorist."

Move on ten more years to *The Macquarie Dictionary* (1981), edited in Sydney by A. Delbridge and others, and we find:

> "**n.** 1. a tense of the Greek verb expressing action (in the indicative, past action) without further limitation or implication *as to completion, continuation, etc.*—*adj.* 2. of or in the aorist."

Admittedly the phrase (my italics) "as to completion, continuation, etc." is new, but by then this phrase had also crept into Barnhart's *American College Dictionary*.

In Barnhart's *ACD* and Hanks' *EWD* the definition of *enclose* is identical, except that Hanks inserted "*Law* or *Archaic*" before the spelling *inclose*; and he also spelt the word *cheque* in a British way in place of the American *check*. Macquarie repeats *EWD* except for the pronunciation (which is shown in the IPA system instead of *EWD*'s and *ACD*'s respelling system).

By now you will not be surprised to learn that the entry for *stupefacient* is identical in all three dictionaries [4] except that *ACD* allows for the probability that any Americans encountering the word might be inclined to pronounce it as /stu:p-/ not /stju:p-/.

Exactness ends at that point. Barnhart's *ACD* entry for *Pohai*, "a NW arm of the Yellow Sea, forming a gulf on the NE coast of China", survives intact in Hanks' *EWD*. But the observant Australians have dropped it to make room for the New Zealand word *pohututkawa* (which they seem to have picked up from the *EWD*). Similarly the *ACD* entry for *Marie Antoinette* survives intact in the *EWD* but was dropped from the Macquarie.

Let me apply another test. On one opening, *ACD* has accompanying illustrations of *Malta, Mammillary structure of malachite, Columbian mammoth, Florida manatee, Manchuria, Mandalay*, and *Mandible* (of a bee).

EWD has *Malta* (identical), *Woolly mammoth* (i.e. a different genus), *Florida manatee* (identical, except for a slight variation in the size of this aquatic herbivore), *Manchuria* (identical except that the illustrator seems to place Peking in Manchuria), *Mandalay* (identical), and *Mandible* (redrawn,

[4] "*adj.* 1. Stupefying; producing stupor.—*n.* 2. a drug or agent that produces stupor. [L *stupefaciens*, ppr., stupefying]."

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with a different caption). The illustration for *Mammillary structure of malachite* does not appear because in British English the word *mamillary*, spelt with only one medial *m*, is a column of type away.

In the Macquarie a policy decision removed all maps or parts of maps. Accordingly *Malta*, *Manchuria*, and *Mandalay* were excised. Of the original seven illustrations only the *woolly mammoth* and (yes) the *Florida manatee* survive. The definition of *mandible* is still that of 1947—but the illustration shows the mandibles of a human jaw instead of the mandibles of a bee.

The comparisons made are based on editions of the three dictionaries that happen conveniently to lie at hand. For all I know—but it lies outside my brief—Barnhart's *ACD* had also dropped maps and changed their mandibles by the time the Macquarie Dictionary was prepared.

What emerges with the utmost clarity is that the exact wording and ordering of senses has been carried over, and deemed appropriate, from an American dictionary of 1947 to a British one of 1971 and then to an Australian one of 1981.

Dirty Words

Moscow

FOR THE *Soviet guardians of good taste and Communist morality, "***Adidas***" is a four-letter word. So are "***Marlboro***" or "***Levis***", "***Philip Morris***" and any of the other foreign brand-names, labels or stickers which young Russians love to display on almost everything they wear or own.*

*After a press attack on a Moscow bar for having the word "***Martini***" in lights, another press commentary has bitterly denounced similar manifestations of "alien" ideology.*

"Bourgeois ideology is trying every way it can to implant in the Soviet consciousness a cult of consumerism", said a reporter for the newspaper "Socialist Industry." He pointed to foreign designs on tee-shirts, long a favourite target for Soviet moralists, foreign advertising stickers in the windows of Soviet cars, foreign pop songs, and foreign labels on clothing.

The writer acknowledged that, due to Soviet industry's failure to produce alternative designs, Russians were buying smuggled clothes or black-market items with imitation Western brand-names.

Every speculator who provided these goods was a "potential traitor", the article said. It complained about tee-shirts printed with "all kinds of designs in all kinds of languages", particularly such American symbols as flags, dollar signs or American army insignia.

★

Melbourne

THE *Australian Broadcasting Corporation, the arbiter of Australian literary fashion and the moulder of its form, has abandoned gender.*

*The words "***he***" and "***she***" may not be heard again on the ABC's stations. After an exhaustive six months' study the corporation's standing commission on spoken English has banned the suffix "***ess***" as in* **actress . . . poetess . . .** *and* **authoress.**

Henceforth, whether male or female, they will be **actors, poets** *or* **authors. Air hostesses** *will become* **flight attendants** *and* **newsmen** *on the ABC will be* **journalists. Sportsmen** *must all become* **athletes, sports persons** *or* **competitors.**

*But it will still be permissible to refer in Australianese to "***beaut***", "***Sheilas***" or "***bonza blokes***", but only so long as the expressions are used as terms of endearment.*

*Presumably "***pommie bastards***" will be permissible since this generic expression may be used to refer to* **persons***—we can't say men or women, of course—of either sex.*

DAILY TELEGRAPH *(London)*

I TESTED the three dictionaries in another way in order to see what relationships emerged for typical local expressions from each country—what might be called the "nationality test."

Typically American Items

ACD (USA)	*EWD* (GB)	*Macquarie* (Australia)
chowder	(identical)	(identical)
coyote	(identical)	(2 of 3 senses identical, 1 dropped)[5]
kibitzer	(identical)	(identical)
lagniappe	(identical)	(no entry)

To judge from this sample the editors of Hamlyn's Encyclopedic World Dictionary were prepared to accept the text of their exemplar as it stood. The Australians were willing to exclude items deemed to be too exotically American, but not to adapt the other definitions for Australian consumption. Exclusion, not adaptation, was the test applied; the axe, not the plane.

Typically British Items

ACD (USA)	*EWD* (GB)	*Macquarie* (Australia)
boot (in motor vehicle)	(slightly revised)	(same as EWD)
pram (cross-referred to *perambulators*)	(main definition at *pram*)	(same as EWD)
(no entry)	*prang* (n. & v.)	(same as EWD)

The same general picture emerges. Some Briticisation occurred in *EWD*, and this was carried straight over to the Macquarie.

Typically Australian Items

ACD (USA)	*EWD* (GB)	*Macquarie* (Australia)
corroboree	(identical)	(identical)[6]
(no entry)	(less elaborate entry) →	*didgeridoo* (elaborate entry)
dingo	←(identical)	(elaborated definitions)
(no entry)	(identical)→	*jumbuck*

[5] The omission is evidently due to the Australian lack of interest in: "*Amer. Ind. Legend*, the culture hero and trickster of the American Indians of the West (sometimes human, sometimes animal)."

[6] Identical except for the substitution of "Aboriginal" for "native Australian."

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Again some local adaptation has occurred but, surprisingly, a 1947 American definition of one of the most Australian of all words, *corroboree*, was still judged to be suitable for Australian users in 1982.

The editors of *EWD* admitted their indebtedness to the *American College Dictionary*. By the time the package had moved on to Sydney, the connections were set in much less explicit terms:

> "Naturally, we could not prepare a book of this size without having access to another good dictionary for use as a base. We were fortunate in having access to the *Encyclopedic World Dictionary*, published by Hamlyn in England in 1971. This dictionary was itself based on the well-known *American College Dictionary*, first published in 1969."
>
> (Preface, p. 12)

The primary derivativeness of the dictionary was fudged, not by the blurb-writers, but by the Editor-in-Chief, Professor A. Delbridge himself. I estimated that the amount of material shared by all three dictionaries was of the order of 93% of the whole. The distinctive American vocabulary that was removed by the Hamlyn dictionary and replaced by British vocabulary was about 7% of the original. The unshared 7% constituted the "Britishness" of *EWD*, and a different unshared 7% made up the Australian distinctiveness of the Macquarie dictionary.

And the derivativeness, as I have suggested, is not restricted to the text. The same illustrations, not even redrawn—of *bald eagle*, *capybara*, *raccoon*; and (of Australian subjects) *boomerang*, *dingo*, *kangaroo*, *koala*, etc.; as well as general English subjects like *davit*, *eclipse*, *halberd*, and *kettledrum*—were carried over from the *ACD* to the *EWD*. And all of them have made their remorseless way, along with hundreds of others, into *The Macquarie Dictionary*.

My comment in a review of the Macquarie was, I admit, uncharitable: "one can only say 'Thank you England and America.' " I also said, however, that the taking on board of material from other dictionaries was not necessarily in itself reprehensible. But the amount of the indebtedness should have been made clear; and it could even have been turned into a virtue.

3. *Webster's Third & the OED*

PERHAPS THE MOST surprising example of indebtedness, that became clear as my investigation continued, was that of *Webster's Third New International* to the *OED*. I should make it clear at once, though, that it is a restricted and, as you will see in a moment, an unavoidable indebtedness, given that the Merriam-Webster quotation files, magnificent as they are, have been built up on the assumption that dictionaries prepared from the evidence contained in the files would be dictionaries of "current English", not of the English of former centuries.

Webster's Third set the year 1755 as its backward terminal limit. In general terms—Shakespeare and the Authorised Version of the Bible apart—their exclusion zone included the whole of the period before 1755. But their quotation files are extraordinarily rich from the period since 1900, and progressively thinner as one works backwards from 1900 to 1755. In other words, for classes of words that flourished and possibly died in the period 1755 to 1900 they had very little confirmatory or disconfirmatory evidence of their own, and had to resort to the great historical dictionaries, the *OED* itself and the historical dictionaries of special periods and special regions.

It is not easy to demonstrate the indebtedness in the way that I have done above for the *American College Dictionary* and its derivatives; but it is not impossible.

The arrangement of senses in *Webster's Third* for most words is strikingly and admirably fresh. The editor and his staff systematically reconsidered the facts, no doubt with a weather eye on the *OED*, but mostly with a view to arranging them in a way that reflected their quotational material. Their filed-away citations—some thirteen million of them—are numerically richer than those held by any other dictionary house.

One important area in which the genealogical relationship of the *OED* and *Webster's Third* can be tested is in the treatment of phrasal verbs: that is, in expressions of the type *to make out*, *to put off*, and *to put over*.

The synchronic rules of *Webster's Third* prevented it from taking such expressions back to their beginnings. For example, the phrasal verb *to put over* is subdivided into eight senses in the *OED*, beginning with a specialised sense in Falconry from the *Book of St Albans* (1486). By proper application of the synchronic rules, these eight senses were reduced to just one in *Webster's Third*, this one sense surviving only because it was revived in the United States in the sense "to delay, to postpone" from about the time of Mark Twain.

> "If you can without fail issue the book on the 15th of May—putting the Sketch book over till another time."
>
> *(Mark Twain, 1871)*

> "The only thing to do is to put it over for a week."
>
> *(H. Kemelman, 1978)*

Naturally, the rather thin entry in *Webster's Third* for this phrasal verb only very poorly illustrates the historical development of the expression in its various old senses. And it baldly illustrates the two common present-day meanings by short examples from writers (not known to me) called Alzada Comstock and Rosamund Frost. Such synchronic treatment of words inevitably resembles attempts to reconstruct the true shape of ancient hominids from fossilised remains found by chance in scattered caves and gorges.

IN A GREAT MANY OTHER ENTRIES the deletion rules have been applied with skill—the old discarded senses have been left like so many tombstones in the *OED* and only the living senses are left in *Webster's Third*. Close analysis of some other phrasal verbs, however, bring out the transatlantic dependence.

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Thus, for example, the fifteen senses and sub-senses of the phrasal verb *to make out* in the *OED* (senses 91a to n) correspond closely in their ordering and in their wording to the fifteen senses and sub-senses in *Webster's Third*. Some of them could only be drawn from the *OED*, especially those marked *dial.*, *chiefly dial.*, *dial. Brit.*, or *obs.* Thus the *Webster's Third* sense 3 of "to make out"—"*obs.*: to count as or complete (a total)"—corresponds to sense †91e in the *OED*: "Of an item in a series: To complete (a certain total). *Obs.*" The snag is that this sense existed only in the 16th century and should have been deleted under the 1755 cut-off rule of *Webster's Third*.

A detailed study of the phrasal verbs, and of other complicated items with many senses, would bring out the extent of the direct dependence of *Webster's Third* on the *OED*. It is substantial and it is not acknowledged. The date of publication of Dr Johnson's dictionary, 1755, had been chosen as the cut-off date because the editors dared not venture into territory where their own citation files were sparse or non-existent. It is rather like an aeroplane that can do dazzling manoeuvres and stunts as long as the fuel holds out, but then becomes merely a glider, a pretend-aeroplane, kept buoyant only by thermals and its aerodynamic shape.

4. *The Random House & Collins Connection*

LET ME TURN TO A BRANCH of another "family tree." In 1979, with much swashbuckling publicity, Collins, one of the largest publishing houses in Britain, put out *Collins Dictionary of the English Language*. It was a dictionary of collegiate size, mid-way in size between the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* and the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary*. The Publishers' Foreword described it as "a completely new and original English dictionary." The Editorial Director was Laurence Urdang; the Editor was Patrick Hanks; and the Managing Editor was Thomas Hill Long. The Chief Defining Editor was Paul Procter and the Deputy Defining Editor Della Summers. I set to wondering how such an ambitious project as "a completely new and original dictionary" could have been compiled, as nothing in the prefatory matter gave any clue to the way in which the evidence had been assembled and the editorial work done. There was no mention of extensive quotation files and of the kind of classified scholarly information that we have permanently available in the *OED* Department in Oxford and that Merriam-Webster's have in Springfield, Massachusetts.

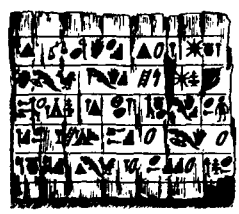
The names of the main editors set me on the trail. The trail led first to Longmans (*Longman Dictionary of English Idioms*, 1979, Editorial Director, Thomas Hill Long, and Managing Editor, Della Summers). And then to *The Random House Dictionary of the English Language* College Edition (*RHDC*), 1968 (and later impressions): Editor in Chief, Laurence Urdang, and Senior Editor (with seven others), Thomas Hill Long. The *Longman Dictionary of English Idioms* proved to be a false scent. But the Random House connection was quite another story. In the Collins promotional matter released with *CED* it was said that they began by feeding into a computer data-bank the headwords of five different (unspecified) existing dictionaries. It soon became evident that the *Random House Dictionary* (College Edition) was one of them—and not only the headwords. Compare the following definitions:

green manure
Random: 1. A crop of growing plants plowed under to enrich the soil.
Collins: 1. A growing crop that is ploughed under to enrich the soil.
Random: 2. Manure which has not undergone decay.
Collins: 2. Manure that has not yet decomposed.

Green Mountain Boys
Random: The soldiers from Vermont in the American Revolution, originally organized by Ethan Allen in 1775 to oppose the territorial claims of New York.
Collins: The members of the armed bands of Vermont

Americans Speak English . . . ?

Washington, D.C.



THERE ARE **moves here to make English the official language. And why not? Lots of people speak it, or an exported dialect very much like it. The trouble is, says Senator Quentin Burdick, the primacy of English is being threatened by another linguistic colonisation—Spanish—and he wants the US Constitution altered to acknowledge and protect the status of English as the mother tongue.**

Mr Burdick, a Democratic Senator from North Dakota, is sponsoring a Constitutional amendment "to designate English the official language of the nation." Nobody ever felt the need to put this down in writing before, but he and others are alarmed that the teaching of English is being neglected to accommodate the needs of the immigrant community.

"We have permitted English to take a back seat in the public schools, while we instruct non-English speaking students in their native tongue."

SPANISH-SPEAKERS *are America's fastest growing minority and in some US schools English is taught for one hour a day while instruction in all the other subjects is given in Spanish.*

Senator Burdick is seeking Congressional support for his amendment, "We have acquiesced to separating citizens from the essence of citizenship," he says, "and while our naturalisation laws still call for a knowledge of simple English, our voting laws require us to provide ballots and voting materials in certain foreign languages."

It was concern that English was becoming established as a second language, if at all, among United States citizens, the children of immigrants, that this month provoked the Indiana legislature to pass a law declaring English the official language of the state.

Dermot Purgavie
in the DAILY MAIL (*London*)

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organized in the 1770s to oppose New York's territorial claims. Under Ethan Allen they won fame in the War of American Independence.

It was at once apparent, however, that the genealogical relationships of the two dictionaries was much more complicated than that of Barnhart (*ACD*), Hanks (*EWD*), and *Macquarie*. *Collins English Dictionary* had no illustrations, whereas *Random House* had an average of two or three per opening. *Collins* had a high proportion of proper names; by comparison *Random House* had relatively few, and some of these were not in *Collins*.

Collins	**Random House**
Hoad, Lew A.	Hoangho (China)
Hobart	Hoare, Sir Samuel
Hobbema, Meindert	Hobart
Hobbes, Thomas	Hobbema, Meindert
Hobbs, Sir John Berry	Hobbes, Thomas
Hoboken (Belgium)	Hobbs (New Mexico)
Hochhuth, Rolf	Hoboken (New Jersey)
Ho Chi Minh	Hobson, Richmond Pearson
Ho Chi Minh City	Hoccleve, Thomas
Hockney, David	Ho Chi Minh

The sharing of names is not such as to suggest any kind of direct indebtedness except in so far as any such list is useful in establishing and carrying out a policy for a particular class of lexical items.

THE COLLATION OF medieval manuscripts is often assisted by seeking out shared errors. An error found in two of a number of manuscripts of the same text helps to establish the line of descent. But this stemmatological method does not help in the present case. I found a recurring error in *Collins*, namely the repetition of phrases like *to bury the hatchet* and *to burn one's fingers*, once under the first main word in the phrase and then under the other main word, differently defined in each case. Thus:

bury the hatchet, to cease hostilities and become reconciled.

bury the *hatchet*, to make peace.

burn one's fingers (*informal*), to suffer from having meddled or interfered.

burn one's *fingers*, to suffer as a result of incautious or meddlesome action.

Such duplication, with diverging definitions in the same book, occurs repeatedly in *Collins*: *beat* about the *bush*, *toe* the *line*, a fine *kettle* of *fish*, *flog* a dead *horse*, etc. But there is nothing of the kind in *Random House*. Some other stemmatological explanation of this fault needs to be found.

I have shown one stemma (Barnhart's *ACD*/Hanks' *EWD*/*Macquarie*) where the relationship of the dictionaries is crudely direct—a second (*Random House*/*Collins*) in which a relationship exists but is much more of a cross-cousin sort than anything more direct—and a third (*Webster's Third*/*OED*) where the smaller of the two dictionaries is entirely independent until it reaches the limits of its citational evidence.

5. *Webster's Ninth Collegiate*

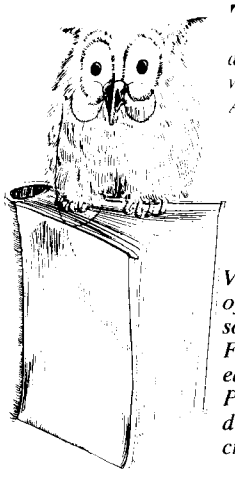
ABCDEFGHI
abcdefghij

MY FINAL PIECE of circumstantial evidence from modern times comes from *Webster's Ninth Collegiate* (1983). I quote from the Preface: "Before the first entered sense of each entry for a generic word, the user of this Collegiate will find a date that indicates when the earliest example known to us of the use of that sense was written or printed."

It is instructive to see the thousands of signposted dates throughout the dictionary. They form one of the two main new features of *Webster's Ninth* as compared with *Webster's Eighth* (1973). Our old friends *anus*, *euphemism*, and *irritable* are unchanged between 1973 and 1983 in all main respects—pronunciation, part of speech, etymology, and the wording of

Teen-Talk

Los Angeles



THEY bloom with all the health of the Californian sun, but the teenage girls in the mini-skirts and the little white socks are spreading a plague across America. It is called "Valspeak."

"I mean like I was with this guy and he was like grody to the max. Totally. King Grod. You know, like gag me with a spoon. So like I said, bag your face. So gross. Totally."

Valspeak started in the wealthy suburbia of the San Fernando Valley. It spread south to Los Angeles and north to San Francisco, vaulting the Rockies and racing east like some irresistible verbal virus to Phoenix, Chicago and New York. Now it's driving American parents and teachers crazy. Like totally.

Dr Lillian Glass, a Beverly Hills speech therapist who runs a Valspeak Deprogramming Centre, says:

"Valspeak is more than just slang. If it were just slang it wouldn't be a problem. Kids outgrow slang, but Valspeak is an addiction. Kids can't stop prefixing every thought with 'like' or using mind-numbing superlatives like 'to the max' or 'totally'."

It has now become a speech problem of national proportions. There is hardly a high school in the country where 13-year-old girls aren't saying:

"Like my parents, like totally barf me out. I'm just so surf and like they're so gross. Totally grody."

Miss Glass attempts to treat victims of Valspeak by video-recording their conversations and playing them back. It is shock therapy. Follow-up sessions stress speaking, breathing, and body language. The Valspeakers even have their own anthem, the hit single "Valley Girl," by Moon Unit Zappa (14-year-old daughter of rock star Frank Zappa).

"Valspeak is a state of mind not a state of mouth [says Moon Unit]. It's been etched into their skulls. It's like so awesome, so tubular, you know."

William Langley

in the DAILY MAIL *(London)*

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the definitions.[7] But the definition of *anus* is preceded by the date (15c); that of *euphemism* by the date (ca. 1656); and that of *irritable* by the date (1662)—in other words by the date of the first quotation for each of these words in the *OED*.

I tested *Webster's Ninth* in the range *Kikuyu* to *kiwi fruit*, and the pattern was the same. In every case for words that existed before 1900 the date provided was taken from the *OED*. Thus:

	OED or OEDS 2 *(1976)*	**Webster's Ninth** *(1983)*
Kikuyu	1894	1894
Kilim (carpet)	1881	1881
kill, v.	c1330	14c
kill sb.[2]	1669	1669
kill-joy	1776	1776
kindle, v.	c1200	13c

For words of our own century the earliest examples in their own files normally coincided in date with those of the *OED* and supplementary volumes:

	OEDS 2 *(1976)*	**Webster's Ninth** *(1983)*
kilobyte	1970	1970
kilocurie	1946	1946
kilohertz	1929	1929
kiss of life	1961	1961

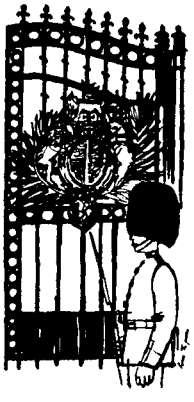
But in a few cases *Webster's Ninth*'s dates were earlier than ours. In other words they had on file quotations of an earlier date than the earliest in our files.

	OEDS 2 *(1976)*	**Webster's Ninth** *(1983)*
kilobar	1928	1926
kiss of death	1948	1943
kitchen sink (of drama)	1954	1941

These minor discrepancies apart, a main and impressive feature of a new edition of a famous American dictionary is entirely dependent on another dictionary, namely the fifteen published volumes of the *OED*. But the dependence is nowhere mentioned in the prefatory matter.

The Queen's English

London



THE QUEEN *has been changing her voice over the 30 years since her Coronation. As a result it is now more acceptable to her subjects, says Professor John Honey, a prominent specialist in English language and linguistics. The Queen's broadcast on Christmas Day showed that she has become a superb exponent of spoken English, Professor Honey said yesterday. "It is now truly the Queen's English. It should be taken as a model by anyone who sets out to be successful in public life."*

The Queen's public image in the early years of her reign suffered from her upper-crust or cut-glass pronunciation. Research work carried out by universities and the BBC had demonstrated that such a style of speech was a disadvantage in a public figure. "The Queen has clearly been very well advised on this and she has succeeded brilliantly."

PROFESSOR HONEY, **50, is in charge of the School of Education at Leicester Polytechnic. His special interest in the many varieties of spoken English has earned him a reputation as an expert in the Professor Higgins mould. He described the Queen's present accent as standard BBC newsreader English. Market research had established this to be the most acceptable form, even among the audiences of regional radio stations.**

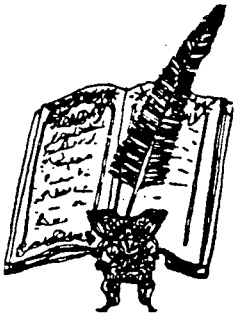
Standard English could, however, be successfully mixed with a select few regional accents, such as Edinburgh Scottish (David Steel) or Educated Welsh (Neil Kinnock). But strong local accents like Cockney or Liverpudlian were not regarded as credible or persuasive.

PROFESSOR HONEY *suggested that Prince Charles still suffered from the handicap which the Queen had managed to conquer. "He embodies the particular kind of upper-class accent which was very common when he was growing up. Prince Charles is a splendid fellow and he can get away with it, but I wouldn't encourage anyone to imitate him."*

Professor Honey gave top marks to Prince Andrew. "He would make a first class BBC newsreader."

Brian Silk
in the DAILY TELEGRAPH *(London)*

6. *Precedents*



SUCH DIRECT DEPENDENCE of one dictionary on another is not restricted to the present century, and it is not part of my argument that it is reprehensible, except in so far as the dependence is euphemistically concealed by publishing houses by the use of phrases like "having access to" or totally concealed by a failure to mention the existence of any antecedents at all. Let me turn back to the 18th century.

Plagiarism—"*the wrongful appropriation or purloining and publication as one's own, of the ideas, or the expression of the ideas (literary, artistic, musical, mechanical, etc.) of another*" (*OED*)—is a relatively modern concept. Medieval European authors took it as axiomatic that their main purpose was to "translate" or adapt the great works of their predecessors. The word *plagiarism* itself is first recorded in 1621, but the association of *plagiarism* with guilt and furtiveness came rather later. In lexicographical terms, lists of "hard words" steadily increased in size throughout the medieval and Early Modern period as glossators took over earlier lists and amplified them. The first English dictionaries in the 17th century had a demonstrable direct relationship to these lists of hard words (as Professor Jürgen Schäfer is in process of showing[8]). Adoption

[7] With the minor exception that *Webster's Ninth* inserts "perh." in the etymology of *anus*. *Webster's Eighth* said "akin to OI *āinne* anus", and *Webster's Ninth* "perh. akin to OIr *āinne* anus."

[8] See his several articles in learned journals, for example "Chaucer in Shakespeare's Dictionaries: The Beginning" (*The Chaucer Review*, Vol. 17, No. 2); and especially his forthcoming book, *Elizabethan Lexicography*, to be published by the Oxford University Press in three volumes.

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signified acceptance of and approval of earlier work. Each new dictionary was better than the one that preceded it because the undoubted riches of the exemplar were being added to by the new compiler. The lexicographers were rather like the beneficiaries of a will—"Look", they seemed to say, "I have inherited all these gems from my predecessors. . . . I have kept them all and here are some more."

Let me illustrate the point from some 18th-century dictionaries. Compare the definitions of *Elysian Fields* in the dictionaries of John Kersey (*Dictionarium Anglo-Britannicum*, 1708) and Nathan Bailey (*A Universal Etymological English Dictionary*, 1721)—I have italicised the trivial differences:

> **Kersey** *(1708)*. "*Elysian Fields*, a certain Paradise of delightful Meadows, into which the Heathens held that the Souls of Just Men pass'd after Death."
>
> **Bailey** *(1721)*. "*Elysian Fields*, a certain Paradice of delightful *Groves and* Meadows, into which the Heathens held that the Souls of *good* Men passed after Death."

Comparison of John Ray's *Collection of English Proverbs* (1670) with the same dictionary of Bailey's produces the same broad result, a more than coincidental likeness of phraseology:

> **Ray** *(1670)*. "As wise as a Man of Gotham (*Nottinghamshire*). It passeth for the Periphrasis of a fool, and an hundred fopperies are feigned on the Towns folk of Gotham, a village in this County."
>
> **Bailey** *(1721)*. "As wise as a Man of Gotham. This proverb passes for the Periphrasis of a Fool, and an hundred Fopperies are feigned and father'd on the Townfolk of Gotham, a Village in Nottinghamshire."

These examples are taken from the standard book on the subject, *The English Dictionary from Cawdrey to Johnson 1604-1755* (by D. T. Starnes and G. E. Noyes, 1946). But any comparison of 18th-century dictionaries, one with another, shows at once that direct adoption of material from an earlier source was *not* considered a matter for reproach. Dr Johnson's definition of a technical meaning of the word *counter*—

> "of a *Horse*, is that part of a horse's forehand that lies between the shoulder and under the neck"

—is for all practical purposes the same as that in Nathan Bailey's *Dictionarium Britannicum* (1730)—

> "[of a *Horse*] is that part of the fore-hand of a horse, that lies between the shoulder and under the neck."

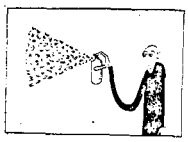
This definition and also that of *fetlock* are taken in all essentials from a slightly earlier *Farrier's Dictionary*. It would be easy to multiply cases of more or less exact carrying-over of definitions.

BUT MY HYPOTHETICAL LEXICOGRAPHICAL GENEALOGIST would not always find the going so easy. Other considerations took Samuel Johnson far from Nathan Bailey when it suited him to do so. For example, Bailey took an extremely encyclopaedic view of the word *fever*, and gave it the kind of treatment one would expect to find in a large medical dictionary. He dealt with 21 specified kinds of fever (*continual fever, intermitting fever, a hectic fever, putrid fever, a quotidian fever*, and so on) with each one fully defined. Johnson merely defined *fever* as

> "a disease in which the body is violently heated, and the pulse quickened, or in which heat and cold prevail by turns. It is sometimes continual, sometimes intermittent."

Similarly, under *God* Bailey (1730) gives the names of all the Roman gods (Juno, Jupiter, etc.), and then deals with

Sweden falls to the great Swinglish invasion



Stockholm PROFESSOR *Magnus Ljung of Stockholm University, would not be caught dead in* **tajt** *jeans. Neither would he refer to them in such terms. He would call them* **tranga**, *the correct Swedish term, which literally translated means "crowded".*

But crowded jeans are out (**ute**) *nowadays, in the same way that the teenagers who wear them now* **fajt** *rather than* **slass**, *the correct Swedish word for "fight".*

Professor Ljung has just spent £30,000 awarded to him by the National Bank of Sweden's research fund, to investigate "*Swinglish*", the corruption of the Swedish language *det Svenska spraket* **by pernicious English influence.**

At its worst "Swinglish" can result in such phenomena as a disco in Soder, the southern area of Stockholm, proclaiming itself as "*The Place No 1 in South***". At its best, it has produced the phrase "***Ha en trevlig dag*** (Have a good day)", which previously did not exist in Swedish, presumably because most Swedes did not expect (or know how) to have one.**

And somewhere between these two extremes it has given birth to hybrid sentences such as *Var ar mina boots?* **(Where are my boots?), when the correct word for the sought-after objects concerned should be** *stovlar.*

THE TREND TO SWINGLISH *is still gaining ground. In his investigations he also quizzed 2,000 Swedes on their linguistic habits. 60% found their Swedish had been corrupted by watching English-language programmes on television, while 26% blamed English newspapers, books and magazines. The other 14% recognized a change in their Swedish but could attribute it to nothing in particular.*

*More than 55% of those interviewed confessed to using the "***s***" English plural-ending instead of the Swedish "***or, ar, er***" (or sometimes nothing at all).*

"The largest importers of English are young people, especially teenagers—we expected that."

He blamed the young and the poorly educated primarily for "Swinglish" but admitted that while many well-educated Swedes deplored the corruption of their **sprak**, *they none the less used English expressions.*

THE MAIN CENTRE **for resistance to Swinglish was the Far North, Professor Ljung discovered. But here in Stockholm, a man still signs off with a cheerful** *baj baj*, **puts on his** *tajt* **jeans and heads for** *The Place No. 1 in South*, **where, in immaculate Swedish, he chats up the local** *krumpet.*

Christopher Mosey

in THE TIMES *(London)*

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"deities" of other kinds (*Mens*, the mind; *Honos*, honour; *Pietas*, piety; etc.) with full definitions, the whole entry running to a column-and-a-half of large folio size. Johnson's treatment is much more restrained:

> "1. The Supreme Being. 2. A false god; an Idol. 3. Any person or thing deified or too much honoured."

Exact resemblance of definition is commonplace and seems to have been not regarded as objectionable. But perhaps the more frequent procedure of the time was a recognisable kind of adaptation. A rather vivid example of this is shown by comparing the definitions of the word *Ascarides*/as/kærɪdɪːz/ in Nathan Bailey (1730), Ephraim Chambers's *Cyclopaedia* (1751), and Samuel Johnson (1755). For those with a tender stomach, the definitions that follow are not very suitable!

> **Bailey** *(1730).* "Arse-Worms, a kind of little Worms sometimes found in the Rectum, which tickle it, and are troublesome."
>
> **Chambers** *(1751).* "In medicine, a slender sort of worms, found in the intestinum rectum, chiefly of children, and frequently voided with their fæces; sometimes also adhering to the fundament, or even pendent from it. [Followed by two more sentences of encyclopaedic detail.]"

Johnson, with these and other definitions before him, chose as usual the shorter style:

> "Little worms in the rectum, so called from their continual troublesome motion, causing an intolerable itching."

In such cases the resemblances are oblique and the precise sources need to be ascertained.

IN THIS COMPUTERISED AGE a new bibliographical game can now be played. The rules are those of genealogy and very similar to those so laboriously carried out by the "recensionists" and the "eclecticists" when considering the relationship of medieval manuscripts. The genealogical relationship of dictionaries—a subject not hitherto easy to approach because copies of *all* the relevant works are seldom to be found in the library that one happens to work in, even those as great as the Bodleian Library in Oxford, the British Library in London, or the Library of Congress in Washington—can shortly be attempted as a brand-new branch of the humanities.

The relevant dictionaries, including the *OED*, are making their way into microcomputers; and the information within them needs only to be captured in the proper manner for it to be possible to demonstrate the relationship of one dictionary to another in a manner that up till now could only be done with great difficulty. If analysis of a much more sophisticated and systematic kind is undertaken than I have attempted here, it will be of interest to discover what effect the results will have on modern dictionary houses as the more intimate relationships—everything that has been furtively copied or covertly concealed—are brought to the surface and shown to us all.

Computer science can achieve some miraculous things. Here is a small area of scholarship that might bring some ancient habits into question; or, alternatively, it might take the word *plagiarism* right out of the subject as an unnecessarily delicate consideration in the provision of information for mankind.

Curriculum Vitae

"Wake up, Hall! There'll be plenty of time
After this lesson for your poetry stuff."
Sniggerings from the back. An urgent rhyme
Jumps on my mind and drives old Euclid off.
We prepare our boys for Life, as each requires.
Vaguely I note the first fuzz on the trees.
Practical hobbies have their place, of course.
Sonnets, a young man's fancy. . . . "Hall, if you please!"

Way back, past the forgettings, an image stirs:
Cutting prep, a boy slips out alone
And dawdles under the dusk-deepening stars
While over playing fields the lights snap on
In the master's house. Sherry. "How's Hall these days?"
"Still scribbling, dear."—Still scribbling, sir. That stays!

J. C. Hall

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Blake Morrison

Topping

There is a murder, as there has to be . . .
Scarpe grosse, cervello fino—his stealth
Was learnt in the hills of Valtellina.
He kept his head down and his books clear.
He took the long train to the Russian front,
Served with diligence, ate his mount in the snows,
And developed a taste for iced vodka.
Then he returned to make his fortune
In the banking cathedrals of Milan.

"When two people know a secret it is
A secret no more"—this was his motto,
And he was good at drawing secrets out
Of others while not giving away his own.
He makes a pact with the Vatican
But learns his trade from the *sottobosco*,
The heirs of Garibaldi, who swear him in
On the back seat of a Mercedes
With the ritual of the masonic sword.

He rises to be Baron of the Treetops
And can see the gilt Madonnina
As he swivels his rosary-studded chair.
His office is vast and triangular,
With bullet-proof windows, a private lift
And eight gorillas posted at the door.
They say he sends aid to Solidarity.
On his antique desk he keeps a bottle
Of mineral water, nothing more.

Dietro ci sono le tonache—
The cassocks are backing him to the hilt.
A shiny nameplate and a telex machine
Has spread the word to the Bahamas.
It keeps on spreading—Luxembourg, Zurich,
Panama, Antwerp, Liechtenstein, New York.
He has nothing to give beyond a promise
But the next life is always about to happen
And the faithful buy enormous shares.

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Until the police come like sceptics to dispute
In detail his Calvinist heresies and shams.
The Vatican stops its letters of comfort.
The organ-grinder flees, leaving only his monkeys.
Bruciato—ruined in an hour,
He descends to the dumb-show of the trading-ring,
The mania of tick-tack men, and knows he is done.
He moves with a lucid desperation
Like his hurt secretary falling through air.

Assegno delle sette—the dawn arrest,
And the release on bail. He goes in retreat
To his converted barn at Drezzo,
Feeding documents to the wood-burner,
And consoling himself with the works of Poe.
His two *maremmani* sheepdogs howl like babies
As the nightwind infiltrates the door.
He eats a plate of cold chicken, then goes—
Klagenfurt, Innsbruck, Lake Constance, Gatwick,

To the divan in Chelsea Cloisters
Where the *Loggia di Londra* will help.
But time is in the night like a hunter.
He shaves his moustache of a lifetime.
He turns the lock of his overnight bag
To its open sesame—O-O-O-O.
He takes his last effects—a black finger-glove,
A passport in the name Calvino,
And a fortune in dollars and Swiss francs.

He stands above the unfamiliar streetlights
And waits for the door to knock, a friend's knock,
Though a friend with needles and a motor-launch,
The act timed to perfection on the high tide—
For there has to be a murder, or suicide—
Ten pounds of masonry in his turn-ups,
The nylon-rope with two half-hitches,
His feet washed in the river by the Churches
Of Mary Magdalen and St Bride's.

"There is no comfort, only resignation."
At the memorial service in Drezzo
The mourners are outnumbered by bulbs.
God's banker is dead, though it's said his desk-lamp
Shines like an angel on the top floor,
The floor you could get to only by miracles.
What is the faith that others live by?
Who came for him and why? Gold, speculation,
The unmaking of men made by the pledge that
Anything they say so is true—solve it, you!

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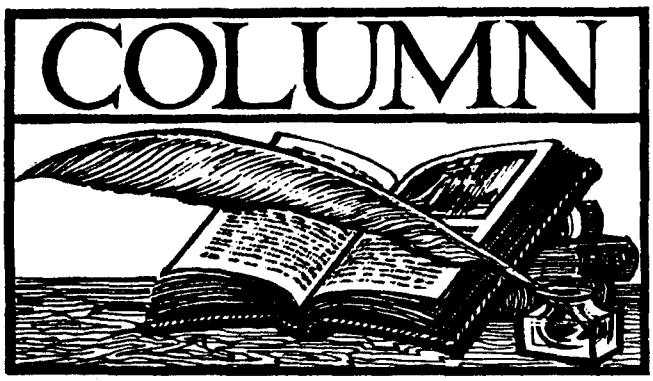

WAY BACK in the sexy, self-confident Sixties, when all of us were younger and brasher, I happened to have lunch with John Vliet Lindsay. Tall, rich, good-looking, and widely seen as a Presidential hopeful, he was then about to run for—of all things—Mayor of New York. "Are you *serious*?" I asked. "Surely that city's a political graveyard. Isn't it *ungovernable*?" "*Of course* I'm serious", he said, and went on to tell me what he hoped to achieve. In those days, talking in italics was all the rage.

I was wrong, and I was right. Lindsay was duly elected—twice. When I was next in New York, I saw him on television, hosting an evening chat-show. In the morning, I took a cab. "You from England?" growled the hackie in Jimmy Durante tones. "You come to this city, you wanna run. We got the biggest violence rate, the biggest robbery rate, the biggest rape rate. And whadda we got for a Mayor? A movie actor!"

What would he have said of Ronald Reagan? Probably, the same reductionist thing. My mother was a dab hand at it, dismissing Labour Cabinet Ministers as "just a taxi-driver", or whatever humble role they might once have played. Must we be stuck with the first item on our CVs? In the States, it would make many people permanent delivery boys; in Britain, scores of middle-aged citizens would be perpetual squaddies, ratings, or erks. If you change professions, though, you may well carry your previous job inescapably attached to you, like a tin can tied to the tail of a dog. "Of course, he's really a . . ." whatever the speaker dislikes. Two of my friends, both former journalists, have suffered from this barely spoken reproach when entering the academic world. Unsound, you see: not serious: a little weak on the theoretical side.

I never heard anyone say that of the late Sir Andrew Shonfield. Economist, Reith Lecturer, anatomiser of *Modern Capitalism*, novelist, contributor to ENCOUNTER, he was a polymath whose career also included directing the Royal Institute of International Affairs, chairing the Social Science Research Council, being a member of the Royal Commission on Trade Unions, and becoming Professor of Economics at the European University Institute in Florence. It sounds a formidable list. It smacks of the Establishment, the solemn, even the pompous. Yet Andrew Shonfield began his professional life as a journalist: he was one of that great kindergarten at the *Financial Times*, whose Milner was Gordon Newton. He cut his teeth on news and deadlines and checking stories; he made his first mark with a wider public by his broadcasts on the BBC. "Just a journalist"? Never. Nor "just an economist" either.

We first met 27 years ago, in the faintly comic-opera setting of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. He was due to interview Paul Finet, the President of the High Authority of the European Coal and Steel Community. The sonorous titles masked more modest reality. Finet was a thin, gentle, unassuming Belgian, a former steelworker and trade-union official; the "High Authority" occupied a creaky old brownstone building which once had housed the national railway board. With us was another reporter who'd better remain anonymous: he was a clown, a wimp, and a bore. Awaiting Finet's pleasure, Andrew proposed a walk. As we wandered round the ramparts of the city, he couldn't resist discussing our absent companion. It was a riot. We fell about laughing. The *fou rire* continued all the way to the President's door.

It was hard not to smile whenever Andrew appeared. He would talk seriously enough, arguing *in italics* as we did then, propounding heady theories or heresies ("Oughtn't we to *accept* inflation?"), building dizzy castles of dialectic; but always the abstractions would be punctured by instances, images, incongruous jokes. I can hear his assumed London accent as he reported some remarks made to his wife Zuzanna. "Saw your hubby on the *telly* last night. Talking about the gold and *dollar* reserves." Pause. "I wonder where they *keep* all them golden dollars." On one occasion, walking with a friend along a Paris street, I saw Andrew at an open-air restaurant table. He jumped up to talk, slipping his napkin over his arm. Along came an American tourist, and mistook him for a waiter. "*Eskeel ya day tarbles ah lanterryerr?*" "*Ah, oui, Monsieur: allez-y.*"

His one published novel, *A Man Beside Himself*, described just what its title implied: a man under stress experiencing the delusion that his self has floated out of his body. It had, he told me, a personal basis. Was he troubled by metaphysical problems? Didn't he have, I asked, some sort of metaphysical itch? "No. But from time to time I have to have a jolly good old scratch. . . ."

WITH PEOPLE LIKE Andrew Shonfield, as with Dr Johnson or Raymond Aron, one longs for video cassettes rather than Boswells. Their talk, their repartee, their animation were so much livelier than their written words. To read Andrew Shonfield effectively, one had to vocalise, or at least imagine his voice in one's ear. And because, when he died three years ago, he left so much in draft for sequels to his magisterial *Modern Capitalism* (1965), it was altogether natural that his family and friends should want to rescue and shore up those fragments against oblivion. First, two years ago, came *The Use of Public Power*: three completed chapters on the boom-and-bust that followed the 1960s and the oil shocks of the '70s, plus schematic notes to carry the argument further. Now, more ambitious and extensive, there's *In Defence of the Mixed Economy*, drawing into a discursive argument the threads protruding from the previous book's telegraphic finale. Together—and some future edition might conceivably mould them into one book—they are not so much

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a memorial as a further instalment of Andrew Shonfield's dialogue with our time.

Like his conversation, both books bristle with good remarks. French planners and German officials producing mere budgetary guidelines, he points out, are more alike than they think. "This is not so much a case of mass deception by élites who know but will not tell, as of élites being deceived by their attachment to their stereotypes of themselves." On the oil crisis of the 1970s:

> "Policymakers could hardly be blamed for not anticipating that the consequences of the oil price shock would be, first of all, a further huge increase in wage incomes at the expense of profits, and secondly that a large part of the additional personal income would be saved and not spent. . . . The American, unlike his European counterpart, was more impressed by the actual and prospective fall in the value of money than by the cut in his personal income. He had to be positively bludgeoned into thrift. . . ."

> "During the dollar crisis of 1970, the United States proceeded actively to engineer an economic recession to restore confidence in the dollar. . . . Governments, whose desire for a moderate form of intervention was well expressed by their favourite imagery of a motor-car—'a touch of the brake' or 'a little pressure on the accelerator'—found instead that they were under the necessity of employing a battering-ram or some large piece of earth-moving equipment. . . ."

> "The British way of classifying institutions suffers from too sharp a distinction between *public* bodies—accountable, and *private* ones—not accountable. One of the problems in the UK is the restrictive notion of *public law*, which excludes e.g. trade unions. Trade unions *are* public law bodies, and need to be made more transparent."

All those are from *The Use of Public Power. In Defence of the Mixed Economy*[1] is no less rich.

> "The experience of Chrysler, and the sense of outraged shock conveyed by American commentary on the affair [the public rescue operation mounted in 1979], is merely a case of a lag in recognition. There was, naturally enough, a deep reluctance on the part of the US citizens to put a great American corporation in the same category as various European lame ducks. Bigness in a nation has certain advantages, but it does sometimes succeed in swamping the national perception of what is obvious to smaller people. . . ."

> "The traditional assumption that private enterprise always resists government 'interference' is no longer true. Indeed, already in many European countries the private sector is anxious to share some of the big risks with the public sector."

On Japanese "consensus-building" in labour relations:

> "It has been likened to an operation which the Japanese call *nemawashi*—the methodical preparation of a tree or shrub for transplantation. Anyone who has stood by while a patient team of gardeners lowers by crane a full-grown evergreen, its huge bole of earth-surrounded roots carefully bound with straw and sacking, into a hole prepared in a minuscule Tokyo garden will appreciate the sense of the metaphor. . . ."

> "The formula of some moderate pump-priming only for risky 'high technology industry' is too simplistic. For one, high technology is usually intertwined with medium and low technology, particularly in the field of public utilities . . . Furthermore, what about declining enterprises or industries, potentially profitable in parts, which the capital market (thinking only in terms of company units) is ill-equipped to sort out? . . ."

> "How is the personal use of an American-scale income likely to develop in Europe? It will not, we think, foster the stereotype of energy-intensive, materials-crunching mass culture of the third quarter of the twentieth century."

He thought it might lead to more leisure and greater demands on collective services.

My space and your patience both forbid exhaustive analysis of these two books. But their central message is relatively clear. Continuing the theme of *Modern Capitalism*, Andrew Shonfield was seeking to vindicate those policies of indicative planning, engineered consensus, and demand-management by governments which together are loosely called "Keynesian."

In my view, it was about time. Keynes's real achievements, and his real if complex and varying doctrines, are still hotly (if obscurely) debated by scholars. But "Keynesian" policies in the sense defined above have been blown upon very severely in recent years—not only by such "conservatives" as Milton Friedman and F. A. Hayek, but also by a host of journalists and politicians, some of whom may not have read even *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, let alone *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*. The reasons for the "anti-Keynesian" backlash are many; some of them were very ably analysed by Andrew Shonfield in the second of his two posthumous books.

First, perhaps, there was a general mood of disillusion with government. Nationalisation—which is not the central issue but which helps to set the scene—was regarded by many as a failure. Employees felt no more in control than before; nor did the general public. Monopoly was no more responsive when it was state monopoly than when it had been private: oligopoly, indeed, had sometimes offered a modicum or an illusion of choice. Some civil servants proved feeble industrial managers; others, who were more competent, found themselves hampered by political interference. For many people, a typical nationalised industry was the Gas Board (which once installed my meter the wrong way round) or British Telecom (which I recently found to have charged me nearly £1000 for a private circuit from which I was disconnected four-and-a-half years ago).

[1] *The Use of Public Power*. By Andrew Shonfield. Edited and introduced by Zuzanna Shonfield. Foreword by Sir John Hicks. Oxford University Press, £9.95, $19.95. *In Defence of the Mixed Economy*. By Andrew Shonfield. Edited by Zuzanna Shonfield. Oxford University Press, £15.00.

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Secondly, and equally off-target as regards Keynes, there arose during the 1970s a feeling in Europe that state expenditure represented too great a share of Gross Domestic Product. No matter that some of it consisted of fiscal transfers from rich to poor: there was equal concern about the level of taxes. Quite simply, it was thought and publicly said that if government spending went above 50% (which it hadn't) then freedom would somehow go by the board. Again, daily experience lent colour if not conviction to the sense of unease. In large tracts of Britain, local council estates, with a tenant or payroll vote ensuring virtual permanence for one party in office, seemed to have sinister resonance with collectivist states in Eastern Europe. "I'm not gunna mend that winder: it's the Council's job." Hearing such words from the inhabitants of public housing, it was easy to leap to conclusions about apathy, lack of initiative, sovietisation, and so on.

Thirdly, and more germane to the real argument, "Keynesian" policies began to run into trouble. In the great post-War boom years, they'd succeeded very well. They didn't do badly after the first of the 1970s oil shocks. Even so, there were problems; and some of them dated back to the halcyon days. One was the penalty of success. As society in Europe grew more affluent, so marginal incentives grew weaker. Tax cuts of a few pence in the pound might make a difference to millionaires with rotten accountants: to more astute operators, and to the increasingly affluent many, they were insignificant. At the same time, as inflation raised the money incomes of the relatively poor, a "poverty trap" yawned in front of them. Suddenly, they were taxpayers, and their take-home incomes dropped again. At the same time, with better unemployment benefit, there was less incentive to take lower-paid work. In these new circumstances, "Keynesian" demand management—short-term "fine-tuning"—was already becoming harder long before the oil crisis.

FINALLY—although this was less widely recognised—the international environment had changed. The vast post-War growth in international trade had made "Western" nations, as all agreed, "interdependent." In harsher practice, this meant that they needed each other's markets and feared each other's competition. "Keynes in one country" was no longer viable, for fear of inflation, inability to compete, the sucking-in of imports, or any combination of these ills. The only solution—unless governments could take the colossal risk of losing the benefits of free trade and facing the perils of trade war—was to act together, not necessarily simultaneously, to introduce a modicum of international economic management.

THERE WAS A PARADOXICAL MOMENT, early in the 1970s, when many governments were still espousing economic management within their borders while not yet accepting it in international affairs. Just as customs tariffs had once been matters for purely national decision, so—still—were subsidies to industry, tax policies, and the level of interest rates. Andrew Shonfield, among others, was urging greater consistency: what was sauce for the national goose must surely become sauce for the international gander. But progress was slow; and before long it was reversed. The floating of the dollar broke the old internationalist system of Bretton Woods; the second oil shock panicked too many governments into deflation. Consistency was now the watchword, all right: but consistency of the opposite kind—*laissez-faire* on all fronts. Floating exchange rates, it was mistakenly thought, restored national economic autonomy: so goodbye international economic management. The "failure" of "Keynesian" short-term fine-tuning was thought to have discredited long-term indicative planning: so goodbye national economic management, in Britain and the United States, and hello purely monetary constraints.

Of course, thank heavens, no politician is ever wholly consistent. Both Britain and the United States override their rhetoric at times. President Reagan has moved away from Reaganomics; Mrs Thatcher has proved less Thatcherite than some hoped and others feared. Andrew Shonfield's plea is for both to study more carefully the successes of "Keynesian" policies—and for sensible people everywhere to seek government policies that will enhance and "tame" market forces, not try to thwart them (as the Left's inclined to) or rely on their blind operation (and devil take the hindmost, as hoped by some extremists on the Right).

In his searching chapters on post-War Japan, Shonfield identifies two virtually separate economies: the big, corporate, lifelong employment economy of the giant conglomerates, and the "cowboy" (my adjective) economy of the small businesses, virtually without trade unions, mobile, and insecure. In exaggerated form, these symbolise the alternatives he suggests we face: an attempt to return to atomised economic behaviour, or an acceptance of dialogue between the big battalions—multinationals, international organisations, giant corporations, governments, trade unions, organised consumer and other pressure groups. I've a sneaking sympathy for the cowboys, but I recognise the facts of life. Without the kind of consensus for which Andrew Shonfield was pleading, our countries and our world would be as ungovernable as New York.

M

The matter of angels on a pin

Duns Scotus' name hovers over our heads
And over him angels escaped from pins
By not contesting, being outside arguments.

It is a ploy we have taken in our blood
To say the matter is irrelevant. The mind
So directed often heals the body.

While on the pin the angels dart
Like cuttings in the cinematograph
Miles of film and just a gauzy kiss.

Elizabeth Smither

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NOTES & TOPICS

Letter from Germany

Danger Signals

By Joachim Fest

Frankfurt-am-Main

AFTER THE RECENT turbulent events, a damaging national strike which raged into excesses, there is I think some reason now to ask whether the previously existing ideas of law, order, and justice can still be considered unconditionally binding in the German republic. Large social groups which have in the past contributed considerably to the vaunted post-War German stability have been demonstrating an increasing readiness to resort to violence, to tolerate it within their ranks, or otherwise condone it to their special advantage. It is not an exaggeration, in my view, to speak of what in German we would call *Rechtsnihilismus*, or an increasing attitude of nihilism with respect (or, rather, disrespect) to the law of the land.

Innumerable incidents during the weeks of the recent wave of German strikes (in the cause of the trade unions' national campaign to force a 35-hour week at full pay, thus somehow reducing unemployment), point to the new atmosphere of illegality. In Stuttgart, Hanover, Frankfurt and elsewhere, things happened which went far beyond the indisputable right of the organised worker to withdraw his labour, to take (in the related English-language euphemism) "industrial action"; factories were blockaded, workers who reported for work were physically assaulted, automobiles were searched and battered, citizens intimidated. Court injunctions to cease and desist, to enjoin free passage and traffic, were contemptuously rejected. And when the police on certain streets and roads managed to make access possible, men and women who tried to get through were subjected to personal humiliations which, I am afraid, we have not seen in our German cities since the Hitler era. There has in recent years been much talk about *Angst*, but that anxiety was only something to be talked about; these fears were real, immediate, outrageous. In one particular case, the people who had to traverse a narrow liberated passage to get to work were confronted at the gauntlet's end with the forbidding spectacle of an improvised guillotine. . . .

There was a rude awakening of certain instincts for violence, deliberately cultivated in certain cases (and then, of course, denied as if it were all "natural" phenomena), and it has provided a national shock which will be with us for a long time. One trade-unionist admitted that on the field of industrial battle he could recruit any number of witnesses who would swear to any version of disputed events. What notion of truth, justice, and legality lies behind such a strategy and tactic? Have "the rules of the game" in a free and democratic society become obsolete overnight? How has the old "*who/whom*" psychology made such sudden inroads, with every means to an end deemed justifiable? One strike functionary, a leader of the *IG Metall* union, not only demanded the right to occupy factories in the event of an employers' lock-out but revealed that, of all the places he would choose for the operation, Frankfurt-am-Main, that old headquarters of youthful street-fighters and student revolutionaries, would be the place to concentrate on—for there he could count on the extra crowd support of the "*Szene*." Rent-a-mob indeed!

I CANNOT PERSUADE MYSELF that this current contempt for the law and its legalities just broke in from nowhere. One saw its beginnings some twenty years or so ago when the rather academic discussions cogitated about the theory and practice of violence, about its sociology and metaphysics, about "soft" and "hard" and even "non-violent" violence. It resulted in a Babylonian confusion in wide circles of the public as to what could be considered permissible and allowable. But, then, how could "society" be entitled to sit in judgment when dialectical sociologists held it guilty of something which they termed "structural violence"?

It sounded for a while like nothing more important than academic jabberwocky; but in the ensuing years we came to hear more about "non-violent resistance" from militant civic groups who were organising "citizens' initiatives" or mass actions for "defensive" or "preventive" purposes. Much was done with an idealistic or honourable motivation, but it is clear that the total effect on Germany's sense of law, our *Rechtsgefühl*, was hair-raising. Often it was obvious that violent, and indeed brutal, acts were being encased in a semantic shroud of innocence. Lewis Carroll is not so unread in Germany that we could not recall the answer Alice got when she queried various Looking-Glass meanings of words and was told—as we are being told today—it's not a matter of what a word means: "The question is which is to be master." As we used to say, *Macht macht recht*.

JOACHIM FEST *is among the most distinguished historians and political commentators in West Germany today. He is one of the editors and publishers of the "Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung", the country's leading daily newspaper. Among his previous contributions to* ENCOUNTER *are: "Brown Shirts & Red Faces" (November 1983), "Richard Wagner" (September 1979), "The People's Art?" (January 1978), and "Thinking about Hitler" (September 1975).*

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THAT KIND OF dark comedy has begun to take on tragic proportions on the German scene. One wonders whether those who were intellectually, and indeed politically, responsible have any awareness of what was being set in motion. No doubt a small minority is not really unaware (having spent so many good years in the practice of "consciousness-raising"). What is new and worrisome is that so many elements in the mainstream of post-War German society are thoughtlessly going along with it. A liberal-democratic society, as we Germans know from the bitterest of experiences, is a very sensitive human order, held together by customs, agreed regulations, and accepted limits: "rules of the game" as a matter of fact. Interests and demands can differ and come into conflict, but surely there must be a fundamental consensus over which there dare not be principled differences. This basic legitimacy is not only the measure of a nation's civic culture, its "civility", but belongs to the very essence of its freedom.

What the recent German strikes demonstrated is a dangerously totalitarian decision-making process which now functions quite independently from the will of the majority, either in the organised working class or in the citizenry as a whole. Curiously enough, in the *IG Druck* union there are the associated Writers' Guilds who have appointed themselves to be that section of "workers of hand and brain" to act as the watchdog of all our precious liberties. They love passing resolutions of protest, but nothing has yet been heard from them which suggests the slightest current concern.

Even more curious, the leader of the Opposition who on so many recent occasions (the other day on the "dubious Amnesty law" for wayward politicians) has spoken loud and clear on the subject of disrespecting the laws of the land, suddenly went silent. Not a word has been heard from Hans-Jochen Vogel: he was even seen leaving the *Bundestag* when pressure was mounting for him to make some kind of statement on the alarming recent events. And one of his SPD headquarters in Hesse has been calling for an official censure of that most "sinister" development in Frankfurt: the role of the police in allowing, when the striking pickets in printing-plants were assembled *en masse*, the delivery (via private helicopters) of part of an edition of a daily newspaper.

To be sure, it is not the phenomenon of isolated and relatively few rowdies, hooligans, and rough-necks which constitutes the real danger. One is more alarmed by the emergence of a total opportunism in our leadership élites, which has penetrated, in my view, far into the circles of the ruling Christian Democratic Party. We have been hearing much too much of the "tactical pressures" to which, alas, the lives of politicians are subject, and this excuse is often proffered with a cleverness, even a cunning, which almost always covers up dismal weaknesses. I take it to be a self-defeating form of resignation.

HISTORICAL PARALLELS are, we know, never exact, but that does not mean that they are unrevealing. First among the causes of the collapse of our Weimar Republic was the dispiriting capitulation before violence. One recalls the turbulent days of Hitlerian conflict in 1932 when the Home Minister of Prussia (as it then was) announced confidently that he would bow only to force. Well, force was presented to Herr Severing when three police officers in uniform confronted him in his Ministry. On that July evening he proceeded calmly to clean out his desk, remarking that he was, after all, only bowing to force and violence. It was an incident which demoralised a whole people. For it is not the aggressiveness of the others, militant in their open hostility, but rather the weakness of our own essential convictions, which always inaugurates what history sadly records as a "decline and fall."

Paris Notebook

By Jean-François Revel

Debray's Awakening

Paris

HIS MOST RECENT work was devoted to attacking the "most heinous" threat to French liberties—the dictatorship of Bernard Pivot (who hosts a very popular TV show called *Apostrophes*, dealing with current and cultural affairs)—and in a book entitled *Le pouvoir intellectual en France*,[1] he suggested that the real totalitarian culture was to be found in the capitalist democracies. Then, surprisingly enough, in his *Critique de la raison politique* Régis Debray proceeded to reject Marxism by arguing that "the classless, stateless society" is "rationally inconsistent and logically unjustifiable."

Now, as one of President Mitterrand's advisers on foreign affairs, Debray meditates in his new book on the Socialist practice of international relations. I stress the word practice, because according to Debray the social-democratic concept typically has always cracked under the strain of action and responsibilities. Either the Socialists turn their backs on their ideas under the stress of events, and rally to national causes (to war, as they did in 1914, after professing peace), or else the weight of events overloads them and we see the wreckage of the policy of collective security and disarmament as worked out by various parties of the Left in the inter-War years.

It is not only the practice, according to Régis Debray, but also the Socialist theory of international relations which does not exist. The Left believes it possible to organise relations among nations in keeping with the juridical model which governs the relations among citizens in a law-abiding State. Socialists deny that there is any quality specific to foreign policy as such, to its logic and to its effectiveness.

The author of *La puissance et les rêves* has clearly chosen his side—and he is on the side of power. No sarcasm is wounding enough for vain dreams. In the absence of thought, he does

[1] Régis Debray, *La puissance et les rêves* (Gallimard).

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concede to Socialists, in that matchless airy style of the perpetual *normalien*, "an orthodoxy which articulates its goals by due procedure." If this remark seems curious, you must also keep in mind that the essence of international relations "is apprehended on the rebound by the mind of the Left as a removal from rationality. . . ." Patience! All of a sudden, Régis Debray becomes perfectly clear as he grasps his rolling-pin to give the "*gauche humanitaire*" a verbal battering which Charles Maurras would not have disowned. The Left "has no grasp of strategic thinking" and doesn't understand the first thing about nuclear deterrence. Socialism—that "weary millenarianism"—remains a "secular spiritualism", a "religion", and on that ground a "militant opium." It is common knowledge that opium confuses the real with the illusory, in a manner exemplified by that remark of Léon Blum: "*Je l'espère et je le crois. Je le crois parce que je l'espère* (I hope and believe it—I believe because I hope)."

By my calculations it is no great distance from here to the asylum. If "obsessional neuroses" among Socialists do not lapse more often into "hallucinatory psychosis", Debray writes, that is because "the Socialist ideal occasionally determines a disturbance in behaviour, but only rarely in personality. . . ." For those readers who are not quite reassured, Debray points out that:

> "despite his hypochondriac surface, the Socialist is a man of pleasure whose enjoyment is called morality. . . . He gives free rein to desire by burying external reality beneath a heap of symbolic satisfactions: statements of principle, programmes, projects, plans, and so on. . . ."

That particular heap appears to be quite well thought of among Debray's political friends.

So what goal should Socialism set itself in foreign policy? *Eh bien*! It is the defence of the national interest! For the sole reality is *la nation*. Here, Régis Debray is well aware that he is hardly likely to be accused of radical innovation. But he asks the reader to postpone the verdict of banality and give him time to prove the originality of his argument. For all that, he takes the thesis of national realism a very long way, even to the point of advocating a return to traditional diplomacy, secret and authoritarian. In pages of a rare virulence he maintains that public opinion and the press/media opinion are always wrong about foreign policy; and that, in order for it to be effective, diplomacy has to be worked out and decided in a sovereign and confidential fashion, and by two or three persons at most. As well as secrecy, diplomacy demands a continuity that democracy rarely guarantees. Richelieu, Gromyko, and Père Joseph are our author's models. Debray does not go so far as to advocate the restoration of absolute monarchy, but I sometimes had the impression that he was positively itching to do so.

Does all this mean that the Presidential adviser of a Socialist regime has *viré à droite*, has "turned right"? Not in the least, he protests. For if he argues in favour of a *realpolitik*, it is no longer a question of a *realpolitik de papa*. His own is of the Left, just as his nation is not the nation of the Right. What is the difference? The Right "makes the nation a substance" and the Left "a body of operations." Well, well; we can now breathe again. The "substantialist peril" is avoided. But not for the author, if I may reveal the whole truth, for if anyone continues to think in terms of eternal substances and essences *de droit et de gauche*, it is certainly Régis Debray.

As soon as he abandons the field of generalities to move on to concrete examples he is inundated by what can only be seen as "the return of the repressed." For him, for example, a Left-wing *realpolitik* must take as representative of the overall popular will, *la volonté populaire*, all the so-called "national liberation" guerrilla movements, among which he cites Swapo for Namibia or the *Front Farabundo Marti* for El Salvador. But by what right? Why should these movements be recognised as representing the popular majority when they reject all free elections? And why should Savimbi's Unita not have the same legitimacy in Angola? Elsewhere Régis Debray condemns the use of the concept of "Finlandisation", a "Right-wing" concept against which he defends the purest Soviet thesis. My question to Debray (answer yes or no)—did the USSR, among other things, in 1961 force Honka, who appeared to be winning in all the Finnish opinion polls, to withdraw his candidature to enable the pro-Soviet Kekkonen to be re-elected to the presidency? This is the kind of real political detail he tends to overlook, and here he does not mention it.

The explanation is simple. It is that Debray superimposes a plea for a diplomacy of "rational realism" on an explanation of political choices founded on the utmost irrationality. Thus, for him, an American diplomat will attribute all guerrilla movements "solely" to the plots of the *KGB*, and a Third Worldist solely to "local causes." There is no way of freely choosing between the two; it has to be an ideological choice. It never even seems to occur to him to suspect that one might study the facts, collect the evidence, and possibly conclude that, in one case, the local causes (poverty, repression) are predominant, and in another that outside manipulation (plus arms and military advisers) have transformed the nature of the movement. The same applies to the rise of terrorism and the growth of pacifism. Not everything is an article of faith; in spite of everything, there are means of informing oneself intelligently, realistically.

But the hard facts of geography and politics can be disagreeable. For Debray, geopolitics is "Right-wing." Why? Because it draws special attention to *Soviet* imperialism, which is territorial and can be measured on a map, whereas it obscures *American* imperialism, which is all "influence" and "perfidious penetration." Here again, why does Debray not see that territorial occupation does not exclude concealed expansion? On the one hand, the USSR is in fact the only power which has annexed territory since 1945; on the other, outside these territories it certainly influences numerous countries, organisations, factions, campaigns, committees and individuals. Come, come—surely Régis Debray ought not to be the last man to know it!

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"Third-Worldism"

WHEREVER there is talk of "Third-Worldism", what we in French call *tiers-mondisme*, a confusion sets in between good intentions and clear thinking. How much longer will we go on using the Third World as a screen on which to project the ideological battles of the Western world?

Since the start of the latest round of questioning of so-called "Third-Worldism",[1] the French debate cannot be said to have progressed at all in the direction of either clarity or detachment. There is mounting confusion between *bonnes intentions* and *idées justes*, between effective action and political propaganda. The worst rhetorical excesses, advanced without a shred of scientific evidence, lend a superficial air of nobility to those who deal in them but unfortunately thwart all attempts at serious analysis or the acquisition of verifiable data and hence any potential remedies.

The confusion begins with the very definition of what is meant by "the Third World" and "Third-Worldism." While Gérard Chaliand applies all his intellectual skill and Afro-Asian experience to making out "the death-certificate of the Third-Worldist Utopia", two French politicians, Jean-Pierre Cot and Edgard Pisani, continue nevertheless to declare themselves "Third-Worldists and proud of it."[2] All hope of our grasping anything whatever is scotched from the start, for what are we to understand by these words? If "Third-Worldism" means a determination to help the less advanced peoples of the world to emerge from poverty, who is not in favour of it?

As we all know, however, "Third-Worldism" in fact refers to a very precise ideology whose advocates claim to be in possession not only of an exhaustive explanation of "Underdevelopment" but also of the miraculous cure for it. What is responsible for poverty, in their eyes, is international capitalism, the heir to colonialism, the generator of "unequal exchange" and the thing that "manipulates raw-material prices." On this point, one is slightly surprised by the ease with which such responsible and well-informed politicians as Messrs Cot and Pisani appear to believe that a handful of individuals, crouching in the shadows, are able to cause international prices to fluctuate at will. Pisani even swallows the highly-polished act to which the President of Zambia has for years treated all his visitors with a view to blaming "the speculations of the multinationals" for the disasters that have arisen out of his own inept management of his country's affairs.

IF CAPITALISM is the cause of inequalities of development, then capitalism must be abolished. But this is where "Third-Worldism" begins to come up against its own internal contradictions. All the countries in which capitalism has in fact been abolished (Guinea, Viet Nam, Madagascar, Tanzania . . .) have fallen into an even worse abyss of poverty than all the rest. Angola and Mozambique, which set out on the same downhill path, have been reduced to turning to South Africa to beg for capitalist aid! In fact, as Edgard Pisani states categorically (and most observers will agree with him), the countries of the Third World no longer expect anything "either of Socialism as a model or of Soviet Russia as a tutelary power. . . ."

Who, then, is going to invest in the Third World if not those multinationals? All right, say the Third-Worldists, but on condition that the multinationals make no profits. One admires the logic of a way of thinking that advocates investment at a loss—in other words, recommends ruining the capital-owning investors, who are at the same time the paying customers, as a principle of economic take-off! What makes it even more absurd is the fact that, contrary to a persistent African misconception, the bulk of the profits of the Western multinationals is reinvested locally.

Nor does even investment-at-a-loss satisfy the Third-Worldists. For what is the notorious Third World debt that so preoccupies Western governments and financiers but the consequence of investment-at-a-loss? Far from appeasing the Third-Worldists, however, this is simply seen as a fresh grievance, yet another source of anti-Western resentment. Lenders who ask for a few guarantees of good management before consenting to a new series of loans are, it seems, nothing less than "neo-colonialist imperialists." Yet as Professor Peter Bauer sensibly remarks, "The external debts of the Third World are neither the result nor the reflection of 'exploitation': they represent resources that have been made available to it."[3]

IF WE ACCEPT that the bulk of the credits granted to the Third World must be exempted from the laws of the Western market, they have to take the sole form of inter-State aid, whether bilateral or multilateral. This official governmental procedure unfortunately raises the problem of the economic competence and political honesty of the beneficiary countries, a problem rendered the more thorny by the fact that the leaders of those countries rarely owe their positions to popular choice. "It is disgraceful to say that the Third World is populated by incompetents", Pisani protests. But who ever said anything so obtuse?

As a good politician, Pisani believes that we are confusing "the Third World" and the political classes of the Third World. Now, those political classes are most certainly made up not of incompetents but of people who are very clever at serving their

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[1] See, particularly, C. Rangel, *L'Occident et le tiers monde* (Laffont, 1982).

[2] Jean-Pierre Cot, *A l'épreuve du pouvoir: Le tiers-mondisme, pour quoi faire?* (Editions du Seuil); Gérard Chaliand, *Les faubourgs de l'Histoire: Tiers-mondismes et tiers mondes* (Calmann-Levy); Edgard Pisani, *La main et l'outil; Le développement du tiers monde et l'Europe* (Robert Laffont).

[3] P. T. Bauer, *Mirage égalitaire et tiers monde* (Presses Universitaires de France), a translation of his well-known English volume entitled *Equality, the Third World and Economic Delusion* (1981).

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own special and narrow class interests. They use the credits obtained to promote types of economic activity calculated not so much to raise the standard of living of the people as to reinforce their own power over "the masses." Everything that enhances the power of the state consequently takes precedence over the basic human needs of the population. As a general rule, too little attention has been paid to the way in which local political factors act as a brake on development, though many Western observers have pertinent criticisms to make of the decades of past aberrations, especially the naively uniform panaceas with their grandiose industrialisation programmes. With their concrete French experience, one as Minister for Cooperation, the other as European Commissioner for development problems, Messrs Cot and Pisani glimpse the impossibility of artificial development, dependent on injections from outside, and the pressing need to sit down and concentrate on the particular character of each Afro-Asian region, almost of each village.

THIS IS RENÉ LENOIR'S argument too.[4] Moreover, it was the subject of an earlier "Club of Rome" report (the 1975 study, by Mesarovic and Pestel) on the various heterogeneous zones of the Third World. To understand the infinite diversity of our planet and our species, the extreme particularity of each case, read *Hommes du Sahel*, Jean Gallais' account of the people of the Sahel region.[5] Through the example of a specific region and an individual group of peoples, we are given a detailed understanding of how pointless it sometimes seems to try to graft a pre-established system of growth on to age-old stock that is going to reject it. Gallais, a specialist in tropical geography, goes so far as to venture the hypothesis that between "development" and "under-development" there may exist a further behavioural stage: non-development.

HOW MUCH LONGER will we go on using the Third World as a screen on which to project the struggles between the ideological factions of the rich world? How much longer will it serve as a support for parasitical bureaucracies living off the international organisms that are meant to be helping it? How much longer will "the dialogue with the South" address itself solely to local political cliques interested only in their own power and caring nothing for the well-being of their African and Asian fellow-countrymen? How much longer will the exhibitionists of "campaigns against hunger" and other "theologians of liberation" go on confusing their own personal, political and very narcissistic needs with the needs of the world's poor? These are some of the questions on which the future of the Third World hangs. The fight against poverty is often identical with the fight against impostors and imposture.

[4] René Lenoir, *Le tiers monde peut se nourrir: Rapport au Club de Rome* (Fayard).

[5] Jean Gallais, *Hommes du Sahel* (Flammarion).

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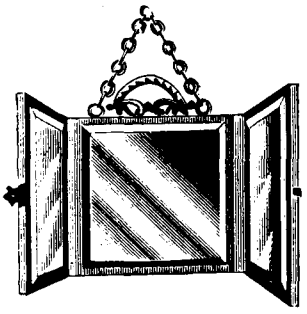
The Case of Curiel



POLITICAL ASSASSINATION? Terrorism? The international Communist movement has always maintained that it did not resort to either. Although there have been numerous instances to undermine that virtuous profession of faith, it is certainly true that in this field the Communists would rather act through third parties than in their own person. This is beginning to become public knowledge, given the growth and ubiquity of the politics of murder in the last fifteen years. Consequently it is obvious that—particularly following the melodramatic mystery surrounding the failed attempt on the Pope[1]—international Communism has been trying hard to reinstate its virginity in the "opinions of mankind."

It is curious that a successful writer like Gilles Perrault, who is more familiar with broad popular themes, should devote his enormous latest book, *Un homme à part*,[2] to glorifying a back-stage figure, Henri Curiel, whose name, in spite of his tragic murder, does not mean much to the general public. Perrault is close to the Communist Party, and says that he received repeated requests to write this biography. From whom? The Curiel family, undoubtedly; but the family was not alone. The investigative research for the book was "carried out in collaboration with Sylvie Braibant." Sylvie Braibant is the daughter of Guy Braibant, an important member of the CP apparatus, and until recently right-hand man of the Party's Charles Fiterman. Guy Braibant's father married a Curiel.

So, "by popular request", we are to be given the true portrait—the portrayal of Curiel as an idealist, a Communist by conviction but belonging neither to the Party nor to the *KGB*, a friend of the Third World who ran an organisation which was certainly clandestine but purely humanitarian, assisting liberation movements throughout the world. To what, and to whom, is the book a reply? To an article by Georges Suffert published in the weekly news magazine *Le Point* (in June 1976), dealing with the bizarre activities of Henri Curiel, a stateless person resident in France. Bear in mind that Suffert refrained from asserting that Curiel was himself "a terrorist" (he actually denied that he was), or that he was working for the *KGB*, which remained purely a theory. In 1978 Curiel fell victim to an armed attack; and some splendid Paris characters came forward to accuse Suffert of having "armed the assassins."

It is worth while emphasising that Gilles Perrault categorically rejects this interpretation. For my own part, I would point out that I had already protested against this scandalous slur, once in an article in *L'Express* and once on television, at a time when I had no editorial connection with *Le Point* (for which I now write a column). If the assassins were fanatics of the extreme Right, as Perrault believes, how can one explain that it took two years for their murderous rage to boil over after reading the Suffert article? If they happened to be agents of some Secret Service, they certainly do not take their orders from the press. Eric Rouleau, in a laudatory account of both Curiel and Perrault (*Le Monde*, 6 April), supports the "Secret Service theory" by expressing the view that "the assassination of Henri Curiel was in all probability the work of individuals with the technical back-up of a State at their disposal. . . ." A State, or perhaps an organisation.

Shortly before the fatal day, Curiel had met Issam Sartawi, the moderate Palestinian who was himself to be shot dead (in April 1983) during a congress of the Socialist International in Portugal. Whatever else may be conjectured, the fact is that during his lifetime Curiel never brought a libel case against *Le Point*, or even make use of *le droit de réponse* which the French law provides. His family, after his murder, brought a case against Georges Suffert for "insulting the memory of the dead (*offense à la mémoire d'un mort*)", which it lost in the first hearing, then on appeal, and finally *en cassation*.

IT IS THE APOLOGISTS for Curiel who unwittingly indict him under the illusion of proving his innocence. Eric Rouleau, in *Le Monde*, writes that the Curiel organisation financed about 40 "liberation movements" on several continents. Where did the money come from? It amounted to millions of dollars. He adds that his *école de cadres clandestine*, an undercover training school for recruits in Paris, "provided the future anti-colonialist guerrillas with training courses in security under repression, ciphers . . . weapons, and guerrilla warfare." *Diable*! Did he, indeed? But if weapons were involved, then it is surely no longer a pure matter of "humanitarian aid." And if guerrilla warfare and *guerrilleros* were involved, it is no longer simply a matter of passive defence against repression, but of insurrection and civil war. And what are the European "colonies" he mentions? In the 1970s they had all disappeared, even the Portuguese possessions, which became independent in 1975. Something here needs to be clarified.

Gilles Perrault himself relates, for example, that in 1956 Henri Curiel sent Colonel Nasser the plans of the Suez Expedition before the Franco-British attack. If this was an act of French espionage, who gave him his information? A very highly placed French public figure, Perrault tells us; and he does not want to disclose his name for fear that this man should suffer the same fate as Curiel. If he is talking about *une taupe*, a "mole", for what country was he working? Probably not Egypt, otherwise the "mole" in question would have transmitted this military secret directly. Could it have been an Eastern-bloc country which saw in Henri Curiel a reliable messenger? I make no allegations; I am perplexed. Perrault's clumsy, transparent hagiography does not relieve my puzzlement.

Terrorism and our knowledge of it have developed so greatly in the last few years that with hindsight the Curiel file appears

[1] See Paul Henze, *Plot to Kill the Pope* (Croom Helm, 1984) and Claire Sterling, *Time of the Assassins* (Angus and Robertson, 1984). In Miss Sterling's earlier book, *Terror Network: The Secret War of International Terrorism* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1981), she devotes a chapter to the case of Henri Curiel.

[2] *Un homme à part*. By GILLES PERRAULT. Barrault, Fr. 98.

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less "*à part.*" Today more than ever Paris finds itself, after Beirut, the great strategic base for international terrorism. In a liberal democracy where the creation of *groupes clandestins* is forbidden by law, especially to foreign residents, it is sheer impertinence to attempt to prevent the press from objectively and critically investigating the subject.

J.-F. R.

London Commentary

Fleet Street, with Tears

A Dying Press?—By EDWARD PEARCE

I HAVE written here about Fleet Street before, but the temptation to write about it again is irresistible. The miracle is that we survive —any of us.

I have noticed, listening to colleagues, a tendency to find excessive fault in quite middling trade unions outside, something which a Left-wing onlooker would automatically put down to the "Right-wing bias of the press." The real cause—and, incidentally, part of the reason for our tragi-comic gap between thundering precept and abject practice on trade-union matters—is that our managements are exposed to groups of men more predatory and more disposed to peck out the company liver than any other union in any other trade in Western Europe.

In the good times we suffer every week from the "chapels"; in the bad times we suffer daily. A bill of costs is loaded so comically high, so Nigerian in its graft, that leader-writers, poor disappointed men, obtain emotional release by denouncing all trade unionism everywhere else. As, notoriously, newspaper management will invariably surrender at the second wag of a chapel father's finger, our position is, shall we say, difficult. The more we are sliced up by the print unions, the worse we like trade unionism itself.

Let me try to explain. Printing is an archaic craft. The skills of a linotype operator were obsolescent before 1970. Many newspapers own beautiful caches of mint-bright glittering technology, in museums of the aborted future. They were bought in the expectation of use. Either they will not be used, or they will be used on terms which will keep most of the highly skilled printers in the condition of remuneration to which they are accustomed. To the capital costs of investing in a technology which passing time makes it quaint to call "new" will be added the eternal running-costs of still employing men who have no function. As it is, using the 70-year-old presses held together by stamp edging, we employ three to four times as many men as those presses need. Not indeed compositors, who keep their numbers down, but a slipstream of loaders, minders, messengers, and hangers-on—a seventh generation of redundant sedan-chairmen. We do so at earnings which run roughly from about £28,000 per annum for a semi-skilled machine-minder to about £38,000 per annum for a linotype operator.

Consider such costs when you marvel at the lowness of *The Sun*, before you mock *The Times* for getting into the numbers racket, or the *Daily Mirror* for contemplating the proprietorship of Mr Robert Maxwell. The economics of Britain's newspapers is grotesque. It is like imagining the survival of hand-loom weavers late into the 19th century, paid a prohibitive wage and able to stop the introduction of the spinning jenny and the power-loom. That would have meant dear cloth; this situation means dear papers.

IT ALSO MEANS all the evils of a monopoly. Grotesque typographical mistakes fall like malign snowflakes on the page; strike threats, or agitated meetings held in work time, can concertina four editions into one. But this does not happen too often; for, long ago, the unions extracted from heroic managements payment for correcting their own earlier mistakes. So the garbage which is a printer's work at first edition is no fortuitous affair, it is a subtly confected, not to say structured garbage. Sticking a "*d*" at the end of a verb in the present tense is the commonest technique (the French river Loire acquired a "*d*" in a column recently). On another occasion, paragraphs which should have run A,B,C,D,E,F,G, actually went A,B,F,G,C,D,E.

That is the way of things. Early editions are deliberate gibberish. Jokes about "*The Grauniad*" are pre-emptive self-soothing humour, weakly directed against a wrecking mentality which operates to extract money for work deliberately ill-done. And because Fleet Street has lived with so much corruption so long, wrecking is accepted as the order of things. In no other place, not even in Red Robbo's British Leyland at Longbridge, would such nonsense have been tolerated. Yet, in fairness, the old technology is faster to adapt, to change completely a front page, or to cope with later uncovenanted news. The printers are immensely skilled, but the correction clause has tragically

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perverted their skill. SOGAT and its numbers, far more than the NGA with its ancient but formidable craft, is the principal enemy.

It is the direct cause of the decline in the quality of the national newspapers. With costs hiked into orbit, a newspaper cannot afford to be too intelligent, too thoughtful. All "the qualities", with the possible exception of the *Financial Times*, have perceptibly lost one thing lately . . . part of their quality! *Sun*-style headlines—dumb, cliché-flecked, drearily bright—are becoming the order in serious broadsheets. The front page of the *Daily Mail* comes close to copying *The Daily Star*; more substantial papers, subtly and by declining degree, assume the tone and manner of the *Daily Express*. We are all headed downwards; and the print unions, especially semi-to-unskilled SOGAT (by far the worst of them), not to mention managements unwilling to cope with them, have pointed us that way.

Let me give another example, as commonplace knowledge on Fleet Street as fraudulent conversion in the Banco Ambrosiano. Advertising companies, serious people in real business, will not tolerate having their copy set by Fleet Street printers. You will not find mistakes there, even in one-star first editions—the copy is made up on blocks, usually out of town, and sent in properly done. For all this work, which the advertisers did not think them reliable enough to do, the printers, not having moved a finger-end, are meekly paid by the newspapers.

I HAVE TALKED of high costs but I ought to quantify. To set a single column of type on a national broadsheet costs £800. After the deliberate mistakes have been removed in a later edition, a further cost of £800 is incurred. When next Mr Wedgwood Benn does his Pier Pavilion act about the bourgeois bias and capitalist conspiratorial nature of the press, he should reflect that in a world half rational, a string of solvent papers of all political complexions could exist, and that the enemy of diversity, and the enemy of sustained quality, is the alliance of the trade unions: not so much the NGA, just concentrate on SOGAT 82 and the Electricians.

Now the trade unions long ago became hirers-and-firers of all industrial staff within a newspaper—guaranteeing ludicrous overmanning and able to enforce a closed shop. The ETU, with its strong anti-Communist policies sustained by regular meticulous ballots, has taken some trouble to divert ultra Left-wingers and other industrial kindling away from areas of national security like power stations. They just have a way of gravitating towards Fleet Street. This has created a beautiful mechanism for the unions (not themselves all that Left-wing, just acquisitive enforcers, Sicilian style)—they have discovered electricity.

In the crude old days production was stopped, this side of a strike which costs wages, by breaking the roll of paper—and breaking it over and over again until the management came to their obedient senses. What happens now is that "industrial action" is threatened by the fathers of the various chapels and their chief wizard, "the Imperial father", but nevertheless the call to come out is not given, so the lads keep working until such time as they qualify for payment in full for the shift. At which point the plugs are pulled by the electricians. For anyone else to put them in again is "a breach of demarcation", so for the night the newspaper folds. Everyone, but everyone—except the electricians—is entitled to payment, having technically worked while being conspiring partners with full knowledge of the coming kick in the company's stomach. They are paid and the relatively few electricians are seen right by a whip-round which must cost a few bob a head.

One wonders why management does not respond by breaking the "demarcation" and putting back the plugs themselves. Everyone would stop, of course, but it would be a strike and would directly cost the strikers. It is only a passing thought though, for the realm of dodges used by print unions to prevent printing is like a labyrinth in a dream. But it is worth reflecting that the great historic exploiters of demarcation—a bludger drills on that side of the line, a gouger drills on this side—were the Boilermakers, the key union in Britain's shipbuilding industry. Remember the British shipbuilding industry? Remember the Boilermakers?

FLEET STREET deserves whatever happens to it. It is corrupt: not only the back of the shop, but journalists also. I still retain the image of two vastly senior labour correspondents attending the TUC Conference at Blackpool a little while back—each the principal representative of a quality broadsheet—both so blind, so desperately, so paralytically drunk that they stood at the balustrade of a rather nice Indian restaurant competing as to who should throw his vomit furthest, while raining down between spewings a succession of racialist insults on the Asian proprietor. Both, incidentally, are good men of the Left. And, incidentally, excellent eye-witness evidence exists.

The expenses racket by which money never spent is regularly claimed through spare duplicates of receipts bought in restaurants which know about this sort of thing, is another joy. But, to be fair, the conduct of journalists varies from paper to paper. Without being chauvinist about it, I can claim that the *Daily Telegraph*, my own paper, has the best journalistic discipline, and that our newsroom floor, which is far from overmanned, is required to play a very straight game and readily does so. It is by contrast well known that the *Daily Mirror* employs feature writers the way George V collected stamps. Full staff salary for perhaps a monthly article, if so much, is perfectly common, and the drunken *Mirror* Christmas lunch party which smashed up the dining room of the "Cheshire Cheese" is still remembered.

The *Mirror* is carrying a lot of fat at the journalistic level. The new proprietor, Mr Maxwell, will have hard times ahead. Sorting out a printing company away from London is one thing; most provincial printers are angels anyway by the dirty Roman standards of London. Sorting out the *Mirror* is in newspaper terms like finding yourself in the world's worst inn's worst room. The man from Teschen by way of Simpkin Marshall and Pergamon chose to buy what some would not accept with 100 million dollars thrown in. But Captain Maxwell once won military medals under fire.

The steady stream of rich men wanting to be press barons, to do what Northcliffe and Beaverbrook, or for that matter C. P.

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Scott, had accomplished when it *could be* accomplished, is the real secret of the Print Rookery's long survival. Fleet Street outlives its honour, its utility, its economic logic because men grown rich in other trades want the glory, the easy particles of nobility, the power which some of them make despicable, the influence they think it confers, and the access to senior Ministers which it does enmeshingly provide. For these rather than the property deals which they could accomplish elsewhere without contagion by machine-minders, they buy papers, winning thereby a dual prize of ennoblement and immiseration. But if the unions do not fear closure or some Michael Edwardes come with scorpions to chastise them, why is the effort even so not made, drastically, to reform the press?

Notably it is cheaper to print, even on older technology, out of London; it is also easier to establish the very latest and best technology. The standard argument has always been: Set up the new hardware somewhere just far enough and near enough away, say Northampton. Run a line to London for journalistic copy—the *Mirror* notwithstanding, the National Union of Journalists is basically a professional association with delusions of grandeur. Run a whole lot more lines, twenty or thirty of them, to facsimile stations all round Britain from Thurso to Littlehampton. Make a once-for-all capital investment in that far-out futuristic technology, the delivery van, and thus get the dismal incubus of a contract with British Rail off your necks. Do all this, and let journalists set their own copy on the screen as they do in the States—and you may then produce and deliver in local centres and, at the price of a slightly earlier deadline, join the ranks of the liberated.

THIS SCHEME, which I still believe to be possible if the nerve for a real fight were invested, jars its toe on one thing: London. The corrupt capital is a huge piece of the market. Newspapers rely upon distributors. Distributors are terrified of the print unions and their brethren elsewhere. Accordingly, when publication was stopped for one London paper, the Manchester workers—who have a healthy hatred of their brothers—ran like hell, printing four times their usual run and better than two-thirds of the national print. Copies were sold and distributed all over Britain; but they were never seen in London. Distributors handle so much else apart from papers which secondary action by friends of the printers would "black" (British trade-unionese for a boycott).

Now there are laws against such practices; very good laws they are too. When a small businessman producing a free sheet—Eddie Shah of the *Stockport Messenger*—took on the printers, he took them on from Alpha to Omega. They sent down a mob which laid siege to his works and tried to kick his doors in. He sent *(a)* for the police, *(b)* for a solicitor to issue writs in distraint of union property. The unions, God be praised, caved in. But Eddie Shah was only a small businessman, and although he had outside advice (and why not?) no one at the top has shown any sign of acting in the same way.

So we continue with a column of type, duly corrected, costing £1,600, with advanced technology under glass, with the papers themselves lurching downhill and downmarket, dirtier, worse to look at. Old-fashioned craftsmen, however reactionary, however much they exploit the correction clause, probably never wanted this; but we have it. Proprietors occupy premises but do not own their newspapers. They are ordered by the masterful Fleet Street chapels to place an advertisement supporting the miners' strike; and all but three comply. They are told that publication of complete Wimbledon tennis results involves extra payment or no paper; and they comply. The owners of a paper are subordinated to men from whom their managers have spent a lifetime running away.

When there was a bomb scare on one national paper, and when the police had checked and given the all-clear, the Printer (a very senior foreman who once had great authority) rushed in to switch on the machines to make up for lost time. A union official strolled in, swaggered up to the machinery, and threw the switch back. "That is pahnishment", he said, in the accents of East London, "for starting machinery wivart union auforisation, and they stay orff for the next half-hour. . . ."

The printer wept. I think we all might.

The Girls at St Catherine's

What is it about the girls at St Catherine's:
saintliness? No. Innocence? Ignorance means

the same thing at that age. To know is to be guilty of
adulthood of a sort, to fall in love

simply a commitment to the unprecedented
experience. By soap scented

rather than by perfume, by exercise rouged rather
than by cosmetics, they stroll under a lather

of cherry blossom. It is April in their lives.
Manhood hangs somewhere like a rack of knives.

Paul Groves

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Clinging to the Wreckage

Raj Fictions—By MARIA COUTO

"IN HER ignorance she accepted him as 'India' and never surmised that his outlook was limited and his method inaccurate, and that no one is India." This is E. M. Forster's exasperated authorial comment on Adela Quested in *A Passage to India*. Sickened by Anglo-Indian society and tired of seeing picturesque figures pass before her "as a frieze", she seeks the "real" India, meets Aziz, and expects him to lead her into an understanding of his country and his people.

An interest such as that of Adela Quested survives: it is an interest in the Indo-British connection and in India, and has led to a commercialised projection of both as one entity successfully beguiling the public. The recent revival of the Raj in bookshops, in feature films, on television screens, in women's fashion, and as tourist enterprises—Raj and Kipling tours—will soon have an extravagant addition in the shape of David Lean's film of *A Passage to India*. Forster, who honestly acknowledged the limitations of Adela's and Aziz's outlook, would surely have been outraged by much that is on show—not least the film of his book.

There has been a slanging match going on ever since the serialisation of *The Raj Quartet*. The national press, periodicals, and television discussions have had much to say, and those who commented often included people who have spent a large part of their professional lives in the service of the Raj. But it is important to discuss images of Indian reality as presented by Raj histories in literature and film with a recognition that these representations bring the history of the British Empire to a new generation of readers and audiences, and that the literary and visual image has more impact on popular impressions than facts in learned books.

What are the assumptions underlying the fascination of the British connection with India, and is it fair to say that the artistic expressions of this connection have created stereotyped approaches to Indian reality? On her recent visit to India, Margaret Drabble was asked about the Raj revival and said she thought it a form of escapism for the British people who appear

> "to enjoy wallowing in the luxury of the past, to escape the realities and the pettiness of everyday living in London. I think for the British it was a traumatic experience to have to relinquish the enormous power they had, to accept that they could no longer command world attention. . . . Perhaps there is something innately aggressive and Moor-like about Britons that makes them nostalgic about a period like that. But I think for the serious writers on the Raj, it's a question of trying to put into perspective what we were doing and why."

I would like to suggest that, even with serious intent, Raj writers have achieved only a limited success in trying to put the whys and whats into perspective. Kipling, Forster and Paul Scott reflect various stages in the history of the Empire, from the period of confident benevolence to that of doubt tinged with melancholy. In the case of Scott, it is a long and anguished look at the past from the other shore of irretrievable loss. The fact that Forster and Scott have created brilliant vignettes of Empire hierarchies at their xenophobic best, of the "public school attitude flourishing more vigorously than it can yet hope to do in England", has obscured the more important factor: Raj literature is conditioned by its ethos of dominance and subordination, and its cultural stereotypes are forced into characters of the rulers and the ruled. The images do not change fundamentally.

EVEN IN THE HEYDAY OF EMPIRE, Raj literature was written in a mental climate of paradoxes, in which strong imperialist feeling struggled with humanist liberalism. Forster's characterisation of Ronny Heaslop suggests some of these tensions. His mother, Mrs Moore, finds him considerably changed when she visits him in India. She realises that his loyalty to the ruling élite of which he is now a part is more important than his adherence to values which he held back home in England. He thinks nothing of reporting a private conversation between his mother and himself, because everything, even a personal or private relationship, is subordinate to the rule of empire. Humanist liberalism informs the characterisation of Fielding; and such conflict is the basis for George Orwell's *Burmese Days*, though it is a more

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narrowly conceived expression of the threat to the integrity of the individual.

In this sense it can be argued that English writers who sought to interpret the colonial situation were writing almost solely about themselves, and not about India. Forster did try to understand the Muslim and Hindu sensibilities, but Orwell shows contempt for the Burmese. He senses, however, the insidiousness of colonial relationships which ultimately lead to a subjugation of the ruled. What he does not recognise, and nor does Forster, is that the intriguing, servile Burmese or Hindu is the "colonial interface" developed by the subject race to outwit the ruler, and to preserve some self-esteem. These acts of survival cultivated by those who came directly into contact with the rulers, but who did not wish to be assimilated, functioned as Good Soldier Schweik strategies. It would not have been beyond the creative imagination of writers of the Raj to have perceived the underlying realities, had they not been so conditioned to accept them at face value.

For Kipling the Empire provided a rationale for moral action and personal salvation. His work is in many ways the closest to Indian reality, and in that sense the greatest in this school of literature. No English writer has written with greater sensitivity of the Indian countryside and its people. An idyllic childhood in India, forever after associated with "years of safe delight", deep resentment at being sent away to England, great unhappiness at his English public school, combined with the freedom of his later life in India as reporter and journalist to translate experience into art.

Kipling knew India better than all the rest. Being both inside and outside the hierarchy, he could steer clear of the élite world of commissioner, officer and maharaja, the world of power and politics, and move to the human level in the streets and bazaars beyond the Civil Lines. Images of disguise and dual identity function as useful modes for cross-cultural adventures that enrich his work with vivid representation not only of some of the moods and faces of India but of his deep Indianness with which he struggled in order to justify himself in his own eyes. This aspect of his writing does endure for us who remain deeply resentful of his crude justification of imperialism.

FORSTER WAS CIRCUMSCRIBED by the world of his Maharaja and the list of connections and invitations with which he went armed to India. For all his good intentions, the reality in which he lived and worked set limits to his perceptions. He was, of course, aware of this. Chapter IV of *A Passage to India* describes a group of Indians discussing the pros and cons of accepting the Collector's invitation to a party in honour of Mrs Moore and Adela Quested. The decision to accept is taken by the Nawab Bahadur, "a big proprietor and a philanthropist, a man of benevolence and decision." And then the larger circles of Indian reality impinge on their meeting place:

> ". . . clients, waiting for pleaders, sat in the dust outside; These had not received a card from Mr. Turton. And there were circles even beyond these—people who wore nothing but a loincloth, people who wore not even that, and spent their lives in knocking two sticks together before a scarlet doll—humanity grading and drifting beyond the educated vision, until no earthly invitation can embrace it."

Notwithstanding the honesty of this perception, the tone is patronising. Educated Indians who do come within the range of the Raj writer's "educated vision" are clients, associates, and intermediaries. The Nawab Bahadurs and the Lady Chatterjees of British India adapted themselves to new roles to gain entry into a world of power and professional success. They were, in fact, "the clubbable Indians" whom Paul Scott speaks of, who worked very hard to fit in. Some of these inheritors later felt completely out of place, "anachronisms" as Lady Chatterjee suggests, in modern India. Some of them inherited and led socio-economic institutions created by the Empire, and it can be argued that this kind of transition from one élite to another, groomed in the same schools of dominance and subordination, is one of the factors responsible for the continuing exploitation of large sections of the population.

The vision of the writers of Raj fictions oscillates between the peasant, the servile intriguer, and the circumspect courtier. The peasant, of course, is real, but acknowledging him is comforting; it endorses the ruler in his own eyes. The rest are types, perceived as such perhaps because of incapacity or unwillingness to distinguish between real courtiers and those who put on the masks of survival.

The confrontations between the Indians and the British therefore do not work credibly. Aziz is a middle-class doctor who woos the English and craves their friendship. After the incident at the Marabar caves, all attempts at personal relations are abandoned. Since the suggestion is that failure is attributable to the prevailing imperialist situation, Forster's solution for the Indians is defeatist. The Nawab Bahadur gives up his title in a huff; Hamidullah, the Cambridge-educated lawyer, sees the national struggle as the only alternative, but describes it thus: "Now you see why Mahmoud Ali and self waste so much time over intrigues and associate with creatures like Ram Chand."

Aziz, who loves British culture and civilisation but hates the colonial situation, opts for compromise between destiny and desire. He who has such strong feelings about Muslim culture and separateness takes the only course open to him in Forster's view—he must get to know "quaint Hindus" and go away from British India. He therefore takes up an ill-paid job in a "quiet Hindu jungle Native State." The English "had frightened him permanently." First described as a skilled surgeon, in fact better than his English superior, Major Callendar, he is finally shown as taking refuge in the court of the Hindu Raja of Mao:

> "He had to drop inoculation and such Western whims, but even at Chandrapore his profession had been a game, centring round the operating table, and here in the backwoods he let his instruments rust, ran his little hospital at half-steam, and caused no undue alarm."

ADMITTEDLY, FORSTER did not intend to write a political novel, but such considerations are central to the text and need to be taken into account. Apart from its exposure of the hypocrisies of Anglo-India, the novel creates an atmosphere of nationalist struggle: student demonstrations after the court case, slogans, the smouldering presence of

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Mahmoud Ali, and the distant but more threatening presence of Ram Chand. Critical exegesis has illustrated Forster's awareness of the political nuances of the time but it does seem necessary to emphasise also his inability to present Indians as acting constructively in the context of the national struggle.

This is not to undermine Forster's achievement but to suggest that the national struggle was as irrelevant to Forster as the arrogance and might of the Raj. In essence what he perhaps implied was that the barbarous victor had been civilised by his subjects, and that it was tragic that when the time had come for a fusion of the best, it was also time to quit. His intention seems to have been to examine man's place "among the incompatible multitudes of mankind" and the dismemberment of civilisation. India, perceived as shapeless, arbitrary, and discordant, suited the purpose admirably, fitting neatly as a microcosm of "the echoing contradictory world" which opens out to reveal an intrinsic unity. This pattern unconsciously upholds stereotypes from the tradition of Anglo-Indian literature, stereotypes which Forster deliberately set out to expose. In the final analysis Indians are seen to retreat into intrigue, compromise, or spiritual escapism that turns its back on anti-imperialist struggle and progress. The pattern repeats itself in aspects of contemporary criticism of Indian civilisation in the work of Nirad Chaudhuri and V. S. Naipaul.

PAUL SCOTT, writing several decades later than Forster, does not improve the situation. The Indian as equal or rebel is hardly ever allowed to enter the scene. *The Raj Quartet* has Mohammed Kassim, ex-Chief Minister and loyal Congressman in 1939, who dreams of a united free India but is left languishing in jail for most of the novel, emerging only at the end to see his world, and his family, destroyed. Scott's recreation of some of the moods of the last days of the Raj is often enthralling, which is why an important factor is obscured; the questioning consciousness, self-consciously examining details of history, does not come to grips with realities other than the hypocrisies of those in power. The private lives of three generations of Laytons and their friends unfold against a background of World War II and the Indian National Movement. There are several deaths, but the one with the most tragic repercussions is that of Teddy Bingham. His wife's breakdown, remarriage, and second widowhood control the reader's responses to public events.

Amid the many traumas of World War II in South-east Asia, the chief enemy to be projected is not the distant Nazi, nor the more immediate threat from the Japanese, but the men of the Indian National Army. Teddy Bingham's death is attributed directly to his faith in the Indian soldier. The false premise of this relationship is proved by showing up the Indian as disloyal, reverting to "type" when the Englishman is at his most vulnerable. Large sections of the book are devoted to the exposition of a fictional version of events that fit the age-old myths of the Raj. Merrick is made spokesman:

> "Here in India in some Indian nationalist circles there has been as you know a curious and to most of us a naive argument that the Japanese have no quarrel with India and Indians, that it is only the British presence and the use of India as base for armed operations that forces Tokyo to adopt a threatening attitude to the subcontinent. It was a Gandhian idea and it lay behind the serious civil disturbances of twelve months ago.
>
> If Mr Gandhi can believe this about the Japanese and make millions of Indian civilians believe it, Captain Mohan Singh (INA) presumably had no tremendous difficulty in making thousands of naturally apprehensive Indian prisoners-of-war believe it."

Incidents in the narrative suggest that Merrick is an unreliable witness, but if irony is intended by making him the official spokesman misrepresenting facts, there is no other voice to counter his subversive view of so highly charged a subject. Analysis of the colonial situation is related to the realities of a war that did in fact create incalculable tragedy. The extent to which this narrative strategy disseminates the wrong answers and accusations is dangerous when one considers that the readership of these texts is largely confined to the West, and more specifically to Britain.

DETAILED ANALYSIS of civil and military approaches to the "Quit India" Movement, and the resulting internal conflicts, creates an illusion of history; but the Movement itself is allowed to impinge only in so far as it creates problems for or within the ranks of the ruling élite. Robin White, the ideal administrator, is presented from the point of view of Srinivasan, a lawyer, whose testimony is patently suspect and could only have been the perception of Indians who became faceless toadies. His most cherished memory, for instance, is of Robin White "sticking his neck out" to take him and the Indian Minister to the Club:

> "The Deputy Commissioner had waited with typical British restraint to see what kind of a man the Minister of Education was before committing himself to the risky enterprise of taking him to the club. But it was all right. The Minister had turned out to be Wellington and Balliol, and to share with Mr. Deputy Commissioner a love of Shakespeare, Mr. Dryden and the novelist Henry James as well as a concern for the Government Higher School run by the district boards.
>
> It was an embarrassment aggravated by a pride I cannot properly describe. There was I a just-on-middle aged man who had thought never to enter this sacred edifice."

While his character must indeed have been part of the scene, particularly in the immediate vicinity of Raj hierarchies, this point of view undermines the worth of men often remembered with affection, some of whom, like Robin White, were so sympathetic to the Nationalist cause that it was difficult to believe they were on the other side professionally. Others like C. F. Andrews opted out of their society to fight for the cause of India, finding a creative mediation between Christian social intervention and organised Western Christianity. These aspects find no place in Raj fictions which combine elements of realism with an inheritance of selective history, geography and images of India. A brief examination of factors that continue to govern responses to India helps to understand the weight of an imperialist heritage that warps creative freedom.

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RUDYARD KIPLING WROTE in a period of confidence, an era which coincides roughly with Curzon's viceroyalty at the turn of the century, and represents the high watermark of British authority and the Pax Britannica. The Divine Right of Empire and its moral exhortations were impressed on those who came to serve and to rule. In Curzon's words:

> "Your task is to fight for the right . . . to remember that the Almighty has placed your hand on the mightiest of his ploughs, in whose furrows the nations of the future are germinating and taking shape . . . to feel that somewhere among those millions you have left a little justice or happiness or prosperity, a sense of manliness or moral dignity, a spring of patriotism, a dawn of intellectual enlightenment, or a stirring of duty where it did not before exist – that is enough, that is the Englishman's justification in India."

The propagation of the arrogant concept of guardianship, of an imperialist ethic which associated self-imposed duties with unquestioned rights over the "underdeveloped" world, required a special geographical setting. Rural India, especially the Punjab and the North-West Frontier Provinces, served this purpose well. Most of the recruits to the army traditionally came from here, and their loyalty was rewarded with settlements of agricultural land; an elaborate system of irrigation transformed these allotments into productive assets, and such incentives created special relationships between the military commander and his men, between the commissioner and the villager. These relationships, illustrated in some of Kipling's stories, take another form in Paul Scott: the sympathy and understanding that exists between the benevolent memsahib Lady Manners and her faithful retainer Sulaiman; between Miss Crane and Joseph who had served her most of his life since he was a kitchen-boy at the mission in Muzzafirabad; between Mabel Layton and Aziz, who has served her for twenty-two years. The forms differ but the image endures, and it is an image of loyal servitude.

The practice of paternalism was cultivated assiduously. It worked so well that it still survives in the post-colonial world. British authority as benevolent ruler often protected the peasant from local sharks, and is one of the elements responsible for Enoch Powell's "dream" which he claims was shared by the British and the Indians alike. It could only have been shared, if indeed it was, with other groups which feature in Raj fictions—those specially nurtured for the purpose of loyalty after the first revolt for independence, which in British history is called the Sepoy Mutiny. These groups were made up of princes and landowners who benefited from the Land Settlement Act. *A Passage to India* has a whole section set in the domain of a Hindu Rajah; *The Raj Quartet* has the Muslim Nawab of Mirat, who is neither obsequious nor superstitious but courteous, and who offers his palace to the Laytons for the celebration of Susan Layton's wedding. These are the Indian élite who hobnobbed with the British élite; on the periphery are those who served both groups.

M. M. KAYE CONSCIOUSLY DRAWS on best-selling details of her inheritance, multiplying all the elements, and combining them

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with a melodramatic plot set in an India solely inhabited by despotic Maharajas, vulnerable or petulant princesses, warring tribes, and the British in charge of sense, peace and order. The good sections of *The Far Pavilions* are those that draw on the memoirs of Sir John Kaye. These give solidity to her descriptions and contribute to the realism of the brief life of Lieutenant Walter Hamilton, through whose experience she communicates the cruel waste of deeds of valour and dreams of adventure. The novel reinforces one of the most important images of the literature of the Raj, that of the Frontier, so memorably recreated in *Kim* and mythicised within the structure of the adventure tale, to propagate the theory of the white man's burden and to account for the imperial presence.

Such tales of valiant tribes, British leadership, suffering and death in the face of a common enemy, are the stuff of box office success and result in soap operas. *The Far Pavilions* concludes with the carnage of the Afghan wars, but the film version substitutes myth for historical realities in its climactic finale. The death of the Maharaja and the *sati* to be performed by his young widow conclude the film and reiterate the image of retrograde Indians holding on to cruel religious and social customs, despite British social reform. Paul Scott has Hari Kumar's aunt threatened with the same fate, and Edwina Crane, an English educationist who is a spinster, performs her own kind of *sati*. Every acknowledgement of the contribution of empire or its futility emphasises the negative aspects of Indian civilisation.

THIS BODY OF LITERATURE is highly selective in the "India" it chooses to represent. It steers clear of the great metropolitan centres of empire, except when the intention is to suggest depravity. Remote outposts, hill stations, district and military headquarters, function as "India." Scott has brief episodes in Calcutta and Bombay, and both are set in the salons of Maharanis. Bureaucracy at its best or worst, military derring-do or blunderdom, and the solidly safe ground of Club, bungalow and palace are the only spheres open to the writer's vision, the only experience to which he is allowed access.

The city as setting could have been possible if the novelists had transcended the limitations of the structures which they set out to expose. Such work would have disclosed a different "India." Could one have a novel set in the city without confronting the Eurasian, the trader, the speculator, and the lower orders of the British presence—Army other-ranks, stragglers from the docks, sailors? Some of these lives would have traduced the imperial myth of moral purpose, nor would they fit into Forster's vision of Western civilisation as "harmony between the works of man and the earth that upholds them, the civilisation that has escaped muddle, the spirit in a reasonable form, with flesh and blood subsisting." More to the point, it would have meant coming to terms with the Indians as intellectual and social equals, as successful professionals, whether engaged in law, medicine, engineering, education, or indeed in capitalist enterprises, and working outside the structures of imperial administration.

In order to understand the absence of an Indian presence of this kind in Raj fictions, it is helpful to study the process of Westernisation that began with Macaulay's Minute on Education, and indeed the nature of British influence in India since the 17th century. In a brief historical survey of this period, Nehru described the two aspects of England that came to India—its reactionary side with entrenched feudalism and a barbarous penal code, and its finer side:

> "the England of Shakespeare and Milton, of noble speech and writing and brave deed, of political revolution and the struggle for freedom, of science and technical progress."

Both sides came to India and both survive, with the difference that the first of these found a stronger response from existing powers in the subcontinent. The current nostalgia for the Raj simplifies these issues, as did the literature of the Raj, and hardly gives credit to those responsible for the finer side of the legacy.

Macaulay's Minute on Education, produced to fit colonialism into the mould of the doctrine of progress, was meant to build up an infrastructure for the successful running of the British Empire in India and its other colonies. It almost created a nation of clerks and semi-skilled workers. The Government feared the effect of modern education and put many obstacles in its way. Forster suggests this ethos in a description of Fielding, the Principal of the little Government College in Chandrapore who found a gulf separating him and his countrymen who ran the district because

> ". . . something in his manner puzzled people and failed to allay the distrust which his profession naturally inspired. There needs must be this evil of brains in India, but woe to him through whom they are increased. The feeling grew that Mr. Fielding was a disruptive force and rightly, for ideas are fatal to caste, and he used ideas by that most potent method —interchange."

Thus education and modernisation as we know it were the result not so much of legislation as of the dedication of individual Englishmen, educationists, Orientalists, journalists and missionaries who worked with Indian scholars and social reformers to bring a modern consciousness to India.

The "other India" and the "other England" would no doubt have conflicted with Forster's vision of the universe and with Scott's no less grand design. Their absence from the literature of the Raj creates a lopsided version of the times, and of the present, which is unfair both to the Indians and to the positive aspects of the Indo-British connection. Such limitations of vision occasionally affect contemporary rewriting of history and definitions of culture even in India, where writers fashionably overlook or seek to subvert these contributions, and try to fit together the English language, science, progress, the Western concept of history and Time, as part of the "colonial baggage" to be dumped.

WHEN IT WAS FIRST PUBLISHED, *A Passage to India* became a powerful weapon in the hands of anti-imperialists and created a consciousness in Britain of the necessity and inevitability of independence for India. What does it tell us today, and what do we make of the acknowledge-

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ment that British consciousness of India has in recent times been most shaped by three novels, *A Passage to India*, *The Raj Quartet*, and *The Far Pavilions*? The demand for a mass-produced "India" encourages liberties such as David Lean admits having taken with Forster's text, so that his film is likely to be just another spectacular distortion. In Lean's view, Forster did not get things right:

> "Poor old English, they've had a rough time in films. Everyone takes pot-shots; it's because colonialism has gone out of fashion, and it's easy to see them as stuffy idiots. Quite honestly, I think Forster did that too and felt guilty."

Lean intends to set the record straight by fiddling with just those areas that deepen Forster's novel. He is changing the end; the ambiguities of the incident at the Marabar Caves are being sorted out, perhaps in deference to box-office demands; the court scene is being touched up because "the English wouldn't have behaved like that." Victor Banerjee, who plays Aziz, is reported as saying that Lean at first found him "not really Indian enough." Sixty years after the publication of *A Passage to India*, we are still faced with the limited perception of the "educated vision" of Raj fictions, not to speak of Peter Sellers' versions of what is "Indian enough."

No writer or film-maker can wholly transcend cultural limitations: as Banerjee has pointed out, the film would have had a reverse bias had it been made (as was once intended) by Satyajit Ray. This truth notwithstanding, it is important to examine structural points in the novels that contribute not merely to the total impression left by the texts, but influence Western perceptions of Indian reality, and facilitate the visual portrayals of lushness, exotic life-styles, primitivism, the white man's misplaced trust, and destructive elements seen to emerge from the object of trust and affection—India and the Indians.

Both Forster and Scott make the crossing of racial barriers the focal point of their work. The tea party at the Marabar Caves, in which Adela and Mrs Moore are guests of Aziz, leads to a complete disaster for all concerned. Admittedly, Forster fixes on the caves to communicate his own perceptions of the universe, but in doing so invests Indian reality with destructive power. Thus when the breakdown—which is both personal and inter-racial—takes place, the fault seems to lie with India. Mrs Moore has the right assumptions and is trusted by Aziz, but is nevertheless destroyed, so that, despite the deeper contexts of the narrative, its thrust suggests that the two Englishwomen were disoriented by India, by its primitive power, its mystery—the clichés of all literary manifestations of the Raj. Small wonder that Edward Said includes Forster in "the official intellectual genealogy of Orientalism."

The Raj Quartet spans a period from the late 1930s to post-Independence, but the central incident which recurs as leitmotif throughout the work is the rape of an Englishwoman who was sympathetic to India and Indians, and in fact in love with one of them. If rape is meant to function as a symbol of imperialist activity, then surely the victim belongs to the wrong race. Hari Kumar is quite different from Dr Aziz; a product of a British public school, his presence extends Paul Scott's analysis of the British class system, and one is made aware that Scott is writing with insights into Indian and Pakistani communities in contemporary Britain.

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Its sharp and unsparing scrutiny of the British community in India does not minimise a disturbing aspect of *The Raj Quartet*: in the guise of historical fiction it highlights incidents that make a travesty of the moral questions asked. The rape is committed by "smelly Indian peasants", ruffians let loose by forces involved in the national movement; their victim is the most innocent of all the ruling tribe. Every nuance of disaffection, hypocrisy, and detail of British policy is discussed, but the voice of the freedom-fighter is inaudible except for that of Mohammed Kassim, who is seen as a principled but ineffective Congressman. Like Forster, Scott emphasises the British preference for the Muslim. Nationalism and the forces working for freedom are seen as a dark and violent presence with evil intent. Destructiveness and treachery proceed from India, from its social and religious customs, and from its people. When all this is translated into film, with complexities (such as they are) snipped to digestible length, what do we see?

Among other things a juxtaposition of the tragedies of Susan Layton and her childhood memory of a scorpion being burnt in a ring of fire by an Indian boy. Her mind unhinged by the death of her husband, killed by a disloyal Indian soldier, she treats her child as the Indian treated the scorpion. The "Quit India" movement exists only in terms of police *bandobast*, followed by a sequence of the attack and rape. The Deputy Commissioner of Police, Ronald Merrick, is allowed so many motives for his vicious conduct that he becomes a caricature of all imaginable vices rather than a representation of the dangers of absolute authority and racial hatred. Since he is responsible for the unlawful detention of Hari Kumar and for the cooked-up charges, the series carries on the "persecution" and final murder of Merrick by the Nationalist Pandit Baba's "gang", thus denigrating the Freedom Movement as mere petty intrigue and personal vendetta.

There is much discussion and elaboration of political issues as Scott's novels lumber on, but the images distort reality to present the British as victim, or the carnage of partition—Sarah Layton wringing her hands in despair because the act of benevolence can no longer camouflage realities, and the uncertain future in England is no comfort. On film, it is further simplified: titles such as *The Day of the Scorpion* and *The Towers of Silence* are directly translated as images of destruction emerging from Indian reality.

Kipling, Forster and Scott tried each in his own way to grapple with the diversities of geography, culture, language and religion. Forster sought a faith that would encompass all and give it meaning and significance. Long after the publication of his novel, his absorption with aspects of Krishna worship continued this quest. For Scott, the old élites cannot endure, and their children, as in Salman Rushdie's *Midnight's Children*, cling to the wreckage in the hope that a new order will emerge. For both countries, the question is whether a new relationship can be built from past connections, stripped of the pejoratives and assumptions inherent in empire.

Compassion & Contempt

Recent Poetry—By DAVID CONSTANTINE

MICHAEL HAMBURGER[1] at 60, Charles Sisson[2] at 70, their *Collected Poems*, both from Carcanet: I doubt if it is possible to like them both. Hamburger is of German Jewish family and his grandmother was murdered in the camps; he inherited as an unhappy birthright Treblinka and Adolf Eichmann as topics; he reflects that he "could have been parchment/ Cured and stretched for a lampshade." Sisson, in Berlin in 1934, thought the *SS* "the natural heart of Germany"; his commonwealth of letters, England at her centre, comprehends the civilised Latins (there are lots of little French phrases in the volume; it concludes with Gower's "*O gentile Engleterre, a toi j'escrits*") but not the Germans (except Heine, who lived in Paris) and absolutely not the barbarians east of them. Sir George Wheler, who travelled in Greece and Turkey in 1675, thanked God on his safe return:

> "That he had placed the Lot of mine Inheritance in a Land that he had blessed, and hedged about for himself . . . and rendered me into the Bosom of a Church, that I had often heard, but now knew, to be the most refined, pure, and Orthodox Church in the World."

Sisson's view entirely. Hamburger has maintained a more generous tolerance—think of *his* work as translator and essayist; his ideology is vaguer. Sisson's is precise: you have to regret the execution of Charles I and think the Church of England a force for good.

Michael Hamburger is a poet who knew his concerns early on, and they have remained constant. Yet he was rather a long time finding his own voice. Quite frequently in the early work he adopts personae, not all of whom are convincing; there is some heavy sonorousness, particularly in final lines; also stilted or contorted syntax (inversion, indeed, is almost a tic, one never got rid of). In a sense it is not proper, reading a Collected Poems, to expect the poet to improve, since any successful wording of particular circumstances, at whatever age, cannot be improved upon. But Hamburger does get better. Though he

[1] *Collected Poems*. By MICHAEL HAMBURGER. Carcanet Press, £12.95.

[2] *Collected Poems*. By C. H. SISSON. Carcanet Press, £14.95.

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wrote good poems from the start it was not until the 1960s that he became quite sure of himself. Three or four of his finest and most characteristic poems were written only last year.

There is both anger and compassion in his work, the former at its most explicit and poetically least satisfying in the section entitled "Observations, Ironies, Unpleasantries"; there is compassion throughout. Though Sisson frequently loses his temper, his deepest conviction is that there is no point in doing so; there is no point in getting angry over the particular symptoms of our fallen condition. Still, we might perhaps have hoped for pity; but he does not show any. Roger Scruton, in one of his passing comparisons, likened Sisson to Büchner. Can Scruton have read any Büchner? It seems unlikely. Büchner's aesthetics are rooted in compassion.

Hamburger's primary impulse to write is intensely personal, I believe; anxiety, melancholia, but also love and happiness. Indeed, this collection shows him to be a fine love poet. His social and political concerns extend from a basis of personal love and anxiety, and are bodied forth in imagery from close at hand. But I can find neither general nor personal love in Sisson's work, only contempt—which may well be what we are deserving of from Heaven's vantage point—and a mental lechery. Sisson admires and, so he says, understands John Donne, but in his poetry he is poles apart from Donne's sensuality.

Both Hamburger and Sisson have a beloved locality. Hamburger's is Suffolk. It delights and consoles, but also, in its changing appearances under the seasons, keeps the observer in mind of transience and death. More than that (traditional *timor mortis* nowadays being almost light relief) it is threatened by attitudes of which the missiles are the last epitome. The garden is the commonest image and situation in Hamburger's poetry, and gardeners, himself and others like him, occur *passim*. As images, gardens and gardeners are ambivalent. On the one hand the garden is a place apart, an enclosure, a preserved bit of Eden, and cultivating it is perhaps all we can try to attend to. The security of a garden is of course illusory; the *hortus conclusus* is not buried under the necessary thickness of concrete but is open to the skies. In one sense, then, gardening is a brave and innocent pastime. But in another view the gardener only does what everyone else at large does: asserts man's mastery. The gardener in the poem "Weeding" seriously doubts his right to decide what should thrive and what should be ripped out. That slant on the image is a necessary one; we can no more hide from guilt than we can from the bombs.

SISSON'S "COUNTRY OF THE HEART" is the West Country. He writes: "Cranmer was parson of this parish/And said Our Father beside barns/Where my grandfather worked without praying." This locality is not so much threatened (though it may be irritatingly interfered with by bureaucrats and progressive clerks in Holy Orders) as already lost and ideal. He conjures up Avalon in reverent tones; he is marvellously sensitive to the forms and the spirit of place. But most often he obtrudes himself, and the scene, or the details of it—a tree, a bird, an animal—merely *serves* him. His reflections are invariably gloomy; often they turn on himself, whom he does

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not like. In the end self-hatred is as wearisome as self-congratulation.

If Sisson is unsympathetic he is knowingly and perhaps perversely so. "The writing of poetry", he says, "is, in a sense, the opposite of writing what one wants to write. . . ." Are we then to deduce love from the poetry's lovelessness? It is not as though the contempt for life has come with age; the earliest poems are not in the least youthful. It is not a matter of age. Goethe wrote his "*Trilogie der Leidenschaft*" at 74. "Not out of kindness", a phrase in a poem on a dead robin, might be the motto of Sisson's work. And why? I wonder. "If the heart has longing in it/It is better never to speak of it." Why?

POETRY, I THINK, should help us oppose what Graves calls "loveless circumstances"; or lament our failure to do so, or celebrate our successes. There are many forms of opposition. Tom Disch[3] has adopted one of the more hair-raising. He has a grin on his face: *risus mortis*. He is like somebody surf-riding on what may well turn out to be the final tidal-wave. What skill meanwhile, what an amusing showing-off! There is no alternative context; the material of the poetry is relentlessly modern, social and urban. "I live", he says, "like all of us, in the world I firmly/believe in, the only world there is." Walden Pond is "clogged/With cans and candy wrappers." Opposition is not conducted from outside, but from within, and consists of turning the material, as poetic language, against itself. The very closeness of his diction to common speech is a mark of his living in the world and having nowhere else to go; but the continual refraction of his language *away* from common speech—his brilliant rhymes, his rhythms, his oddities of syntax and combination—in that ironical playing upon the language of our "metropolitan horror" (Hamburger) lies his act of opposition and therewith the serious moral purpose of his poetry.

The risks are obvious: what you continually ironise you might in the end become. Irony is not always a saving grace. Disch is very good at contrafactures; rich in cultural allusions. Does culture constitute an alternative world? Can you take it with you? He writes a valedictory ode to the city of New York where "Children spray kerosene on Santa Claus, and all the while/They know it's Dad", and humps his suitcase full of culture off to some other city.

New York does not give Charles Tomlinson the horrors; nowhere does.[4] He observes all places, urban or rural, with an exact eye and has the gift of fixing what he sees in a careful syntax. There is little variation in the form of the verse, he has found the sort of line that suits him best. The poems are not descriptions, they are equivalents, as paintings would be, of the things seen. They are, for my taste, somewhat static and constricted; I should have thought the spirit of place needed a bit more room to move in. But what an eye Tomlinson has for shapes and light and shade:

> *All afternoon the shadows have been building*
> *A city of their own within the streets,*
> *Carefully correcting the perspectives*
> *With dark diagonals, and paring back*
> *Sidewalks into catwalks, strips of bright*
> *Companionways, as if it were a ship*
> *This counter-city.*

The alternative made by the shadows, or rather by the poem, is quite without moral interest. At various sites in Britain (for example "Near Ceibwr") there is naturally a strong sense of the past and this does pervade the rendering of what is to be seen; but there is very little overlay of sentiment, very little anxiety, a mild regret at times. In general, Tomlinson's way of looking at things is curiously dispassionate and sufficient.

PLACE AND "LOCAL EMOTION" are not what they used to be; the evoking of places even in celebration can scarcely be done without some foretaste of the elegiac. And too much has already happened everywhere, and we know too much. True, Alistair Elliot takes a fairly cheerful trip in rhyming couplets on the trail of Horace down the Appian Way[5] (passing through, perhaps, it is possible to see the sights with more amusement and equanimity); but John Montague's journey, and the emigrations and wanderings treated by Iain Crichton Smith, are bound to touch us painfully.

Montague's *The Dead Kingdom*[6] is the more personal of the two books, and suffers in comparison because of that. His journey is from Southern Ireland to the North, to his mother's funeral, and his own biography (including exile in Brooklyn) surfaces as he travels. This is quite natural, but the details come too thick and fast. Reflecting on his own life, he grieves simultaneously over the division of his country in mythical terms—he

> *can still believe in*
> *some mythic bristled beast*
> *flared nostrils, red in anger,*
> *who first threw up, where North*
> *crosses South, our bloody border*

—and in the terms of today: the ambushing of the Derry express, for example, or "the sand-bagged/barracks of Rosslea." The book is arranged as a sequence, in five sections, a form which naturally recommends itself but may not be wholly convincing.

Generally, I mistrust narrative as a prime structure in poetry; poems may simply be "required" for various points along it. Alistair Elliot did well to rhyme his diary all of a piece. Also, though this may seem harsh, it may be that poets writing on "affairs in Ireland" rely too much for their effects on the material itself. Iain Crichton Smith in *The Exiles*,[7] dealing with his country's griefs, has pushed them further into the intrinsically poetic. The reference widens (Prospero, Odysseus) and yet—a fine achievement—he holds on to the aptest details, be they timeless or modern. The tone and fall of his lines are lovely:

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[3] *Here I am, There you are, Where were we?* By TOM DISCH. Hutchinson, £4.95.

[4] *Notes from New York*. By CHARLES TOMLINSON. Oxford University Press, £4.50.

[5] *On the Appian Way*. By ALISTAIR ELLIOT. Secker & Warburg, £5.95.

[6] *The Dead Kingdom*. By JOHN MONTAGUE. Oxford University Press, £4.95.

[7] *The Exiles*. By IAIN CRICHTON SMITH. Carcanet Press, £4.95.

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Do not tell me where you have come from, beloved stranger.
It is enough that there is light still in your eyes,
that the dog rising on his pillar of black knows you. . . .

and where he adopts a persona the voice is natural. Everywhere it is a speaking voice, with a sad intonation:

Two years she's dead and heaven is possible.
I believe in God and in his foreign mansions.

Sometimes it sounds foreign—which I think a virtue—as though it were coming to us out of translation. All poetic language draws on a foreign usage. A man with two native tongues is at an advantage.

ALL GOOD POEMS, whatever their mode or topic, radiate necessity. But when a poem fails, or if we read a lot of bad poetry, the whole activity can easily seem peripheral. At different times and in different places poetry seems to matter more or less. The Caribbean poets resemble the Irish both in the urgency of their topics and in having a language to set against the standard. Poetry helps a people come into their own; they find they have a proper voice, and not just for their politics (necessary though that will be) but also, and in the end more importantly, for their common humanity. This is from an elegy ("Cut-way Feelins") by James Berry in *Caribbean Poetry Now*[8]:

Yu know him gone
Children we know him gone.
Him gone lef de sun
fi walk tru yard
widdout him back-a it.

Yu know him gone.
We know him gone.
Him gone lef stars like spears
from roof holes in we eyes.

Yu know him gone
Children we know him gone.
Clay bowl dohn av
shavin suds pon Sunday now.
Logs dem alone hol up a house.

Poetry must have an edge to it if it is to serve as a means of opposition, an edge of bright language. We are subjected day in, day out, to sales talk of one sort or another and have to answer back. We *all* want our own language; it is vanishing under lies and gibberish faster than our green and pleasant land under concrete.

Brian Patten (*Love Poems*[9]), Adrian Mitchell (*On the Beach at Cambridge*[10]) and even Gavin Ewart (*The Ewart Quarto*[11]) in yet another volume have all, I think, been consciously aiming at a subversive freshness; at an escape from formality, a polemical widening of tolerance (to include doggerel) and, as an act of liberation, FUN. The intention I credit them with is a good one; poetry must be agile or it is dead. But too often Patten, trying for the true voice of feeling, sounds false-naive or fey, and his language, though pitched towards plain speaking, keeps falling into bathetic poeticisms. And Fun, though it is a powerful explosive, looks lamentable when it's damp and won't go off.

INTELLIGENCE IS essential to poetry. John Mole, in *In and Out of the Apple*,[12] his new collection, has made a nice poem of a list of "what won't do."

I could have written my review using those criteria; he is wide awake to what not to indulge in. In his own practice he plays lightly and intelligently on things near at hand. He is proof, if any were needed, that poetry is as necessary in ordinary circumstances as in times and places of crisis. His poems are light in the best sense—lucid, sharp, economical; and those in the second half of the book, "Penny Toys", *are* fun. Many have to do with children; they are a bringing to light long afterwards of a child's perception of things, of his own or adult suffering:

What did he do? His mother laughed then cried,
His father's silence made the garden cold.

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[8] *Caribbean Poetry Now*. Edited by STEWART BROWN. Hodder & Stoughton, £2.95.
[9] *Love Poems*. By BRIAN PATTEN. Allen & Unwin, £2.95.
[10] *On the Beach at Cambridge*. By ADRIAN MITCHELL. Allison & Busby, £3.50.
[11] *The Ewart Quarto*. By GAVIN EWART. Hutchinson, £3.95.
[12] *In and Out of the Apple*. By JOHN MOLE. Secker & Warburg, £5.95.

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Guilty, perhaps, of being five years old,
He's sent their hurt love terribly inside,
And now a shadow spreads across the grass
From where he sits tight in his pedal car
Gripping its wheel, remorseless avatar
Of what his birth has somehow brought to pass.

And over the whole book is cast a concern for children, and an adult shame at what we are doing to their posterity. Domestic poetry, when it is well done, can constitute a sort of credo. We are in the extraordinary predicament of having to demonstrate with all the means at our disposal, poetry being one of them, that ordinary life is worth living. If it were true, as C. H. Sisson asserts, that "nothing is new, nothing miraculous" then we might indeed let events take their horrible course without a murmur. But it is not true.

Victorian Panorama

On Edmund Gosse—By ROBERT GITTINGS

EDMUND GOSSE was nearly fifty when, in 1907, he produced his single masterpiece, *Father and Son*. Without that, his name would be known mainly as an example of that extinct species, the English Man of Letters. With it, he is obviously someone who deserves to be treated seriously and at length. To do this sets a double problem for the biographer. First, how to deal with the early years of life already so admirably covered by Gosse himself in this remarkable self-portrait; second, how to account for a man whose early experiences provided him with the ability to transcend the rest of his interesting but essentially rather trivial career.

Ann Thwaite has found the solution by giving her excellent biography the disarming sub-title "A Literary Landscape."[1] This treatment is fully justified by what Gosse wrote in *Father and Son* itself. In a passage commenting on the enforced solitude of his childhood, he remarked:

> "In mature years I have always been gregarious, a lover of my kind, dependent upon the company of friends for the very pulse of moral life."

In words which Mrs Thwaite movingly uses as an epigraph to her book, Gosse added, "Friendship has been like sunlight and like sleep." There was a strong vein of poetry in Gosse, which he brought into all his personal relationships. We may now wince at the titles of some of his books of poetry, such as *Madrigals, Songs and Sonnets* and *On Viol and Lute*; but we should remember, too, that he was hailed as a poet by some of the greatest of his age, "our youngest Poet" as they called him in the 1870s. Deep into our own century—he died in 1928—he retained some quality of poetry; he also retained the quality of being young, and its accompanying gift, sometimes an awkward one, of being occasionally more than a little foolish.

It is an interesting life, then, and the more interesting through being mingled, as here, with the lives of his more distinguished and talented friends. Sharp, discerning, and well-researched sketches of the personalities of the Victorian literary and artistic scene enliven this engaging account. Swinburne, young Gosse's first great hero, makes his entrance with head and face covered in blood, from having fainted at lunch-time in the British Museum, where Gosse had his first job. He survives this injury, caused by falling against the iron staple of a desk, to become later one of Gosse's closest friends: Gosse, in fact, came to know him well enough to refuse him, with Mrs Gosse's aid, that fatal second drink—Swinburne had an exceptionally poor head—which would make the poet's voice rise to a wild and incoherent scream. Though not so dramatically picturesque in their introduction, Rossetti, Morris, Tennyson and Browning flit in and out, as do prose writers such as Leslie Stephen, Henry James, and Stevenson. These great men were genuinely inclined to welcome this attractive and assiduous newcomer, from his first appearance in the drawing-rooms of William Bell Scott and Ford Madox Brown. Nor did Gosse himself, as sometimes suggested, only cultivate the great and famous. Among close friends appear some who only barely scrape a place in anthologies of 19th-century verse—the minor poet John Leicester Warren, Lord De Tabley, for instance.

Gosse had an abiding and genuine interest in all kinds of human nature. Though not without foibles himself, he had an exceptional tolerance of other people's peculiarities. This virtue probably grew from his own extraordinary upbringing.

In case there is anyone unfamiliar with *Father and Son*, it may be as well to recount briefly the background to the almost incredible but true story of that book. Edmund was largely brought up by his widowed father, Philip Henry Gosse, FRS, a distinguished marine zoologist. One thinks now of a scientist as one who has had a scientific education along certain precise

[1] *Edmund Gosse: A Literary Landscape, 1849–1928*. By ANN THWAITE. Secker & Warburg, £15.00; University of Chicago Press, $25.00.

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lines, but in the first half of the 19th century he could still be a gifted amateur and practically self-taught. In any case, pure science was not the main motive power of the elder Gosse's life. Sometime in the 1840s, shortly before his only son's birth, Philip Gosse, already of a deeply religious turn of mind, was converted to the doctrines of the Reverend John Nelson Darby, a fairly recent off-shoot of Christian worship, which offered salvation through a strict, all-pervasive and exacting way of life and conduct.

Darby demonstrated this in thirty-two volumes of collected works, some of which at least must have been studied by Philip Gosse; he certainly put them into practice in his own life and that of his child, specially entrusted to him by the mother who died early of cancer, a traumatic experience for the young boy. This sect of believers, Darbyites, although there were numerous splinter groups, had as its chief branch what were loosely known as Plymouth Brethren, since Darby had great success in that area. The elder Gosse, during his son's early life, became a preacher and leader to a small section of Brethren in the same part of England, near Babbacombe; the Devonians seem to have been specially attracted by this extreme form of nonconformity, and this little body of "saints" became Philip Gosse's essential life, and the exclusive world of his growing son. He destined Edmund, rebaptised in this faith at an early age, to carry on his own function as a leader of the faithful.

Edmund was thus brought up and, moreover, expected to play a special part in a religion with, in his own words, "no priest, no ritual, no festivals, no ornament of any kind, nothing but the Lord's Supper and exposition of the Holy Scriptures drawing these austere spirits to any form of cohesion . . . pleasure was to be found nowhere but in the word of God." Naturally, for a considerable time, his own father *was* God, and *Father and Son* is partly a moving and understanding record of the gradual diminution of that belief. The comic and sad scene where Edmund, having been warned by his father not to bow down to wood and stone, secretly defies the injunction and addresses prayers beginning "O Chair" to a piece of furniture is one of the most memorable in a recital of many such moments.

The older Gosse's life was a mixture of similar tragedy and comedy, in which the former in the end unhappily prevailed. Philip Gosse believed he was one of those elect souls destined to be saved—who, by a personal reading from the Book of Revelation, would not die, but would be translated straight from life to a heavenly kingdom, an event which might occur literally overnight. The tragedy of this belief forms one of the most poignant chapters of Ann Thwaite's biography, which shows Philip Gosse on his death-bed cursing his Maker for having disappointed the trust in which he had undertaken his whole way of life. This tragedy seemed compounded by the fact that the father had, in the son's opinion, become far less austere with age, allowing a lighter side (such as his pleasure in simple puns) to mellow his dealings with his literary only son and to share the sense of humour which they had in common—one of Edmund's most charming attributes.

Another of Edmund Gosse's more delightful qualities, which he seemed, on the evidence of *Father and Son*, to have acquired as a child and never lost, was his appreciation of the oddities of human nature. Many of the isolated Devonian "saints" in Gosse senior's little gathering of Brethren were, in any terminology, mildly mad. There was the woman who regularly attended Philip Gosse's meetings, but who, silently but quite obstinately, spent the time conducting a private service in her own head. Since she obviously preached an extempore sermon shorter than Philip Gosse's lengthy orations, she finished earlier, and left the meeting-house in the middle of his fervent outpourings, on one occasion snatching up and abducting the boy Gosse with her. Another of the faithful, on a visit to an uncle and aunt in London, was taken to the Crystal Palace, and, to her relatives' embarrassment, laid about her with her parasol at what she considered the sinful statues of classical gods and goddesses in what she termed "the Temple of Belial", returning triumphant to Devon after an interview with the magistrates.

After such incidents, Edmund Gosse could take in his stride any of the eccentricities of Swinburne, Rossetti and company, and show this in his tolerant attitude to such minor peccadilloes as drink, drug-taking, and even perhaps fantasies of flagellation on the part of his heroes. He could also charm fellow-authors out of their considerable areas of touchiness; he even got away with making quite considerable objections to his friend Thomas Hardy's *Jude the Obscure*, a subject on which Hardy was particularly sensitive.

Any good biography, such as this, must present these apparently eccentric Victorians, eminent or unknown, with charity and understanding; they were indeed odd, often wildly and obstinately self-opinionated, but not grotesque. Their

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sufferings in the 1860s, for instance, when loss of faith under the impact of Darwin left them, in Mark Pattison's moving words, "forlorn of protection and love as death takes away the mother from the child", were real tragedies in many good though puzzled lives. Their manners, usages, and even phraseology were often misleading to us, as Mrs Thwaite wisely understands and demonstrates. Particularly, the tricky topic of Victorian male friendship gets fair and mature handling. The question of Gosse's possible homosexuality has often been canvassed. It mainly rests, somewhat insecurely, on the various legends of his behaviour at the funeral of Browning in Westminster Abbey. He is said to have spent some time there taking a furtive look at pornographic photos supplied to him by John Addington Symonds. I myself certainly believed this, until I read Mrs Thwaite's commonsense and undoubtedly accurate account of the matter.

There was also Gosse's infatuation, certainly with sexual verbal imagery and overtones, with the handsome sculptor Hamo Thorneycroft. These occur largely between Gosse's own happy marriage and Thorneycroft's equally happy one to the lady who formed one of Thomas Hardy's many possible models for the physical attributes of Tess. Gosse's letters to Hamo have the unmistakable accents of a lover; so, even more, do his letters to his own wife. Lytton Strachey is helpfully quoted here. When asked whether or not Gosse was homosexual, "No", Strachey replied, "but he's Hamo-sexual." With Gosse, it was always the person and not the type that counted in his affections. From youth onward a devoted friend, he was, with age, to relish devotees himself, and was even capable of being rather exacting with them.

His quite frequent quarrels and disagreements had also a strongly personal quality. The key incident of this sort, described in the middle of this biography, haunts much of the second half of Gosse's long life. He always felt, even if he did not always admit, a lack of real scholarly education, which had somehow been mislaid in the exaggerated simplifications of his limited upbringing. When an academic honour came his way, Gosse clearly became over-excited by it. By the early 1880s, Gosse had established himself as a respectable figure in English Literature, not merely by his own poems, but by works of criticism and biography. He had to his credit not only a responsible life of the poet Gray, but an edition of Gray's *Works*, which had received commendation. He was therefore thought suitable as a candidate for the newly-founded Clark Lectureship at Trinity College, Cambridge. Leslie Stephen got it, but Gosse was beaten by only one vote; and in 1884, when Stephen retired, Gosse, who had meanwhile made a successful lecture-visit to America, was his natural successor. His Clark Lectures, which he had tried out first in America, were printed in 1885 by the Cambridge University Press.

Then occurred what is rightly seen as "the central episode" of Gosse's literary career, or the "beastly business", as Henry James called it. The critic John Churton Collins ("Shirt and Collars"—a Victorian pun which would have delighted the elder Gosse) launched a violent attack on Edmund's published lectures. Others had pointed out a few minor errors. To Collins, who had himself applied unsuccessfully for a similar job at Oxford, it was the work of an ignorant dilettante, unworthy of the imprint of an academic press. In spite of his earlier friendship with Gosse—or perhaps partly because of it—he attacked the book with all the venom traditionally associated with the *Quarterly Review*, in which his article appeared.

Gosse, to do him credit, realised at once that Collins had a case for his accusations of absurd inaccuracy. "I have grown cocky and careless", he wrote to John Addington Symonds. As he might have added, he had grown excited by the academic recognition the post gave him. He always spoke and wrote of the Clark Lectureship as a professorial appointment, though it was not. His chagrin therefore was all the greater when Collins pointed out elementary mistakes of fact and judgment in the reprinted lectures. As Ann Thwaite could have remarked, Collins was ahead of his time in demanding academic precision in literary biography; when she describes Collins as "a fanatic and a pedant" for searching the registers of 42 Norwich churches for an elusive baptismal entry, she is only stating a process which a modern biographer, such as herself, might well undertake. One of Collins's chief complaints has to do with Gosse's neglect to make sure what time of year he is talking about. When an event took place in January, Gosse picturesquely described the countryside as "full-leaved." Yet this sort of carelessness was commonplace in Victorian literary scholarship. It accounts for the forger T. J. Wise being accepted as a scholarly authority by many people who should have known better; his descriptions of items in his Ashley Catalogue are often inaccurate, even when he is dealing with genuine items, not forgeries. When, in the 20th century, Cambridge at last created an official Professor in English Literature, the first and generally admirable holder, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, was apt to make slips, and even to denounce the pedants who, he claimed, were taking enjoyment out of the reading of English. It was sad that Gosse, who certainly conveyed enjoyment, should be such an extreme example of carelessness.

IT IS EVEN SADDER to realise how greatly and for how long this attack affected Gosse. Admittedly, the academic Establishment closed its ranks in support of him, and treated poor Collins as an outsider, instead of an innovator on behalf of higher standards. Cambridge was loyal to the lecturer one of their own colleges had appointed. On the other hand, at Oxford, if anyone made a howler, they said snidely, "He has made a Gosse of himself." Frank Swinnerton, nearly eighty years later, recorded two examples of Gosse's reputation being affected, so that a distinguished scholar could say of a work, "Don't take any notice of the Introduction; it's only old Gosse." It is doubtful, however, that Tennyson actually described Collins as "a Louse upon the Locks of Literature." The remark was, in fact, an invention by Gosse himself in another of his moments of over-confident excitement.

Indeed, it was Gosse's ability to get excited by a book, a poem, an idea, a friend, that formed the attraction of his otherwise somewhat circumscribed life. He is hardly ever dull. Some of his friends, such as A. C. Benson, may seem pompous bores. One never feels bored by Gosse himself. The strange charm which pervades his triumph, *Father and Son*, somehow

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spills over his own later life, and lasts till the day he died. He was, like his curious father, a genuine original, and well worth commemorating. Even the correspondence he invented between his Persian cat, a proud beauty called Atossa, and her sister, who belonged to Walter Pater, was full of character and charm. One can see how he charmed his human contemporaries, how the later Bloomsburys grudgingly disliked what he stood for, and how he should now come into his own.

The Fictions of Experience

Recent Novels—By JAMES LASDUN

IT SOUNDS LIKE an affliction Rilke's Malte Laurids Brigge might have complained of—*The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, an exquisite malady lying in ambush for him, five floors up in his self-imposed Parisian exile. One might also invoke the sensations noted by Joseph Brodsky in his magnificent poem on exile, *Lullaby of Cape Cod*—"the intense blankness . . . the pristine white/of the mind . . . vertiginous thought of Nothingness. . . . " Certainly, there is a temptation to attribute the curious poetic power of this elliptical title to Milan Kundera's own experience of exile. But to do so would not be altogether adequate: when asked in interview with Ian McEwan whether exile was a form of "unbearable lightness", Kundera replied, "Lightness, yes, perhaps, but more bearable than unbearable."

What is the unbearable lightness of being? Like any complex formulation, it is anteceded by a number of increasingly precise gestures in its direction. Its archaeology can be traced back to Kundera's first novel, *The Joke* (1968), where Ludvik, expelled from the Czech Communist Party for poking fun at its enthusiasm in a frivolous postcard to his girlfriend, considers how, in terms of his destiny henceforth, the Party's image of him "was much more real than my actual self. . . . I was its shadow and not the other way round. . . . I had no right to accuse it of bearing no resemblance to me, because I bore the guilt for the lack of resemblance. . . ."

This notion—that under totalitarianism "selfhood" is no longer the exclusive property of the individual—was re-examined, in a more philosophical light, in *The Farewell Party* (1976). Jakub, another disillusioned Party man, puts a poisonous pill in the medicine bottle of Ruzena—a woman he dislikes, though barely knows. His action is neither premeditated nor even fully intentional, though it is not quite an accident either. He becomes gradually anxious about his deed, but seeing her still alive the next morning, he concludes that the pill was not poisonous after all. He drives away (into exile), reflecting on the nature of his "crime"—did it constitute an act of murder (he had certainly *thought* the pill was poisonous)? If so, why does he feel no guilt? He contrasts himself to Raskolnikov who "experienced his act of murder as a tragedy, and staggered under the weight of the dead", while he himself "was amazed to find that his deed was weightless, easy to bear, light as air. And he wondered whether there was not more horror in this lightness than in all the dark agonies and contortions of the Russian hero. . . ."

The truth, as the reader already knows, is that the pill *was* poisonous, and that shortly after Jakub saw her, Ruzena swallowed it and died an agonising death. What is interesting therefore, is not so much the bearable lightness of Jakub's deed, as the posthumous existence of Ruzena as a cipher in the matrix of guilt and guiltlessness occupying Jakub's mind. The episode disturbs because it offers a glimpse of a possible world where *being* (not merely "selfhood") is a relative, not an absolute, quality. Such an existence would indeed be "unbearably light."

The idea is further ramified in *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting* (1979). Kundera has said that the task of a novelist in a totalitarian state is to expose "anthropological scandals", by which he means the particular contours of human capability around which political terror shapes itself. He cites as an obvious example the ability to kill. One that might be more pertinent to *Laughter and Forgetting* is the ability to regress to childishness. The state of affairs this ability brings about forms the political medium in which the book's superbly executed dramas, fantasies, and disquisitions occur. It is akin to Huizinga's celebrated idea of Puerilism—"that blend of adolescence and barbarity" characterised by "the wearing of badges and sundry items of political haberdashery, walking in marching order or at a special pace and the whole rigmarole of collective voodoo and mumbo-jumbo . . . the delight in mass-meetings, mass demonstrations, parades. . . ."

It is into a fantasised rendering of Puerilism that the anguished Tamina is led, on the promise of "a place where things are as light as the breeze, where things have no weight, where there is no remorse." The place is an island of children; a cheerful, prelapsarian realm where group sports and communal lavatories are the order of the day. For a time Tamina luxuriates in the innocence of the island, but gradually her adult consciousness reasserts itself, and in much the same way as so many of Kundera's characters find themselves unable to swallow the bland enthusiasm of the Party, she begins to feel how grotesque childish innocence becomes when it is perpetuated beyond its natural course:

> "It is little things of no weight at all that are making Tamina nauseous. In fact, that hollow feeling in her stomach comes from the unbearable absence of weight . . . this

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perfect buoyancy has become a terrifying *burden of buoyancy*. . . ."

SUCH, THEN, are some of the resonances with which the title of Kundera's new novel reverberates. Ideas that were incidental to his previous books cohere into a single theme that dominates *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*[1] like a musical motif.

The musical analogy is peculiarly appropriate: one of Kundera's less widely-acclaimed achievements as a novelist is his success in adapting the variation form from music—"This entire book is a novel in the form of variations", he says of *Laughter and Forgetting*; variations in the manner of Beethoven, who used the form as a means of probing the depths of a single theme to discover infinite diversity within it: "with every variation", Kundera writes, "Beethoven moves farther and farther from the original theme, which bears no more resemblance to the final variation than a flower to its image under the microscope."

The Unbearable Lightness of Being is another "novel in the form of variations", each section representing, as it were, a further twist of the microscope probing the political, sexual, and metaphysical strata of the world inhabited by its characters. And at every twist, a new dimension accrues to the meaning of the title.

The plot, such as it is, revolves on the relationship between Tomas—a disaffected, promiscuous surgeon of an acutely intellectual disposition (his attack on the Party involves an extended literary conceit, comparing its behaviour unfavourably with that of Sophocles's Oedipus)—and Tereza, a melancholic waitress whom he picks up in a restaurant. The narrative expands laterally, crossing to Tomas's affair with an artist called Sabina, and thence to Sabina's affair with Franz, a Swiss academic. The invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 forms the political background, and provides the external catalyst for most of the events in the book.

These simple human dramas are vividly imagined and portrayed, but it is less the dramas themselves than the atmosphere of scintillating intelligence into which Kundera refines them that remains with one at the end of the book.

Thus, while Tomas's relationship with Tereza is an affecting story in itself, its real interest lies in the way Kundera exploits the tensions between its haphazard origins, and the air of preordained permanence it so quickly acquires, turning it into a debate between two visions of love: the random (and therefore meaningless) coupling which Tomas fears it is, versus the sacrosanct, predestined communion—the *es muss sein*—that romantic lovers feel it to be. It is at this level that the story turns out to be a variation on the signature theme—"We all reject out of hand the idea that the love of our life may be something light or weightless. . . ."

The same is true of the Sabina/Franz relationship, which serves not only as an ingenious psychopolitical study of Sabina's compulsion to betray anything that threatens to impose authority on her life, but also as a further variation on the theme. She betrays Franz, abandoning him as soon as he makes public his affair with her. The ease with which she finds herself removing such people from her life—the lack of any resistance from the external world against her own impulses—plunges her into melancholy:

> "What *had* come over her? Nothing. She had left a man because she felt like leaving him. . . . Her drama was a drama not of heaviness but of lightness. What fell to her lot was not the burden but the unbearable lightness of being. . . ."

For readers who take the view that a good novel can only be vitiated by the direct statement of ideas, this one will seem decidedly flawed. I prefer the more pragmatic approach which argues that if the ideas are as brilliantly original as Kundera's, and as entertainingly expressed, then a book born from something so abstract as a conflict between "those who doubt being as it is granted to man" and "those who accept it without reservation" can be quite as engaging as the best of those novels that subsume their ideas chastely within the drama of human relationships.

V. S. NAIPAUL'S NOVELS belong largely in the latter category, and are indeed among its best contemporary examples. The two narratives in *Finding the Centre*[2] are modest attempts to show how these novels came into being; to admit the reader into "the process of writing."

[1] *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*. By MILAN KUNDERA. Faber and Faber, £9.50.

[2] *Finding the Centre: Two Narratives*. By V. S. NAIPAUL. André Deutsch, £7.95.

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The first, "Prologue to an Autobiography", is an amusing account of how the young Naipaul discovered his personal voice, as he sat in the office of the BBC Caribbean Service, and tapped out his first sentence on BBC non-rustle paper. It is illuminating as far as it goes, and many an aspiring author will take comfort from Naipaul's initial uncertainties:

> "For everything that was false or didn't work I felt that I alone was responsible. For anything that seemed right I felt I had only been a vessel. . . ."

But Naipaul is too reserved to give away very much about himself. He is altogether more at ease writing about his father, on whom Mr Biswas was modelled, and in the end it is more as an extended footnote to *A House for Mr Biswas* that the piece stands, than as an exercise in self-exploration.

The second narrative, "The Crocodiles of Yamoussoukro", is a weightier affair. Ostensibly it is a travel piece, an investigation into the remarkable economic and political successes of the Ivory Coast under the benevolent dictatorship of President Houphouët-Boigny. But the acuteness of observation and the discretion with which the incidents are organised are of a quality that transforms the piece into something of a considerably higher order than journalism. As such, it serves as a practical demonstration by Naipaul of how he goes about refracting his personal experience into fiction.

Beneath the European version of governmental success presented at first glance by the Ivory Coast, Naipaul discovers a version that is emphatically African—a configuration of magic, demonism, possibly even human sacrifice, that finds its perfect symbol in the ritual feeding of live animals to the President's crocodiles in the heart of the "ultra-modern" city of Yamoussoukro (as yet consisting of little more than a palace, a golf course, and a twelve-storey hotel).

Naipaul's achievement is that he presents this African world not as a catalogue of exotica, but as a form of civilisation quite as sophisticated and robust as the one which at first conceals it. From this position, he is able to regard the imminent collapse of the "European" façade (the generally predicted consequence of the present ruler's death) as less catastrophic than others might suppose. The issue is lucidly discussed by Naipaul the commentator, as one would expect, but it is with a *novelist's* touch that he brings it to life, encapsulating it in a single vignette about a bad meal at a restaurant:

> "It was more than a matter of an off-day. The waiters, impeccable the day before, were casual, vacant. There were long delays, mistakes . . . the bill, when it came, was wrong. Someone was missing, perhaps the French or European manager. And with him . . . the whole restaurant-idea had vanished. An elaborate organisation had collapsed. The waiters seemed to have forgotten, from one day to the next, why they were doing what they did. And their faces seemed to have altered as well. They were not waiters now, in spite of their flowered tunics. Their faces and manners radiated various degrees of tribal authority. I saw them as men of weight in the village: witch-doctors, herbalists. . . . The true life was there, in the mysteries of the village. The restaurant, with its false, arbitrary ritual, was the charade: I half began to see it so."

KINGSLEY AMIS'S NEW NOVEL, *Stanley and the Women*,[3] is alarmingly enjoyable. It's like a perfect crime: you know something reprehensible has been done, you know who the villain is, but he has an answer or alibi for every piece of evidence you offer. You find yourself admiring him for his sheer professionalism. The reprehensible something is the book's more or less unqualified conclusion that the behaviour of women is worse than that of the clinically insane. Amis arrives there by way of an extremely good, at times harrowing, novel about the effect of a son's crack-up on his father, mother, and stepmother.

Stanley, the father, is a down-to-earth Fleet Street advertising manager currently married to Susan, a deputy literary editor whom he appears to love dearly. He narrates the novel in a genial, saloon-bar idiom that positively drips with common sense, unpretentiousness, and a sincere willingness to be proved wrong in any reservations its speaker might have about women, Jews, artists, homosexuals, etc. It is a measure of Amis's great skill in handling this idiom that he is able to use it, without ever lapsing into anything more refined, to express a range of moods and subjects that include discussions about madness in literature, knockabout comedy of drunkenness, media-world satire, schizophrenic behaviour, and the subtlest of nuances in a domestic conversation. A comparable achieve-

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[3] *Stanley and the Women*. By KINGSLEY AMIS. Hutchinson, £8.95.

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ment would be rewriting a philosophical tract in Pidgin English. The only technical error I noticed was when Stanley, annoyed at something someone has said to him, tells us "I glared suddenly at the fish-tank as though I had noticed something coming to life there." It's difficult to imagine anybody using that sort of "as though" clause about himself.

Together with this comfortable, seductive idiom, there is the insistent portrayal of Susan as a paragon of wifely—or second-wifely—virtue, standing self-sacrificingly by her man while his son by another marriage goes to pieces in her house. This combination acts as a protective parenthesis around Stanley's contempt for his ghastly ex-wife Nowell and his son's cliché-spouting psychiatrist Dr Trish Collings, limiting the contempt to individuals and thus safeguarding it from accusations of general misogyny.

So it goes for 216 pages; quite a feat of self-suppression on Amis's part. But on page 217 he snaps; or rather, he snaps Susan, turning her from a model of sanity into a monster; she stabs herself in the arm, claims that the deranged son did it, then, thinking Stanley suspects her ruse, abuses him grotesquely and walks out on him—all this because she is jealous of the attention the son is getting. A history of such outbursts is duly provided in the remaining thirty pages, but it does not succeed in making Susan's violent volte-face remotely plausible (which isn't to say that it fails to be dramatically engaging—it most certainly is).

The effect is retroactive: no longer counterpointed by Susan, the selfishness and stupidity of Nowell and Trish Collings, so vividly conveyed in the previous pages, expands into a characteristic of Womankind, coercing the reader into a particularly distasteful sympathy with the male chorus of unbridled misogyny that concludes the book.

It's a trick, albeit a very clever one, and while it provides Amis with a context in which he can air some deeply unpleasant views with apparent impunity, it does so at the cost of the book's integrity. I was left feeling that Amis wanted a good deal more provocation than his story would have generated naturally. To that end he distorted the character of Susan; it says something for the inherent judiciousness of the novel form that this distortion is so glaringly visible. Among those unpleasant views is that of Stanley's pal Cliff, who ends up as an apologist for wife-battering: " 'Just goes to show what an easy lot English husbands are, only one in four of them bashing his wife.' "

THE COROLLARY OF THIS ATTITUDE is that which informs Pat Barker's fine second novel, where the Cliffs and Stanleys of a lower social echelon are looked at from the woman's point of view, and found to be at best violent, at worst murderous. *Blow Your House Down*[4] portrays a poverty-blighted community in a bleak northern town, where the choice of occupation for women is limited to work in the chicken factory or prostitution. The story focuses largely on those who have chosen the latter. For them, the daily menace of pimps, ponces, and freeloading policemen ("The way some

[4] *Blow Your House Down*. By PAT BARKER. Virago, £7.95.

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of 'em shoved their vice-squad cards up your nose you'd've thought it was American Express") is further exacerbated by the fact that a Yorkshire Ripper figure is at large, leaving his victims in much the same state as the hens in the chicken factory. The parallel occasionally becomes a fraction too neatly pointed to seem anything more than a convenient device, but on the whole it is used to great, and gruesome, effect.

Pat Barker has an impressive feel for the starkness of English working-class existence at its roughest end. Her characters come powerfully to life as they move between dismal homes, pub, soul-destroying factory, and the shadowy streets around the viaduct where some of them solicit. The solidarity of the women, the predatoriness of the men, the social conditions that encourage violence to women, the equivocal "protection" given by the police (their method of searching for the killer involves using the women as live bait)—all the things that in less capable hands would seem mere stock-in-trade feminist-novel routines—are served by a perfect ear for dialogue, and a keenly observant eye for both horror and comedy. The result is a picture of a corner of contemporary England little different in essence from the slums of Dickens's London or Zola's Paris. It is disturbingly convincing.

THE INTENTIONS OF AN AUTHOR are neither available nor desirable—so certain literary theorists tell us: intentions are of little relevance to the completed work, and none at all to an evaluation of it. Nevertheless, if one is as mystified by the author's intentions as I was by Elaine Feinstein's in her eighth novel, *The Border,*[5] then it becomes difficult to form any reliable judgment of the work at all.

A young American—an historian—visits his Austrian/Jewish grandmother Inge, in the hope that she will be able to tell him something about Walter Benjamin, whom she met at the beginning of the War. She gives him two diaries from 1938—her own, and that of her husband Hans, a poet (his "Poems in Exile" form the last section of the book). These diaries show a steadily deteriorating marriage against a similarly worsening political background. Hans, having undergone psychoanalysis for a stammer, is enjoying a passionate affair with a young Communist called Hilde. Inge, a physicist, becomes ill with worry about Hans, about her son in America, and about the rise of Hitler. They flee to Paris, where Hilde is waiting to reclaim Hans, whom she introduces to Walter Benjamin. The meeting inspires Hans to a fresh burst of creativity and a renewed love for his wife. Hilde is recalled to Moscow; Inge and Hans head for the Spanish border, where they arrive just as Walter Benjamin—who happens to be in the same border town—commits suicide. Hans falls into despondency and is shot by an old pupil from Vienna—another Communist—who also happens to show up. Inge, one assumes, makes it into Spain, and thence to Australia.

If my summary gives the impression of a rather sketchy assemblage of predictable items from the wartime experience of Middle-European intellectuals, as might be selected by someone who didn't actually go through that experience, but wants to exploit the heroic aura guaranteed by the period, then this is because I found myself reading *The Border* as precisely that.

My guess is that Elaine Feinstein expects her readers to take the fragmentary notations of character, place and event in *The Border* as the tips of so many icebergs, relying on their share of historical consciousness to supply the hidden shapes beneath, while leaving her to attend to her more rarefied concerns. But, as I've said, these concerns remain unclear. At times she appears to be paying discreet homage to Walter Benjamin's ideas—particularly his marriage of Marxism and mysticism (is the physicist/poet marriage of Hans and Inge in some sense a reflection of this?)—but then nothing very much is made of this. At other times she appears to be examining the nature of trust and betrayal, but her thoughts on these subjects give one little sense that her heart is really in it:

> "What are the intimacies of betrayal? Dependence? Hatred? Animal terror. And a sexuality that breaks some private taboo. These things exist like a raw pain in the gut. It is not a pain you grow out of. The wound remains unhealed."

Is this the "ruthlessly brilliant" writing Fay Weldon praises in her back-cover puff? I can see in it nothing but banality and platitude, though I suspect that might not have been the case had I been properly engaged in the story in the first place, which I was not. Whether this represents a failure of empathy on my part, or a failure of art on Elaine Feinstein's, I would not like to say. Whichever it is, *The Border* remains a very perplexing book.

[5] *The Border.* By ELAINE FEINSTEIN. Hutchinson, £6.95.

Everything Must Go

Sleep. And a house, and strangers; lots to see,
catalogue-numbered one to infinity.
Something important, something to do with me.

Moored on the lawn a tent, a green room tight-
packed with perhaps actors, with props that might
be mine, might have been mine. Tonight the night-

mare deathly quiet. Fingers, raised, suspend
notes (stopped by soft hammer) over what a friend
put in my care, I broke, I could not mend.

"I . . . I" somehow disperses mutes and waits.
Now, reassuring noise: dealers' Estates
drone off to elsewhere, and the dream abates.

(They will be back in time.) Obedient dumb
limbs look alive: the quartz clock's insect hum
heralds day's forced march towards kingdom-come.

Jonathan Price

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The "Star Wars" Scenario

New Problems of "Emergent Technology"—By ALUN CHALFONT

IT HAS BEEN said before, but it will bear saying again: it is just not possible to abolish nuclear weapons. "*Ban the Bomb*" is not merely a simple-minded slogan, it is entirely devoid of real meaning. The fact that e is equal to mc^2 cannot be invalidated by high-minded idealism, schoolmen's casuistry, or the more theatrical manifestations of protest. Nor will the danger of war be removed, or even diminished, by the earnest posturings of "peace movements"; it may, on the contrary, be significantly increased. The contemporary dilemma is that the world is divided into two great political groups, whose ideologies, value systems, and concepts of the relative importance of the state and the individual are not only unreconciled, but irreconcilable. It can, indeed, be convincingly argued that these groups have so far been dissuaded from going to war with each other only by the knowledge that in such a war nuclear weapons might be used; and that their use would create devastation on a scale wholly disproportionate to any conceivable political gain.

This is not, however, to suggest that such a state of affairs should be accepted as an immutable element in the human condition. Those who believe so have, to a very large degree, been driven into positions of hawkish intransigence by what is broadly, but imprecisely, described as "the peace lobby"—a multifarious coalition of interests whose propaganda machine has created a collective mental block. It has instilled into the minds of great numbers of people a fear of nuclear war so numbing and demoralising that it has inhibited the processes of rational thought. The great nuclear debate, has, in any event, produced on the one hand battalions of agoraphobics, frozen into immobility by fear of the real world, and, on the other, hordes of claustrophobics frantically seeking *any* way out of the trap they perceive themselves to be in. Yet the irony is that there *is* a rational way out of the nuclear dilemma—by intelligent exploitation of the same technological potential which got us into it, coupled with the patient and realistic pursuit of effective arms-control agreements.

LORD CHALFONT *was military correspondent of "The Times" from 1961–64, when he was created a Life Peer and served as a Minister in Harold Wilson's Labour Government. He writes regularly for* ENCOUNTER, *and is the author in these pages of "Stormy Atlantic Weather" (January 1983), "Arguing about War and Peace" (January 1981), and "Into a Dangerous Decade" (April 1979). His article in the April 1983 number, "The Great Unilateralist Illusion", is also available as an* ENCOUNTER *pamphlet (£1.50, $3.50).*

THERE ARE TWO MAIN AREAS of the military confrontation in which high technology is now capable of bringing about revolutionary change—one is in space, and the other in the defence of Western Europe. So far the principal reaction to any suggestion of military activity in space has been the knee-jerk of the peace lobby—an automatic reflex based on the assumption that *any* development in military technology is intrinsically immoral and undesirable. This attitude applies equally to ABM (anti-ballistic missile) and to ASAT (anti-satellite) systems. Experiments such as the testing on 10 June of an American missile which destroyed a target missile in space are regarded as a threat to the 1972 treaty restricting the development and deployment of ballistic missile defences (the ABM Treaty); while anti-satellite systems are condemned out-of-hand as the development of a new dimension in the "arms race."

In Space Now

THE STRATEGIC DEFENCE INITIATIVE (SDI) associated with President Reagan's speech of 23 March 1983, often referred to as "the Star Wars speech", has also been attacked by more thoughtful critics, relying principally on the argument that, on the most optimistic assessments, no anti-ballistic missile defence could offer anything better than a 90% effectiveness; and that, even assuming an offensive capability reduced by a strategic-arms-limitation agreement to 5,000 warheads, 500 would therefore reach their targets.

According to Colonel Jonathan Alford (of the International Institute for Strategic Studies), this still amounts to "assured destruction." The London *Daily Telegraph* (21 June 1984) goes further—"only 100 warheads in the megaton range, delivered with reasonable accuracy, would probably finish the United States as a functioning society. . . ." Furthermore it is pointed out that (*1*) ABM systems leave the threat of cruise missiles

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and other nuclear delivery systems intact; that (*2*) strategic defences relying upon satellite communications are especially vulnerable to pre-emptive destruction; and finally (*3*) that the expense of SDI would be entirely disproportionate to any military or political advantage which might conceivably emerge from it. Professor Lawrence Freedman of King's College, London, one of Britain's more thoughtful strategic analysts, points out in a letter to *The Times* on 4 July that the last push for strategic defence in the 1960s ended in failure. "President Reagan's Strategic Defence Initiative", he concludes, "is likely to suffer a similar fate." Among European political observers there are suggestions that "strategic defences" as opposed to retaliatory offensive systems would contribute to the isolation of the United States from its allies in Western Europe.

With only a few dissenting voices, the general view shared by politicians, academic strategists, newspaper editors, and the anti-nuclear pressure groups in Western Europe is that the military exploitation of space in any form is a dangerous and destabilising adventure. Yet this proposition is by no means self-evident.

The Superpowers and their allies *already* depend upon the use of space for a wide range of activities which can clearly be defined as military. The most familiar are the deployment in space of "ballistic-missile early-warning systems" and of satellites for reconnaissance, surveillance, and communications. In addition there are both meteorological and navigational systems designed to provide the information necessary for the accurate targeting of strategic weapons systems. There is frequent speculation as to whether the Soviet Union or the United States is "ahead" in this kind of space technology.

The consensus in the West is that the United States has a lead in some technology (such as high-resolution photography and image sensing), but in other fields (such as radar and electromagnetic sensing) the Soviet Union can claim several unique systems such as their Radar and Electronic Oceans Surveillance Systems. Meanwhile, the United States is developing NAVSTAR, a global positioning system based on a network of 24 satellites (of which eight are already deployed) which will accurately calculate the location of a target anywhere on the earth's surface to within a distance of 30 metres.

It can be argued that many of these systems are, in the context of the present Superpower confrontation, important elements in maintaining a strategic balance by providing means of verifying arms-control agreements and early warning of developments in nuclear testing. The principal perceived dangers of the military uses of space arise not so much from reconnaissance, surveillance, and targeting systems, as from the possibility of stationing actual weapons in space. At the moment there are *no* weapons in space, although the Soviet Union has a ground-tested operational anti-satellite capability. It consists of a large satellite, which can be launched into low-earth orbit (1,000 miles) by a version of the SS9 ICBM. It is designed to go into orbit alongside the target satellite and destroy it with either conventional or nuclear missiles. Using a larger booster nuclear warhead this system (ASAT) could be used to attack American communications and early-warning systems in geostationary orbit (22,500 miles).

TO COUNTER THIS THREAT the United States has taken steps to protect its satellites by hardening them against shock and electro-magnetic pulse effect, and by providing them with increased manoeuvrability. A much more significant matter, however, is the development by the United States of its own ASAT system (to be ready by 1985), consisting of a two-stage rocket, carried to about 80,000 feet by an *F15* aircraft and capable of launching a miniature homing vehicle (a "micro-missile") with an electronic locking device which carries it on a direct collision course with the target satellite. The system was first tested in January this year. The longer-term significance of these relatively primitive ASAT systems is that, if the trend is not reversed by effective international agreement, they will certainly lead to more advanced forms of weapons systems, almost certainly based in space.

One development, using infra-red technology and mosaic-array sensors to detect ballistic or air-breathing missiles, is envisaged as the space-based component of a large area air defence system. (Other ballistic-missile defence concepts include a mosaic-array sensor system which, when launched into the path of a ballistic missile attack, can identify and discriminate targets for destruction by ground-based ABM systems. These, however, are no more than enhancements of current ABM technology.) Many military theorists regard the deployment of ABM defences *in space itself* as the most effective potential development for the future. From space, it is argued, a defensive system could intercept missiles in their boost phase, before the warheads separate from the missile. Space is also regarded as the best environment for the protection of satellites against ASAT systems, by the use of co-orbiting defence satellites (DSATS).

Technology on the "High Frontier"

A WIDE RANGE OF technologies can theoretically be applied to space-based defence systems. Some are developments of the current ASAT technology, based on homing vehicles on the American pattern, or pellet charges like the existing Soviet system, using kinetic energy to destroy the target by direct collision. Others combine existing space and missile technology by using a fleet of satellites armed with multiple homing rockets. The Soviet Union is believed to be well advanced in research into this "High Frontier" concept. The most significant possibility, however, involves the use of directed-energy weapons—lasers, charged particle beams, and X-rays—which would have maximum effect if deployed and used in space. The potential of such weapons was reflected in President Reagan's "Star Wars" speech."

It is true that many defence scientists (including Lord Zuckerman, formerly Chief Scientific Adviser to the British Government) are sceptical of the potential of directed energy weapons. They point out that directed energy weapons require extremely high pointing accuracy and exact target tracking, which would make them unsuitable for use against ballistic missiles; and that they demand a massive power output, which would be difficult to generate in space.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that both Superpowers are pursuing intensive research into weapons of this kind; and it is

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clear that a point of no return may soon be reached.

In a recent interview (Voice of America, 8 July) George Keyworth (Senior Adviser to President Reagan, and Director of the Office of Science & Technology Policy) rejected the arguments concerning the potential effectiveness of a strategic defence system, pointing out that research and development of this kind is designed to *limit the options* of a potential enemy and to provide our own strategic planners with wider options in the future. "It is", he said, "far more important to focus on that than on whether a single missile out of 10,000 could ever penetrate a defensive system. . . ."

The important effect of SDI, he pointed out, was to *reduce* the present overwhelming reliance on the threat of nuclear retaliation and to move to a balanced mixture of threatened retaliation and effective non-nuclear defence. Keyworth estimated that the study of "strategic defence" possibilities would probably produce some significant results, in the form of quantitative data, in about a year's time.

The Laws of Space

IT IS, THEREFORE, A MATTER of some urgency not only to examine the possibility of arriving at effective agreements to prevent the further militarisation of space but also to assess the consequences of failing to arrive at such agreements.

The principal existing treaty is the "Outer Space Treaty" of 1967. Article IV of the Treaty, of which both the United States and the Soviet Union are signatories, forbids the placing in orbit around the earth of any objects carrying nuclear weapons or any other kind of weapons of mass destruction, the installation of such weapons on celestial bodies, or the deployment of such weapons in outer space in any other manner. It is significant that the Treaty does *not* prevent the passage of nuclear missiles *through* space (leaving ICBMs unaffected); nor does it prohibit the development of ground-based ASAT (anti-satellite) systems such as that already possessed by the Soviet Union and under development in the USA.

An additional agreement relevant to the military uses of space was concluded in 1979—the "Moon Treaty", Article III of which provides that the moon shall be used "exclusively for peaceful purposes." There is, however (as has been described by Professor Dr Goedhuis, a leading Dutch authority on the "laws" of outer space), considerable controversy as to whether, in the context of the Moon Treaty, "*peaceful*" means "non-military" or merely "non-aggressive." It seems clear therefore that the existing international treaties relating to the

Between "'It 'em 'ard" (Bevin)...

I WANT TO TRY, *if I may, to place the prospects of the future in the perspective of experience. We now have the benefit of hindsight, but you will recall at the end of the War the democratic allies who were victorious in the war against Germany acted upon the assumption that Soviet Russia would share the common interest of collective security and in the police force which would control law and order. There was no evidence whatever on which to build that conclusion. Neither the policy of Russia under the Czars nor the policy of Russia under the Communists had given any indication that they conducted their foreign policy in terms of the ethic of neighbourliness and partnership; none whatever. At the Yalta Conference, in fact, Stalin had given notice that he intended to establish and control a* **cordon sanitaire** *in Eastern Europe and that he intended to pursue the philosophy that the revolution was justified and, if need be, could be supported by force. We ignored those plain signals because we wished it could be otherwise. In our zeal we were historically, dangerously wrong. Remember Stalin's definition of power.*

> **"Power has not only to be seized; it has to be held to be consolidated; to be invincible."**

That has been the theme of every single Soviet leader since Stalin. Recall the inaugural speech made only a week or two ago by Mr Chernenko: his first requirement in that speech was the invincibility of Russia's power.

*Hundreds of thousands of words were spoken at that time and have been spoken in recent weeks between the death of Mr Andropov and the accession of Mr Chernenko. Two would have sufficed: "***No Change***."*

There has been no change over the years in the directive of Russian foreign policy. In particular it was suggested that Mr Chernenko, being a disciple of Mr Brezhnev, would adopt the latter's policy of **détente**. *What was Mr Brezhnev's description of* **détente**, *spoken in the context of East-West relations?*

> **"Détente is just another aspect of continuing confrontation and struggle which may well have to be intensified."**

"Confrontation", "struggle"; no democratic statesman could use those words in the context of **détente**. *British foreign policy must perforce pursue* **détente**. *But to believe that Russia will change her interpretation of* **détente** *to accommodate our definition of* **détente**, *I must put into the category of wishful thinking. It simply will not be so.*

CONSIDERABLE HOPES **have been raised, and echoed in this debate, about the prospect of renewed dialogue. Of course, it will be welcome. But may I remind your Lordships of the fruits of the years when, under the Governments which were headed respectively by the noble Lord, Lord Wilson [Harold Wilson], and my noble friend Lord Stockton [Harold Macmillan], when dialogue was conducted on a close and continuing basis with the Kremlin there were, in fact, very few agreements at all on disarmament? There was a test ban treaty, very valuable. But it was not disarmament; there was no disarmament involved in that. There was the non-proliferation treaty, very valuable; it prevented others acquiring new nuclear weapons. But it left the existing nuclear powers, including Russia, in exactly the same position as they were before, in possession of those weapons.**

During those years, the Americans concluded SALT I and an agreement not to place weapons in space. But valuable though those agreements were, they did nothing to affect the deployment of arms, either nuclear or conventional, on this earth. We argue that it would pay the Soviet Union to switch a large chunk of investment from the military to the civil. There is no evidence whatever to think that the *Politburo* is thinking in those terms. All the Russian actions in this context of confrontation and of armaments have been totally consistent for 35 years. It is the policies and actions of the West which have varied and, very often,

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LORD HOME OF THE HIRSEL **was Foreign Secretary from 1960–1963 and 1970–74, and Prime Minister from 1963–64. He was created a Life Peer in 1974, and sits on the Conservative benches in the House of Lords, where he was speaking during a debate on foreign affairs and disarmament.**

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uses of outer space are notably deficient in their capacity to achieve or preserve the demilitarisation of space; and the possible deployment of anti-satellite systems in space would take the whole problem into a new and intractable dimension.

The only treaty which seems to bear directly on the problem is the ABM Treaty of 1972, which included an agreement by the Superpowers not to base ABM systems in space and to consult each other over the use of "unconventional" ABM systems. Current research and development in both the United States and the Soviet Union does not inspire great confidence in the durability of this agreement.

An attempt was made by President Carter in 1978 to open negotiations with the Soviet Union aimed at preventing the development of space-based anti-satellite systems. There were bilateral discussions in February and April 1979; but there were several obstacles to agreement.

The United States wanted to protect from interference all satellites in which either side "had an interest"—in other words, *all* existing satellites. The Soviet Union wanted to confer immunity only on satellites owned by the USA and the USSR—thus excluding those of the NATO allies and China. Furthermore, the Soviet Union sought to exclude any satellites performing "hostile and pernicious acts" that would infringe national sovereignty—a categorisation open to a wide spectrum of interpretation. In the event these arguments proved to be largely academic, since in 1979 the Soviet Union invaded Afghanistan, and the negotiations were suspended.

The most recent initiative in the international context began in August 1981 when the Soviet Foreign Minister addressed a letter to the Secretary-General of the United Nations. It contained the following paragraph:

> "The Soviet Union believes that outer space should always remain unsullied and free from any weapons and should not become a new arena for an arms race or a source of strained relations between States."

Accompanying this apparently unequivocal statement was a draft treaty which was considered by the General Assembly; and, although most countries recognised the obvious need to prevent an arms race in outer space, some maintained that the treaty as drafted would not have achieved that aim.

The General Assembly did, however, adopt a Resolution on "Prevention of an Arms Race in Outer Space." The Resolution reflected a belief by several member states of the UN that the *complete* demilitarisation of space, as an immediate goal, was unrealistic; and the Committee on Disarmament was requested to consider, at its 1982 session, the possibility of concluding a treaty specifically directed, as the

...and Signing Agreements

to the confusion of the Russians themselves. Their purpose has been, and is, to build within the power structure (because whether we like it or not we are working in the power structure now in the world) a balance favourable to the Soviet Union and to create as many options as possible. Afghanistan and Ethiopia are only two, but very topical ones, to extend Russia's influence in the world.

MY LORDS, **I am so convinced of this that I will repeat those two purposes of the Soviet Union—within the power structure to build a balance favourable to the Soviet Union and to create as many options as they can to increase their interests in the world and, if necessary, to create those options, as they did in Czechoslovakia and in Afghanistan, by force. One more item there is in the disarmament equation. I am astonished that it has not been mentioned today . . . and that is verification. Verification is essential to any kind of disarmament and the Russians have always dismissed it as irrelevant.**

I remember conducting one of the disarmament conferences in Geneva. Mr Gromyko would not sit down at the table so long as verification was in the formula. I had to say to him, "I don't mind. I will take it out of the formula so long as you understand that I will repeat every ten minutes while we meet that verification is the purpose of our exercise as well as the other conditions on disarmament." But they have never admitted verification; they have always dismissed it, and there is no evidence yet that they have changed their minds.

HAVING TAKEN ACCOUNT *of these facts of life as they have been, I find it impossible to accept under this heading—although one might criticise in other ways—implied criticism of Her Majesty's foreign policy as it applies to East-West relations and to the question of disarmament. Is it possible, from the Russian's past record, to forecast their future attitudes?*

My reading is this. Prophecy is not a man's strongest suit; still, I am going to try. She will return to a disarmament forum but she will not commit herself to any action until after the United States elections. She will not agree to any scheme which in her judgment could prejudice what she names the invincibility of Russian power. She will not close any of her options for expansion overseas. In other words, she will continue to occupy Afghanistan and Czechoslovakia and to preserve her **cordon sanitaire.**

What fields, therefore, of opportunity does that leave? What area for negotiation is there between East and West?

I believe that it is likely that there will be a reduction in the number of inter-continental ballistic missiles, reducing the "overkill." It will not go far to reduce the overkill but it will make a start. That must be welcome because the overkill is enormous and unnecessary.

A possible attempt could be made to reach agreement on a balancing of the number of warheads in the Cruise-Pershing-SS.20 complex, although it is a complex. It will be very difficult to arrive at an answer but it is a possibility.

Thirdly, a likely refinement and improvement of measures to control troops and weapons when they move and, therefore, to eliminate the risk of error. All those things are worthwhile, but they are far short of some of the hopes that have been expressed today.

ONE MORE AGREEMENT **I think is possible, and that concerns chemical warfare. That, too, will be immensely welcome and valuable. But although I forecast with some diffidence these kinds of agreement with the Soviet Union, I must enter this** *caveat*. **They have never said a word about verification; and that is essential in any disarmament obligation undertaken in a disarmament agreement. I am not surprised that others are impatient.**

Remember Mr Ernest Bevin who, in frustration, said: "'*It 'em 'ard, and they'll respect you***." I can understand that, having negotiated with the Russians over many years; but I think that we can get away from that now. I think that the Russians will try every means they can to scare the democracies into unilateral concessions. We must expect that. But also we must sit down to negotiate. I do not think that we need to "'***it 'em***"; but I think that we want to be firm, that the formula of mutual, balanced and verified disarmament is the formula in which NATO believes. Once the Russians understand that, then I believe they will begin to come our way.**

Alec Douglas-Home

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first priority, to the prohibition of anti-satellite systems. The controversy over medium-range missiles in Europe, in the event, precluded any serious concentration on the space problem, but a special Working Group was established to consider the problem.

MEANWHILE THE SOVIET UNION has once again submitted a draft treaty to the United Nations, this time calling for the testing and deployment of weapons in space to be banned, and for all existing anti-satellite systems to be eliminated. This draft has been under consideration by the United Nations First Committee in its 1984 session. The immediate American reaction to the Soviet draft was that such a treaty would be difficult to verify and that it was, in any case, not easy to define, in this context, a "weapon." A more basic American objection was, almost certainly, that such a treaty might prevent the United States from developing an ASAT system which would be superior to the existing Soviet system. It might not be too Machiavellian to suggest that this is precisely why the Soviet Union submitted the draft treaty.

When President Reagan recently responded positively to a call by the Soviet Union for talks to limit the development of anti-satellite systems, the Russians, apparently unable to take "Yes" for an answer, immediately backed away, suggesting that the Americans, by proposing that the talks should be widened to include other aspects of arms control, were insisting on "pre-conditions."

From Utopia to Credibility

ALL THIS SUGGESTS THAT agreements about the demilitarisation of space will be extremely difficult to achieve. Quite apart from political and strategic considerations, there are complicated legal problems. It seems, therefore, important to adopt a realistic approach to the problem and not to be diverted by rhetorical proposals for Utopian solutions. It is essential to consider the possibilities of arms control in space, as on land, at sea and in air space, in the context of the world as it is, not as many well-intentioned people would like it to be. As long as the East-West, or Soviet-American, confrontation persists, comprehensive disarmament agreements are unlikely. Similarly, the complete demilitarisation of space could not be achieved without some form of international control and verification system, which in the current climate is clearly a remote possibility.

The need, therefore, is to concentrate on measures which have some reasonable prospect of success. A treaty on anti-satellite systems would, for example, be capable of verification if it dealt with the *testing* of such systems, rather than their deployment. This could, however, require the Soviet Union to reassess its traditional resistance to "on-site" inspection (especially as anti-satellite systems themselves pose a threat to the "national" inspection systems upon which both the United States and the Soviet Union now rely for monitoring arms control agreements).

It is necessary, too, to ensure that the provisions of the Outer Space Treaty of 1967 and the Moon Treaty of 1979 should be scrupulously observed. As both the Soviet Union and the United States appear to be prepared to engage in esoteric arguments about the meaning of the word "peaceful", the Committee on Disarmament should, as a matter of urgency, identify clearly those activities which are, and are not, permitted under the two treaties.

The "Star Wars" speech of President Reagan should not be dismissed, as it has been in some quarters, as "science fiction." It reflects trends of research and development in the military scientific communities of both Superpowers. Nor should it be rejected simplistically as an attempt to "disarm the Soviet Union." It is seen by many in the West as the answer to the President's own question:

> "What if free people could live secure in the knowledge that their security did not rest upon the threat of instant US retaliation to deter a Soviet attack. . . ?"

In this context it is a strange irony that the most vociferous and strident objections to President Reagan's speech have come from the "peace lobby" which has protested so vigorously against the current doctrines of nuclear deterrence.

For there is, in the "Star Wars" concept, a theoretical possibility that the concept of deterrence based on massive nuclear retaliation might be replaced by one based on an effective defence. The much debated concept of a "first strike" does not threaten cities and populations; it threatens the retaliatory strike force of the enemy. If that retaliatory force *could* be credibly defended by non-nuclear means, the entire rationale of the nuclear confrontation would begin to disintegrate, offering a new dimension for effective nuclear arms-control.

This would, however, leave unaffected the position in Western Europe, where NATO's defensive strategy continues to rely ultimately on threatening the first use of nuclear weapons to deter the potential enemy from attacking with his superior conventional forces. A new conceptual approach to the defence of Western Europe is therefore clearly essential; and in this context "emergent technology" (ET) offers remarkable possibilities for the strengthening of conventional striking power *without* substantial increases in forces and equipment.

THE FIRST PRIORITY is to acquire for NATO forces the flexibility and room for manoeuvre which is conspicuously absent from existing defensive plans. In terms of time and space, this must involve an extension of the battlefield which will deny to the enemy the freedom to conduct the land-air battle according to his preferred tactical doctrine and on ground of his own choice. NATO's current defensive plan is based upon the assumption that the initial conventional battle will be fought on West German territory, principally against the assault echelons of the Warsaw Pact forces. To provide the necessary room for manoeuvre on the soil of the West German Federal Republic would clearly carry with it political implications of a quite unacceptable kind—as well as a number of manifest military disadvantages. The current NATO defensive plan is, therefore, based on a "forward strategy", theoretically designed to meet and destroy advancing Warsaw Pact forces in a comparatively narrow zone west of the River Elbe.

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The Extended Battlefield

As a result the tactical planners of the Soviet Union have evolved a system of carefully structured echelons, designed to provide continuous reinforcement at the chosen points of attack. This method is fully documented in the West—the most succinct unclassified description is contained in a document prepared for a conference of Commanders of the Central Army Group of the Allied Forces in Europe held in October 1978. The *echelon* system, which is applied at all organisational levels from Front down to Regiment, is not to be confused with the system of *reserves* familiar in Western armies. The Soviet second echelon is an integral part of a combat formation not directly participating in the battle at any given moment. It is usually about one-third of the size of the first echelon, and its principal purpose is to intensify pressure on the main axis of advance and to exploit success in depth. Reserves, in the Western sense, are held *in addition to* the second echelon.

In the context of existing NATO defence plans, the Warsaw Pact would be able to implement this doctrine without significant hindrance from Western conventional forces. The need to repair this deficiency has already been the subject of extensive analysis, especially in the United States; and there has been much debate within NATO concerning various proposals for the improvement and upgrading of conventional defence in Europe.

These ideas have found political expression in the statements of US Senator Sam Nunn and Dr Manfred Wörner, West Germany's Defence Minister; and they have received public support from General Bernard Rogers, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe. Furthermore, they have been reflected in *Airland Battle 2000*, a recent attempt by the United States Army to formulate new conventional defence concepts on the assumption that

> "a linear defense doctrine which is designed to prevent breakthrough by means of battles of attrition against a vastly superior force is militarily unsound."

Airland Battle 2000 does not, however, totally satisfy the preoccupations of the Supreme Allied Commander, Europe. As General Rogers insists, the theory of the "extended battlefield" needs to be considered in the general context of NATO's official strategy of "flexible response."

The concept of the "extended battlefield" may be briefly described as the expansion of the battlefield, in the event of a Warsaw Pact attack, deep into the territory of the attacker. This would involve the destruction of second-echelon reinforcement by conventional attack on fixed targets such as bridges, assembly areas, ammunition dumps and fuel depots; and effective conventional attacks on moving formation anywhere in the battle area. In order to implement this concept it would be necessary to apply a wide range of high-technology weapons systems, not, as US General Starry has pointed out,

> "just weapons of greater lethality and greater range, but automated systems and communications systems for more responsive command control, as well as sensor systems to find, identify and target the enemy and to assess the effectiveness of deep attack."

So far as the first two elements in the extended battlefield are concerned—counter-air and interdiction by destruction of fixed installations—the targeting problem is relatively simple, since the location of principal targets is already known.

The main counter-air targets are the "Main Operating Bases" from which Warsaw Pact offensive operations against NATO's rear areas would be conducted; and the main interdiction targets are bridges and other "choke points" through which reinforcements and logistic support would have to pass. The problem, therefore, is not one of finding these targets but of destroying them *within the first day of operations*—which is to say, to be seen to be capable of this, and thus "deterring." NATO's present tactical air forces are quite inadequate to fulfil this task. (Many tactical aircraft are without night and all-weather equipment; and, in any case, close support and other responsibilities would not leave sufficient resources for effective sorties against fixed installations.)

The obvious instrument for the destruction of fixed targets is the unmanned platform—cruise and ballistic missiles equipped with wide-area and precision-guided munitions, many of which now have an accuracy of between 10 and 30 metres. These would be used to attack "Main Operating Force Bases" and thus force the returning first wave of attacking aircraft to return to Dispersed Operating Bases; and also to destroy important choke points. Ground attack aircraft armed with advanced area munitions could then be used to destroy enemy aircraft on the less well defined Dispersed Operating Bases and to attack ground forces held up in the interdicted choke points.

The more difficult and complicated problem arises in the third element of the general concept—how to destroy, and be seen to be capable of destroying, mobile forces on the battlefield. The essential requirement is one of "real time intelligence" to provide an integrated system of surveillance, tracking, and targeting. The "state of the art" in information technology has now brought this well within the reach of battlefield commanders at all levels. The use of microprocessors, radio-emitter location systems and advanced electro-optical imaging techniques can provide a distributed and survivable target acquisition capability down to battalion level.

At the same time there are improvements in weapons systems which can dramatically improve the effectiveness of ground-attack aircraft. The first generation of these weapons, which will be available this year, will include passive systems dispersed in the form of anti-armour mines delivered by stand-off weapons which can be fitted to NATO's existing fighter-bomber aircraft. A generation of terminally-guided anti-armour submunitions, available in the second half of the 1980s, has been somewhat colourfully but accurately described by an American defence journalist:

> "Each missile, carried by aircraft or flying on its own, would have a 'bus' at its front end that carried up to 25 'submunitions' or small missiles of five to six inches diameter. Cut loose in the target area, the submunitions would have sensors 'smart' enough to distinguish between a hot spot on a tank and a decoy flare or some other

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distraction. The target seekers on these little missiles would move their control surfaces and steer them straight to the bull's-eye—one shot, one kill. . . ."

According to a West German study group, the effect of these systems on the capability of conventional forces would be dramatic. They calculate that to destroy 60% of a Soviet division (and thereby make it ineffectual in battle) would require, with existing weapons, over 2,000 manned aircraft sorties or 10,000 conventional missiles. With unguided stand-off weapons these figures would be reduced to 300 and 1,500 respectively; and using guided submunitions only 50–60 missiles would be needed.

In other words, using modern weapons technology, *conventional systems* can enter a "dimension that heretofore was limited to nuclear weapons."

Searching for Agreement

IT IS, HOWEVER, IMPORTANT to emphasise that this potential for a significant technological upgrading of non-nuclear defence *cannot* provide for NATO what has been vaguely described as "conventional option."

Not only will the strategic nuclear forces of the United States continue to provide the ultimate deterrent against the exercise by the Soviet Union of many of its military options; shorter-range nuclear weapons will also continue to be essential in the NATO inventory, since, with the threat of their use removed, the Warsaw Pact forces would be able to adopt tactical methods involving far greater concentration and economy of force.

This carries with it the clear corollary that NATO must retain the option of first use. It is one thing to seek a defensive posture in which the nuclear threshold is significantly higher and in which the possible *need* to use nuclear weapons first is correspondingly minimised. It is another matter altogether to engage in anything so quixotic as a "no first use" declaration. As *The Economist* magazine in London has argued.

> "These things sound marvellous when they are first said but they are, after all, only declarations—uncheckable, unenforceable and, when a healthy realism reasserts itself, unbelievable."

The technological improvement of Western conventional defences would not, on the other hand, be entirely without its impact on the climate of nuclear arms control. It would be possible—indeed desirable—to reduce the role of the so-called "battlefield" nuclear weapons which now exist only on the premise of a dangerously low nuclear threshold; and possibly even to reduce (in exchange for substantial Russian concessions) the number of cruise and Pershing II missiles planned for deployment in Western Europe.

I BELIEVE IT IS, THEREFORE, IMPORTANT not to allow the argument to be pre-empted by the contemporary perception of improved military technology as intrinsically undesirable.

The history of warfare and of international diplomacy is one of a constantly shifting balance of power arising in part from developments in military science. It would be tragic if the West were now to be paralysed by the sedulously exploited fear of nuclear weapons. On the other hand, it has to be conceded that the arguments against both the Strategic Defence Initiative ("Star Wars") and the application of new technologies to the European battlefield are not without substance. Furthermore, they are not the monopoly of the "peace fighters" mobilised by E. P. Thomson and Monsignor Bruce Kent; they are convincingly articulated by people whose commitment to the security of the free world is unquestioned.

These are complicated matters which warrant serious debate. It is unhelpful to equate reservations about specific military programmes with "unilateralism" (although unilateralists may be expected to exploit the arguments of serious analysts for their own dubious ends). Yet in spite of the formidable opposition of expert observers like Lord Zuckerman, Professor Abdus Salam of Pakistan, and many thoughtful academic strategists, it would be unwise to ignore the potential of advanced technology. There are compelling arguments for pressing on, in the absence of effective arms-control agreements, with military research and development both in space and in the new concepts of tactical warfare.

The arguments are both military and political. The "strategic defence initiative" would reduce the reliance upon *nuclear retaliation* which now lies at the heart of "the deterrent strategy." The Soviet Union is already well-advanced in both ballistic-missile defence technology and in anti-satellite research and development. For the West now to back away would be not only to risk opening a dangerous technological gap, but also to remove incentives for serious arms-control negotiations. Improved "conventional" battlefield capability would further contribute to the raising of the nuclear threshold and also enhance the role of the European allies in the defence of the West.

A REASONABLE CONCLUSION is that "Star Wars" and "ET" might eventually begin to achieve the aim which is presumably shared by the peace movements and those whom they so violently assail—the progressive obsolescence of nuclear weapons. If the defence of Western Europe could be based upon a system which eliminated the need for "the first use of nuclear weapons" by the West, and if a Soviet strategic first strike could be nullified by an effective ballistic-missile defence system, the entire climate of the East-West confrontation would be transformed. There would remain, of course, the threat of first use of nuclear weapons by the Warsaw Pact against NATO's European defences—a threat which would be brutally decisive if the West had abandoned its nuclear deterrent. Whatever might be the impact of new technology on the one hand, or the clamour of the "peace movements" on the other, there is still no real alternative to the search for effective arms-control and disarmament agreements, multilaterally negotiated and internationally verified. Or to the maintenance of effective deterrence and defence in the West while that search continues.

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Edwin Brock

Nothing Dies

The doctors finally caught up
with my poor old Woodbine aunt:
dragged her from her barstool
in the Palace pub ("Don't sit
there it's Nancy's") and took her
to a table in St Mary's.

For a month she argued back:
"It's only a toe" she said
watching her foot turn black.
"Live or die" they answered
"Live or die." She wasn't sure
which choice to make: her ginny
living had always seemed so close
to giving up the ghost. "Try
this for size" they said, measuring
her blackened leg for a plastic
fantasy. "Sign here please"
they ordered and she signed.

Later in a wheelchair in a
flat for the disabled
she complained of pain in her
absent pickled toe.
"What you talking about you
ain't got no bleedin toe" her
sister's voice explained, hoping
exegesis could contain the mystery.

Phantom pain, O phantom pain!
no surgeon's saw is sharp enough
to cut that out. Her leg still
talks to its plastic part.
The body's dumb!
I once saw in a photograph
a tree insisting that its broken
leaf was whole, filling the space
with a hazy memory,
confirming that the resurrection
still promises our bodies back,
as though the soul creates some
shape to make its presence felt.

Worldwide are the ways we overcome
our flesh, with yoga or with motor
cars. The *Sun* also rises on a
photograph of tit and bum. We succumb
to the faith of transubstantiation.

So barely living when she was alive
my poor old gin and Woodbine aunt
has one foot in her grave whose
pain will penetrate the puzzle:
waiting there with God knows what
new shoe to carry her in glory
through the great gates of her time.

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PRESS

Letter from New York

On Not Landing in Grenada

By Sabina Lietzmann

WHEN the American troops (reinforced by some Caribbean elements) landed on the shores of Grenada last year, there were no American reporters present. But on the television screens, through long-range cameras, the US audience could still see how the various boats, ships, and floats which the eager journalist corps had hired to get in to take a closer look were resolutely held back from reaching land. After a few days the restrictions were relaxed, and of course the first items of news were expressions of outrage and indignation. It could be that the sovereignty of the little "Paradise Island" had been violated, but this was nothing compared to the violation in the first instance (so reacted the Fourth Estate) of the hallowed US Constitution and its guarantees for the freedom of the press.

"The American government is doing whatever it wants to", reported John Chancellor, the leading TV commentator, "without any representative of the American public watching what it is doing. . . ." The noisy protests were followed by a loud storm of protest from the public—but in a most contrary way. Newspaper and magazine offices and television studios were flooded with letters and telegrams; and the overwhelming majority of the messages were in favour of the American government and "what it was doing" in its military Caribbean effort. NBC tallied some 500 messages, and they supported by some 5-to-1 the exclusion of the NBC contingent. Its competitor, ABC, was no better off: some 99% reacted similarly. Ditto the 225 letters which arrived at the *Time* offices (proportion: 8-to-1) and the thousands into some dozen other publications across the country.

What was the emotional outburst? "*Schadenfreude*"? Why the glee as that sometime American hero, the foreign correspondent, fearless and forthright, finally slipped on a banana skin? How could it be that the people, so traditionally protective about its constitutional rights, could turn its back on that heroic little press corps so devoted to the popular interest and the "free flow of news"?

SABINA LIETZMANN *has been a foreign correspondent for over twenty years, writing regularly on American culture and politics for that estimable West German newspaper, the "Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung."*

THE SURPRISING BREAK in "solidarity" was doubtless a long time in coming. The incident of Grenada only provided an opening for pent-up feelings about the contemporary role of the American press; yet nobody was more surprised at the news than the newspaper world. The wave of ill-will that reached them found the editors and journalists completely unprepared for unpopularity.

Perhaps they were not reading the little items that were published from time to time in their own papers—public-opinion-poll results which suggested that the ratings for "respect" were sinking as far as journalists were concerned. The 1970s may have been, in their eyes, the heights of "investigative" glory; but the darker hints were being registered and should have merited attention. Annual reports indicated a falling curve in the polls of "institutions which commanded 'great confidence' " on the part of the US citizenry. In 1976 it was some 30% who found the press worthy of respect and confidence. In five years this had sunk to 13.7%; and television, especially, sank into next-to-last place with 12.7% (only slightly higher than that of Congress, the house of the people's official representatives which enjoys such widespread special contempt).

One could make distinctions within the press world itself, but small matter: for the millions who follow the affairs of the world, if they follow its gyrations at all, the TV screen is the "window"; and it is the TV reporter, his cameraman at his side, who is the incorporation of the gatherer and interpreter of the Big News. These, it would appear, are the increasingly untrustworthy ones. As one TV reporter put it himself (David Browde, in *Time*, 2 January):

> "Yes, I am rude, accusatory, cynical. . . . Some say I am arrogant and self-righteous. I am glad. That is what makes good reporters."

But that kind of "good reporter" has been seen to be invading privacy, harassing newsworthy persons of every kind and in all walks of life, putting microphones into the faces of grieving widows, getting a fast quote on the pain of some battered victim, insisting on a full face-to-face interview even when tears muffled every sound. When a harassed Richard V. Allen was "in the news", the cameras and the hand-held microphones were at-the-ready on his front lawn (until he and his family escaped following his resignation from the President's National Security Council). When the Teheran hostages were freed, a helicopter of one local TV station circled continuously over the family house of one who had just been liberated until, finally, the "human interest" story was caught: the wife emerged through the door into the searchlight at two in the morning, wearing her dressing-gown. As for the families of the US Marines in Beirut, waiting anxiously for a line of news after the gigantic terrorist explosion, TV again laid siege to the front doors; they finally got their Picture, the Big News, the Truth, as two representatives of the Marine Corps, in full dress uniform,

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brought the terrible confirmation to anguished parents; and the mikes were sensitive enough to catch the emotional cries through the open windows.

THE DEFENCE OF ALL THIS is as well known as it is, for the general public, unconvincing. Television needs dramatic human-interest pictures; action and emotion are its daily bread. And, quite clearly, the rough-and-tumble intrepidity with which it follows its self-appointed tasks has rubbed off on the whole of the Fourth Estate and brought journalists (and journalism) into discredit. Freedom of the press now means the right to obtain by all means, fair and foul, the "hot news" and the "sensational story", as if getting the scoop had become the price of vigilant liberty.

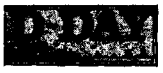
But the discontent with the press goes far beyond the misdemeanours of professional behaviour. The Grenada incident also revealed a widening gap in "values" which divided popular feeling from élite concerns. An article in the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* reported this sentiment:

> "Journalists are so out of touch with majority values, such as honor, duty and service to country, that they are alienated from the very society that they purport to serve. . . ."

This, obviously, was what those letters and telegrams to the newspapers, magazines and TV stations were all about: an alienation between press and public. The general tenor of the comments—apart that is from the occupational self-interest of writers, editors and publishers (not to mention the "talking

Scoop: "Eisenhower's Folly"

How would the invasion of Europe be received in America if it were being carried out this week instead of 40 years ago and judged the way we judge such things today? I offer as a distinct possibility the following fictitious news story, which might appear under the headline: "General With Roving Eye Loses 10,000 Troops in France."



SOMEWHERE IN *Southern England, June 7—Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, rumoured to be romantically involved with his "driver", Kay Summersby, ordered an invasion of Normandy in the early morning hours yesterday.*

American casualties, many as a consequence of drownings in landing craft in the storm-tossed Normandy surf—about which the general had been warned—are thought to be among the highest for any single day of military operations since the Civil War. Reliable sources in Eisenhower headquarters have revealed that in the middle of the night he disregarded pessimistic weather predictions and overrode the objections of several subordinates in ordering the June 6 attack, which included an assault by Army Rangers on a German gun position atop a 100-foot sheer cliff, an operation described by a staff aide as "a crazy gamble that was bound to get somebody badly hurt."

Eisenhower has drafted a "contingency" message, not yet officially issued, which takes full personal responsibility for the invasion's failure. A copy of the message was obtained by this reporter; it indicates that Eisenhower may well believe that a débâcle in Normandy is imminent. The possible role of Miss Summersby in the general's late-night invasion decision is not known.

Miss Summersby could not be reached for comment.

IN ANOTHER MAJOR *Washington development, first-term Republican Congressman Buford Grundge, prominent critic of American involvement in the arms race, which led to the current hostilities, and of the unpopular military aid program to a British government involved in such controversial human rights practices as massive wartime relocation of children, has called for a major investigation of Army procurement.*

Grundge demanded that the investigation concentrate first on procedures used by the Army in obtaining the toy "crickets" purchased for use by American paratroopers to signal to and identify one another during the nighttime parachute drop on June 6 at Ste.-Mere-Eglise. "Gen. Maxwell Taylor's sole-source procurement of these toys is outrageous", Grundge charged in a crowded press conference yesterday, as he called on the paratroop commander to return from France to testify. The wealthy former toy manufacturer added, "I may not know much, but I know toys, and this is toying with the American taxpayer."

AT THE PRESTIGIOUS **Institute for Analytical Analysis in Washington, Berlinologist Carson Whiffle strongly supported Grundge. "I", he said, "am deeply concerned. Any further armored warfare in Normandy will undermine the arguments of the dovish faction in Berlin. This wasn't Operation Overlord, it was Operation Overkill—we would have had fewer than 10,000 casualties if we had just conducted this operation sensibly and moderately with fewer than 10,000 troops instead of the 133,000 that were used."**

Whiffle said his institute expected quick and positive action on its grant application, submitted today to the Studebaker Foundation, for funds to film interviews with the families of every American casualty of the invasion, to be shown nationwide in movie theatres this autumn.

IN NEW YORK, *in another development, ACLU President Garrison O. Pugh charged today that there was massive deception involved in the planning for the Normandy operation. "Military duplicity and secrecy led the American people to believe that this invasion would probably occur at Pas de Calais, not Normandy", said Pugh. "There are significant constitutional issues here."*

Meanwhile, at Eisenhower's headquarters here, the weight of informal staff opinion leans heavily to the view that dissension among the general's subordinates will prevent a breakout from the tiny Normandy beachhead. "A prima donna like Patton will never work for a pedestrian general like Bradley", said one knowledgeable officer who preferred not to be identified. Further, major disagreements were reported between Allied commanders. Gen. de Gaulle is reportedly furious at not being permitted to lead the invasion. Relations between Gen. Montgomery and all other commanders continue to sour, further endangering joint operations. "I've never seen anything like it", said one observer.

THE CAREFUL WORDING **of yesterday's White House press release on the invasion suggests that President Roosevelt and Gen. Marshall (who, it is widely known, wanted to lead the invasion himself) are ready to cut Eisenhower adrift if the invasion fails. And tonight that likelihood looms large among the drowned and machine-gunned bodies on the oddly named "Omaha" Beach.**

As he embarked on his way to Normandy, one private first class, Willie Brown, of Biloxi, Miss., gave a surprising answer to this reporter's query about the reason for what is beginning to be called "Eisenhower's Folly."

"We're here to free Europe", Brown claimed.

But it definitely remains to be seen whether this sort of naiveté in the ranks and Eisenhower's wee-hours, foul-weather, and quite possibly bleary-eyed gamble will prevail against the raging elements and the Panzers of the Third Reich.

R. James Woolsey

R. JAMES WOOLSEY, **a former US Undersecretary of the Navy, is a Washington attorney. His satire on the press originally appeared in** *The Washington Post.*

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heads" on the evening TV-news programmes)—has been generally taken to be that the press in Grenada would not have been "objective" and strictly factual; that it would have "criticised", as is their wont, "our efforts" and, in effect, subverted them, as was the case in Viet Nam. This widespread *ressentiment* was put in its sharpest (and since, most quoted) form in a statement to *The New York Times* (2 December 1983) in reply to an article asking why reporters are excluded from war reporting now, when they were everywhere on all fronts in the Second World War:

". . . At that time, all our reporters were on *our* side."

The distinction has become something of a nightmare for American journalists today, who have never before had to cope with a gap between "Us" and "Them", our cause and their cause. It was picked up in Washington at a press conference of Secretary of State George Shultz, who remarked that World War II reporters "went along because, on the whole, they were on our side" whereas these days, it seems, "the reporters are always against us. . . ." And President Reagan himself at a press conference (20 December 1983) took the theme further:

". . . I do believe, Sam, that sometimes, beginning with the Korean conflict and certainly in the Viet Nam conflict, there was more criticising of our own forces and what we were trying to do, to the point that it didn't seem that there was much criticism levelled on the enemy."

The attitude was made even more pointed in the remarks of General Maxwell Taylor who indicated that, looking back on the Viet Nam War, it would have been desirable to have rather more restrictions on the movements of the press in the US war zones. . . .

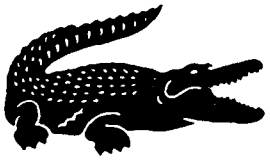
TO BE SURE, THERE HAS always been a species of class struggle going on between government and press in a democratic society: the embattled representatives of the Third and Fourth Estates have had their differences in the past. But the present, dominated as it is by the TV media, has aggravated, exacerbated, even transformed the situation, for the press (as it did, for the historic first time, out of South-east Asia) brings wars into "the living-room" of "the people back home." Is this reality or is it entertainment? The TV medium is not quite sure of the distinction; and the viewers have not and could not have been, altogether happy, deep within themselves, watching the serial out of Saigon as if it were *Kojak* or *Dallas*.

In the end there was some kind of "transvaluation of values", a return if you will to simple old-fashioned reactions and "traditional values." What about that notoriously thrilling shot, splashed on everybody's morning paper, of the death of a Vietnamese, executed on the street with a bullet through his temple? What about the drama of that GI putting his cigarette-lighter to a bamboo hut and setting a village aflame? Shameful questions have come to the fore, and even journalists have been embarrassingly self-critical. Did the TV camera-team "set up" the scene of the flaming village by putting the GI up to the newsworthy incendiarism? And did that other brave and upright photographer try to intervene, and possibly hinder the Saigon police chief's brutal execution of a Vietcong prisoner? In both cases serious and disturbing issues have been raised—namely, the extent to which the press, ostensibly playing the role of troubled witnesses to a crime, "participated" in one way or another—sometimes as "accessory", sometimes as negligent bystander—in the outrage.[1]

But the literature of self-critical re-evaluation has been growing. "In the beginning", observed Samuel P. Huntington of Harvard, "television covered news; soon news was produced for television. . . ." No longer, complains Michael O'Neill (former editor of the New York *Daily News*) does the press merely cover the news. "Thanks mainly to television, we are often partners now in the creation of news—unwilling and unwitting partners, perhaps, but partners none the less in producing what Daniel Boorstin has deplored as pseudo-events, pseudo-protests, pseudo-crises and controversies. . . ." Ambassador Max M. Kampelman claims that "the relatively unrestrained power of the media may well represent an even greater challenge to democracy than the much publicised abuse of power by the executive and the Congress." And in one of the most scathing attacks on his own profession, the outgoing president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, to quote Michael O'Neill again, warned in May 1982 that "the media now weigh so heavily on the scales of power that some political scientists claim we are upsetting the historic checks-and-balances invented by our forefathers. . . ."

All this goes far beyond all the old discussions of what constitutes straight reporting or biased interpretation. Newspapers no longer merely report and analyse news, they create it. More than that, editors and journalists no longer confine themselves to the role of critic (and, in the constitutional sense, of democratic controllers) but have taken for themselves the assignment of being the National Opposition, more devastating than any "shadow government" in its daily and consistent scepticism and indefatigable muck-raking. All institutions have been unmasked and exposed; and now the

Alleged Joke



Washington, D.C.

THE REV JESSE L. JACKSON *has come up with a new name for the 30 reporters, camera crew members and producers who are following his campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination: "alligators."*

"You all are alligators," he said, "because you make the allegations."

Alligator stickers now decorate press cards, television cameras and journalists' briefcases. At a recent campaign stop a Secret Service agent was heard giving directions, "Agents this door, alligators that door."

INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE *(Paris)*

[1] The issue of the "zippo lighter" in the Viet Nam village was first raised in ENCOUNTER by Robert Elegant ("Viet Nam: How to Lose a War", August 1981), for which he was publicly denounced by one leading American TV-commentator (Morley Safer), broadcasting live to his millions, as a "Goebbels-propagandist."

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underminers have themselves been undermined. If (in Senator Fulbright's famous phrase) arrogant power is the enemy—in the Presidency, in Big Business, in the Military-Industrial complex—then what of the Power of the Press? Fighting power with power *à outrance* can be suicidal.

Each day from the Opposition front benches comes the eloquent "national dissent." If Washington announces some little piece of "good news", the hostile press is quick to correct sternly any impression of progress or amelioration. Has unemployment gone down? Yes, but how will such hard, bare statistics help "Family X"—and the TV cameras are there in one miner's house to give the vivid lie to any suggestion of things somehow getting better. Sufficient unto each day is the coast-to-coast exposé thereof. Still, negativism is wearying and dispiriting and, ultimately, counter-productive. "When will the press realise", one reader wrote to the editors of *Newsweek*, "that we have a dedicated man in the White House who is trying to right the wrongs of past administrations and bring back the United States its long-lost respect in the world community? . . ." Patriots are, by nature, optimistic; and when they are in the majority they will not quite understand why a "minority of nihilists" should rule the day.

This groundswell of opinion is not to everybody's liking, needless to say; but journalists cannot at once claim to "represent the people" and revile all popular institutions and their political-cultural manifestations. The people out there in their millions (the more the better) are, after all, their readers, their viewers, their advertisers' customers. After the shock of the Grenadian outburst of suspicion and mistrust comes the commercial chill. Newspaper publishers and TV moguls must live, mustn't they?

There are few signs, as yet, that the media will "go patriotic", except, perhaps, for the golden Olympic fortnight. But not in an election year when the endless campaigning of candidates constitutes an inexhaustible source of rakeable muck. (Why did Senator Gary Hart change his name and falsify his birth certificate? When did ex-Vice-President Mondale put his aquiline nose through cosmetic surgery? Is President Reagan's forgetfulness a serious sign of senility? Is Vice-President candidate Geraldine Ferraro involved at all in her husband's controversial business affairs? . . .) These are not auspicious days for American pride and self-confidence.

In any event, the personalities and politics of the key figures in the American media are not likely to change dramatically: no "patriotic" echo to be heard yet. For, in the main, they constitute a generation which has come to power, fame and success through what has been called "the high-brow anti-Americanism" of an "adversary intelligentsia." Many of the major columnists, and most of the TV "anchor-men" are the Viet Nam reporters of yesterday, the student and civil-rights protestors, the "investigators" of Watergate. Turbulence is their *métier*. They have the habits and reflexes of their political passions and even ideologies, and nobody and nothing is going to take them back to the old "bourgeois" ideals of objectivity and factuality, to the moderate self-restraint of straight reporting.

The legacy of their great and triumphant days, the 1960s and early '70s, has manoeuvred them into a spiritual corner of current American life. They dismiss and despise the new "populism" of the American people, but what will happen when they discover that they themselves are no longer popular, that they have become speakers whose words are falling on deaf ears, communicators who have lost contact?

Grenada may have provided a first shock of recognition.

AUTHORS

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How Hopeless is South Africa?

Seen from London & Johannesburg—By BERNARD SACHS

THE STRUGGLE between the Cape and the Transvaal Nationalists for political hegemony has its roots in the "Great Trek" of 1836. Even before the arrival of the English at the Cape in 1805 the Dutch Governors had found great difficulty in impressing the authority of their government upon the Boers, who valued the freedom of the vast spaces above everything else. Their mood hardened steadily when the English conquerors tried to impose on them the rule of law. When the administration brought slavery to an end, they moved away with their ox-wagons and chattels through ravines and precipices, in an exodus which has come to be known as the Great Trek.

They had to fight inland African tribes armed with *assegais* to win such fertile land as they came across in their wanderings. But no perils would delay their flight from the land of Egypt, and they set out for Canaan with the Bible and their rifles. Where the wagons came to rest, they were arranged in the form of an oblong as protection against hostile tribesmen—and they founded a village. Their journey through the desert, which endured longer than the Biblical forty years, is marked by places such as Elim, Hebron, and Bethlehem, which establish their strong emotional ties with the Old Testament. They endured their disasters, and proved their heroism by the heavy trail of sacrifices they left behind as they moved steadily northward over the years. The frail civilisation they proceeded to build was not a natural extension from its base in the Cape, where it has comparative breadth and depth, but a complete severance.

When not fighting wars with the black tribes, they almost exhausted themselves trying to win subsistence from a refractory soil. They were not very skilled in husbanding their farms, for this appeared unnecessary when an endless country stretched just ahead. If sustenance was drained from the soil, they could move on to new pastures. It was this initial wastefulness to which a great deal of later poverty can be traced. It helped to create the social category of poor whites, whose only asset was the white skin which gave them a superior racial status. Their main fear was that any advance on the part of the black man would leave them bereft of pride as well as property. This fear soon turned into a hate that shaped the political outlook of the northern Afrikaner. One wonders why, with a whole virgin sub-continent at their disposal, White and Black should have grappled in such a fierce contest for mastery. For they viewed each other instinctively with suspicion and fear, concluding that the survival of the one could only be guaranteed by the annihilation of the other. Here, on the untamed plains of Southern Africa, the philosophy of Schopenhauer was emphatically affirmed—that the will is the primeval principle of being; the will to survive, born of greed and compulsion.

Under the burning South African sun many of the Afrikaners succumbed to a barren apathy, more particularly after the defeat and demoralisation of the Boer War. When year after year their produce withered on the fields through drought, the rural poor began streaming into the new towns that were springing up with the discovery of gold. A large part of them found it harder to stand up to the commercially sophisticated elements who had come to these towns from Europe than to win a livelihood from the South African soil. Many of the women took to gathering harvests nightly on the streets of the "City of Gold", which reeked with newly-acquired wealth; while terms of imprisonment for the men began to follow with the regularity of the seasons.

Fear still lies like a pall over the South African hinterland, for beneath the apparent quietude there lurks an unresolved racial war. And it has become more imminent with the political advance of the Africans, who are no longer prepared to be excluded from society as alien and unwanted—except as serfs to till the fields. It is the countryside, with its agrarian economy resting on cheap black labour, that is the cradle and nursery of that backwardness in which South Africa still languishes.

THE AFRIKANER RELIGION was the handmaiden of the Nationalist Party, and a spiritual reinforcement for the building of a serfdom on the base of cheap black labour. Sanction for it

BERNARD SACHS, *who now lives in London, was for many years a stormy dissident on the non-conformist Left in South Africa, where he was the editor of a fortnightly literary-political journal, "South African Opinion." Among his books are "The Road from Sharpeville" (1962) and his autobiographical "Mist of Memory" (1973).*

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was sought, not in the Sermon on the Mount but in the remote labyrinths of the Old Testament, where it is laid down that the children of Ham were to be condemned to the perpetual status of "hewers of wood and drawers of water." The will of God was thus being fulfilled. And these fetters of serfdom have been employed more viciously in the north, where the open struggle between black and white has raged for a century and a half.

The role played by the Afrikaner "priesthood" is fully conveyed in a sermon delivered by a Dutch Reformed churchman, following the first attempt made on Dr Verwoerd's life (on 9 April 1960). This man of God unbuttons himself and reveals the primitive motivations and drives of a large part of his people:

> "The wounding of Dr Verwoerd on the eve of our Day of Humiliation has made big tears fall on our altar. Nobody will tell the Afrikaner what he is to say at the altar. He is alone responsible first to God, and then to himself. The Afrikaner's altar is his biggest weapon, his nuclear bomb, his firing squad. For three centuries the history of the Afrikaner people has been one long *Via Dolorosa*. There is nothing that the enemy fears so much as an Afrikaner who prays. The black giant of Africa is eating bread for which he had not sweated, he wants to wear clothes which do not fit him, he wants to pay with what he does not have yet, distribute what he does not possess yet, wants to talk about things he does not yet comprehend, wants to be where he still is not. By contrast, the white giant is entirely ignored. The real giant of Africa, the white man—and his name is Afrikaner—doesn't come into the picture at all.
>
> Our nation was born small, but it has grown to giant proportions. The real difference between the white giant and the black giant is knowledge on the one side, and ignorance on the other. The black giant has so far lost nothing, except his balance. Now he is asking for what he does not yet own, and what he has not yet lost. He is asking for the cancellation of the Ten Commandments, our spiritual contract with God. The white giant who for centuries has prevented the savage races from slaughtering each other; who had brought them the light of creation, the bread of the body and the bread of life—is today being besmirched by these same people. Today the nation needs more than consolation and promises. It needs destiny. David taught us that a Philistine cannot be merely prayed away—he must also be beaten away. We must unite in the face of the common danger. The black masses of Africa do not seek the white man's friendship but his destruction. The snakes of unrest and agitation have crept out of their holes. For every white man in South Africa the hour of eleven has struck. He must make his choice now, or he will never choose again. The Afrikaner people is no longer fighting isolated enemies like Dingaans, Colleys and Milners—the whole world is arrayed against him. The emergency of 1960 is a repetition of the plight of our nation when in 1838 the Voortrekkers faced the black savage.
>
> Just as the Voortrekkers had been united as one man in the *laager* of Blood River, the nation must now unite in the *laager* which is being made, the *laager* of the Republic of South Africa. Every white man who loves this soil and loves his own child, must come together in the same *laager*. The time has come to meet the enemy on his own terms—those who strike must be struck back."

Here is a thoroughgoing programme!

North/South Differences

BROADLY SPEAKING, the present political struggle in South Africa is between the moderates of the Cape and the hard-liners of the north. Historic events gave rise to the intransigence of the northerners. What is the explanation for the more liberal attitude of the Cape Nationalists? The trekkers, who moved away to the north, took a lot of bitterness with them. Equally important is the civilisation which took root in the Cape and became more stable with the years. The records show that at the beginning of the last century *The Marriage of Figaro* and a number of plays were staged there. The landscape is mellower, as are its people.

If you are driving down from the north, you suddenly come upon the fertile belt of the Cape vineyards and wheatfields moving intrepidly right up to the semi-desert *karroo*. Cape Town is full of leafy avenues, cool with the shade of trees whose trunks have been gnarled and twisted by time. Many of the old farmhouses built hundreds of years ago are still standing. And there are the oak rafters, shutters, wine cellars, barns, and the disused dungeon-like quarters of the slaves, where heavy doors move creakily like the lid of a coffin on ancient iron hinges eaten into by the rust of centuries. The gables curving leisurely against a background of black thatch are very restful to the eye, and tell of a stable and contented community that has lived and thrived in those regions.

I have often visited these ancient homes. An exhibit in one of them, neatly framed and adorning the walls, consists of a sheet from a newspaper about one hundred years old. Perusing its contents, I came across the following item:

> MRS. BARLOW
> *Milliner* *Dressmaker*
>
> In returning thanks to her numerous Friends and Patrons, begs to inform them that she has removed to No. 8 Leslie Street, and she hopes by strict attention and moderate charges, to merit a continuance of that patronage hitherto so liberally bestowed.

Whatever British Imperialism had done, or not done for the Cape, it had certainly brought echoes of Jane Austen to its shores.

The Coloureds and Malays are the dominant racial theme of Cape Town—just as the Jews give the *kosher* stamp to Johannesburg. They may be estranged and alienated from the white man's society, but you feel that they are at one with the earth of the Cape. They belong. They have lived there, walked there, sung there, for centuries—since nine months after the arrival of Jan van Riebeeck and his men in 1652, to be exact.

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Within their ghetto existence they have gained a degree of certitude that their brethren up north totally lack. Socially, and in every other way, the demarcation between the whites and the coloureds is steadily becoming blurred. They are actually known as "brown Afrikaners." There is little animosity—and even quite a deal of concord—between the two racial groups. The blight of *apartheid* does not lie so heavily on Cape Town, and despite all the legislative enactments the coloureds sat next to the whites on the buses till some twenty years ago. For those who found it intolerable there was a special service: for one penny surcharge the coloureds were excluded. One pennyworth of racial hauteur!

The Cape coloureds brought with them something of the gaiety and oriental flamboyance of the Malay Islands, from where the Malay section originally hails. Their "coon carnivals" rival anything you will come across in St Louis and New Orleans. Some time back, the coloured made a great leap forward by forming an opera group and giving public performances. Their repertoire included *Rigoletto, La Traviata, La Bohème,* and *Elisir d'Amore,* and reached a level comparable with Europe's provincial opera houses. It was an experience to see them emerge from the darkness of their ghetto, and vault over all the racial impedimenta into the Paris of Dumas *père*.

The political implications of all this may well assume importance in the very near future. Already there is a struggle between the extreme and moderate Nationalists about the future of the coloured. It is a struggle that has been going on for years, though in the past it was fought out behind the scenes. It started when legislation was being projected by Dr Verwoerd to remove the coloured representatives from Parliament. The leader of the Cape Nationalists, Dr Donges, was opposed to it. But Dr Verwoerd, with his overwhelming authority, won the day for the northerners.

IT IS EASIER to pass legislation in Parliament than to solve problems—especially problems of colour and race. Today the struggle over the coloureds has been resumed on a different front. The fight is between those who want to make serious concessions, and the doctrinaire racists who would enforce *apartheid* on the coloureds by setting up a *Colouredstan*. But the coloureds have never lived in territory that was not their own, as the African tribes have done. (The Africans are not indigenous to the Cape, but came from afar to find work.) When Mr Vorster was Prime Minister he came out against the extremists on this issue. There is a limit to quixotism even in the ranks of Afrikaner nationalism. At the time of the Sharpeville shootings, when Afrikanerdom was in a state of disarray, the Deputy Prime Minister, Paul Sauer (a Cape man), called for a totally new attitude towards the colour policy. The Cape Nationalist organ, *Die Burger,* came out with the statement that South Africa was fast becoming the polecat of the world. Under the leadership of the intransigent Dr Verwoerd, the Transvaalers were able to gain the ascendancy. But he is no longer the prophet he once was in the memory of Afrikanerdom.

Dr Verwoerd was a Hollander who had emigrated to South Africa. During World War II he ardently supported Hitler. Most of the Nationalist politicians belong to the rough-and-ready category and eschew theory, but Dr Verwoerd was highly regarded by them as a theoretician and prophet. This architect of the doctrine of *apartheid* once made the statement in Parliament that the African was no more entitled to rights and privileges than the ox or ass inspanned in the plough. His words adorn the pages of the local Hansard.

THE DOMINANT THEME in our political existence is *apartheid*, a word that has become part of the world's vocabulary. Like the imaginary axis on which the world turns, South African political life has revolved about the imaginary axis of *apartheid* during the last 50 years. The Nationalists won one election after another with this "black magic." It was never regarded as anything but fictitious, and for election purposes only. Once the elections were over, the ballot papers were pitched into the bins and everybody forgot all about *apartheid*—until the next election, that is. The Young Turks of the Nationalist Party, however, under the original guidance and inspiration of Dr Verwoerd, are actually trying to apply it to the country's economic life. The dislocations that have resulted are bound to multiply—since the Nationalists have come into power, more Africans have entered industry than ever before, and that is a devastating fact.

There is a semblance of reality about *apartheid* today, where there was none before, because a new set of circumstances have arisen. The danger from the blacks is real, and not the mythical "Black Peril" it was when its sole purpose was to bring voters to the polling booths, and not Africans to the Bantustans. The prying eyes of a critical world watch to see what is going on. But in fact not much is happening.

There has been a great deal of dispute about whether the Nationalists are sincere in their *apartheid* policy of sending the Africans packing to their natural home—or whether it is just a way to fool the world and the United Nations. Now there is an easy way to prove their sincerity. Their aim is to control the influx of Africans into the towns and ultimately to shift the urban Africans back to their original pastoral habitat.

In this democratic 20th century, these shifts of population by decree naturally arouse widespread resentment. The critics could be disarmed: let the Government develop the industries in the reserves, so that they will be a natural magnet to draw the urban African back to his home and hearth—without compulsion of any kind.

The truth of the matter is that the African is a decisive factor in the country's economy, and a force to be reckoned with. A hundred and fifty years ago things were much simpler. There was the river; the blacks would come charging with their *assegais*, to be met by the accurate firepower of the Boer trekkers entrenched in their wagon-fortresses on the other side of the river. There was genuine *apartheid*, with the river as the line of demarcation. Today things are different. The line of demarcation has become blurred. The African is an integral part of industry—and he has come to stay. Industry would not survive without him. These are the facts, whatever the myths; despite all the efforts to bar his way, he has important industrial levers in his hands, and not an *assegai*.

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Behind all the trickery and fraud, the essential aim of Dr Verwoerd was to drive the black proletariat back to their homelands, and so degrade the African people to the pastoral level of 300 years ago: being no more than oxen and asses, they would presumably be thoroughly at home in their pastoral setting.

Why Smuts Failed

NO PROPER ASSESSMENT can be made of the situation in South Africa without a backward glance at the political vicissitudes of General Smuts, the most illustrious South African statesman, with a worldwide reputation. General Jan Christian Smuts made the most powerful assault on the citadel of narrow Afrikaner nationalism. His aim was to draw South Africa into the world orbit, and he employed the leverage of the British liberal tradition to achieve his objective. Why did he fail?

Three years of hard fighting in the Boer War wrested the gold industry from the "medieval race oligarchy" (as Lord Milner put it). There was a lot of sympathy for the Boers in their heroic struggle with a mighty imperial nation; but from a purely economic aspect Lord Milner was right. As he saw it, the question was whether South Africa was going to remain backwardly agrarian, or become a progressive industrial country. This problem has not been fully resolved to this day, when the contours of South Africa's future economy are finally taking shape. Lord Milner's candour was typical of the buccaneering days of Joseph Chamberlain.

The years following the Boer War saw many changes both in Britain and South Africa. Round about 1905, when time was beginning to wash away the hatreds engendered by the Boer War, Campbell-Bannerman decided that Lord Milner's policy of "the need for breaking the back of Afrikanerdom" was not likely to make a peaceful possession of South Africa. His was the modern approach to politics. He acted on the principle that if you spear an opponent, he can become furious as a whale and overturn the boat. If you tickle him, he falls gently into your hands like a trout. The period of appeasement of the Boers saw the rise of General Smuts. But this alone does not explain why a section of the Afrikaners remained intractable, while Smuts orientated himself afresh in a manner that is one of the miracles of the modern political age.

Smuts was born in the civilised sedateness of the Cape, and acquired his education at Cambridge, where he had a most distinguished scholastic career and developed a European outlook. As for his cultural roots, the French Huguenots had brought to South Africa a vigorous strain of Calvinism which was to impress itself indelibly on its history—but Smuts was more influenced by Spinoza's pantheism than by the theology of Calvinism.

During his years as a student he wrote a book on Walt Whitman, waxing rhapsodical about the spirit of democracy which Whitman celebrates, and which he considered the essential spirit of the British Commonwealth. Smuts believed that the Kingdom of God on earth would be realised in the model of the British Empire. Paul Kruger's Transvaal was, with all its virtues, backward and agrarian; its isolation had left it encased in a thick crust of medievalism. It was good enough for the former General De Wet, and for the Calvinist Dr Malan. But Smuts was more of a botanist than a farmer, and more of a pantheist than a theologian. For the average Boer a blade of grass is just fodder for cattle; but for Smuts it was also a study in the metamorphosis of species which so fascinated Goethe.

THE QUESTION NOW ARISES whether, in 1945, Smuts could have acted more adroitly inside South Africa, so as to have prevented power passing into the hands of the Nationalist Party, who are totally out of accord with the world spiritual climate. To supply an answer to this question, I must trace briefly the main political developments since 1933, when the "Fusion Government" was formed.

The Fusion Government of Smuts and Hertzog (who left the Nationalist Party of which he was leader) was a dichotomous political organism, subject to a good many strains and stresses; but on the whole it worked. A spirit of accommodation existed on internal matters such as "segregation", as *apartheid* was then called, where Smuts was prepared to make minor concessions in view of the danger zone into which the world was moving with Hitler's ascendancy. The horse of segregation was traded for the horse of imperialism, but there were reservations: neither animal was thoroughbred. At times Smuts went a little too far in accommodating Hertzog, and he met resistance from his chief lieutenant, Jan Hofmeyr, who led the Liberal wing in the Fusion Government. (A breaking point was reached when Hertzog clashed with Hofmeyr, who was forced out of the Cabinet.)

In September 1939, Hertzog clashed with Smuts on the question of South Africa's entry into the War, and was comfortably defeated in Parliament. Smuts took over the Government by himself. In 1943 he easily held his own in the general election, and he looked set for a clear victory in 1948 when, to everyone's surprise, including that of the Nationalists themselves, he lost by a fateful three seats. Smuts's party had in fact polled more votes. But it is one of the electoral anomalies that rural constituencies, which are predominantly Afrikaner, carry a 15% load in their favour.

A number of reasons have been advanced for Smuts's defeat in 1948—organisational and programmatic laxity, for instance. These were of secondary importance. The basic reason was the awakening of the coloured races throughout the world and its impact on the Black National movement in South Africa. The manner in which the coloured countries were asserting themselves at the United Nations and hammering South Africa was all grist to the mill of the Afrikaner Nationalists. The "Black Peril" was no longer merely an election cry. The menace appeared real, and had to be met with an iron fist.

As far back as 1906 Smuts had written of the Native problem:

> "When I consider the political future of the Natives in South Africa I must say that I look into shadows and darkness; and then I feel inclined to shift the intolerable burden of solving

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that sphinx problem to the ampler shoulders and stronger brains of the future."

Thirty years after, he felt very much the same. No doubt he thought that if the League of Nations was a success, such benefits would rain down on the whole of mankind, including South Africa, that to devote time and energy to anything else would be wasteful. Smuts's indifference to social or sociological matters finally led to his undoing, and to a disastrous turn in the affairs of South Africa. For at the end of World War II he was faced with the staggering problem of the rise of African nationalism, for which he had scarcely prepared himself.

AGRICULTURE lies mostly in the hands of the Afrikaners, and it is on the social and economic level of the feudalistic Southern States of America before the Civil War. In some ways Smuts's position resembled that of Abraham Lincoln in 1860, when the struggle between the liberal industrialists and the semi-feudal planters had reached a critical point. But there are important differences that helped to defeat Smuts where Lincoln was victorious. In America the slaves were a negligible force in relation to the whites. In South Africa the blacks outnumber the whites by four to one; they are growing in strength, and are beginning to constitute a threat to the white man's hegemony. Until only recently they were politically inarticulate.

If Smuts had not spent himself in fighting two wars outside South Africa, he might have mustered sufficient energy to play the role of a Lincoln—that is, to finally wrest power from the planters and place it in the hands of the progressive industrialists. But even so, the position need not have taken such a disastrous turn if he had displayed more political foresight. He was riding the crest of a wave, and he could have effected certain constitutional changes which would have kept the country from slipping back, as it did in 1948.

THE NATIONALISTS have since shown us how the State apparatus can be used to make favourable adjustments of all kinds. The loading of the country constituencies is preposterous, when you consider the hinterland's relative economic contribution to the country's welfare. An adjustment here would have prevented the Nationalists from gaining a victory in 1948. A vigorous immigration policy would have ended their hopes for ever, and spared the country the ordeal through which it is now passing. It did not help matters that among Smuts's lieutenants there was not one who came anywhere near to measuring up to him. Electoral changes alone could not have solved the problem of a rising African nationalism; but they would have left the road open for a solution, where it is now heavily blocked.

In a way it was not accidental that Smuts failed to make the electoral changes which would have prevented a Nationalist victory in 1948. He was so confident of success that he did not think it worth while to do anything to offend his right wing, which hailed from the countryside, and would have resented any moves to diminish the power of the rural constituencies. Throughout his career this right wing acted as a brake on any progressive legislation; and Smuts kow-towed to it unduly. This section deserted to extreme Nationalism when, with the rise of the "Black Peril" after World War II, they demanded a firmer attitude to the Africans. This Smuts could not furnish because of his affiliations with world liberal opinion.

Feelings, Hopes, Anxieties

SOUTH AFRICA'S POSITION is sociologically not as unique as it appears to be. The pattern is recognisable throughout history. The problem is to make a transition from a feudal oligarchy to a capitalist-democratic society—the same problem that faced Russia in 1917, the year of the February and October Revolutions. The racial division in South Africa complicates the scene, but the difference is, I believe, one of degree and not of kind. The Russian nobility had the same contempt for the peasant as the English aristocracy had for the working class which was raising its head with the Industrial Revolution. And it is a contempt that the Nationalists have for the Africans. The problem in South Africa is that of a ruling class which has to meet the demands of the lower orders that are growing more powerful with the evolution of society.

With the emergence of the Industrial Revolution, the British ruling classes had to face pressure from the growing proletariat. Then, too, the question was primarily whether the votes should be given to "the lower orders." Partial concessions had to be made in order to prevent open revolt. The difference of approach within the leadership of the English ruling class is interesting in the light of subsequent events. Macaulay, with Verwoerdian intransigence, regarded the workers as a tiger which would never be tamed; he was against any concessions whatever, and opposed the Reform Bill of 1832. Walter Bagehot, who was rather more reasonable, looked upon the British working class as a lion that might or might not be tamed one day; but he felt the time for political concessions had not yet come. Disraeli decided that a sop in the form of the vote would take the snarl out of this Cerberus. The second Reform Bill of 1867 was the result. Coexistence between the classes, which was so rudely interrupted by the 1926 General Strike, is still the order of the day in Britain. It will continue to be so as long as capitalism can be made to work, and as long as the workers get their share. It is toward this state of coexistence between black and white that South Africa must move.

Dr L. I. Coertze (a Nationalist Member of Parliament and an expert on constitutional law) once quoted in Parliament from Walter Bagehot to justify Dr Verwoerd's policy of keeping the African out of Parliament.

> "It is evident that our whole political machinery presupposes a people so fundamentally at one that they can safely afford to bicker, and so sure of their own moderation that they are not dangerously disturbed by the never-ending din of political conflict."

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The Doctor's comment on the above was:

> "Mr Speaker, let me say this—if the franchise is extended it will simply mean that eventually the political power will shift from one racial group to another racial group, and there is no guarantee that anyone apart from that racial group will derive any advantage."

Why not, then, let political power remain in the hands of the whites?

It is a pity that the Africans do not know enough constitutional law. Ben Schoeman, Minister of Transport, was more direct in his approach to these matters. "We must not give the Native the vote", he declared. "For then, if he makes demands we can call it revolution. . . ." South Africa is a really splendid country for public training in political philosophy. There is little simulation and dissimulation, such as is practised by the rulers of the advanced countries.

The Reform Bills were not paper-ballot games played by the workers and the ruling class, or something out of a university syllabus in political science. They represented a real shift in class forces. The second Reform Bill was followed by universal education, enabling the workers to play their full part in industrial progress. And that is the course which South Africa should also follow. The Africans must eventually take their place as skilled craftsmen in industry, from which they have so far been debarred by artificial racial barriers. An African middle class would also help to create social stability of a kind. After that, developments in the rest of the world would determine its future.

One should not underestimate the resistance of the hard-core Nationalists. The Afrikaners have been made hard by their tragic history, and this factor is not to be lightly dismissed. In this connection it is worth recalling an interlude in Parliament involving Margaret Ballinger, the Liberal, and the Nationalist MP, J. C. Greyling:

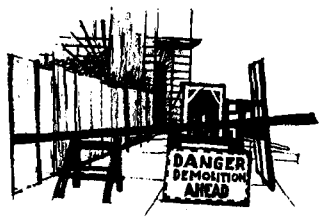
> BALLINGER: "I appeal to the people who should have a sense of other people's rights and some consideration for other people's feelings and other people's hopes and other people's anxieties."
>
> GREYLING: "We ourselves have also experienced that."
>
> BALLINGER: "All it has done is to make you more bitter and revengeful."

The Afrikaners have come a long way, through thickets, jungle, fire and water. But so have others, with feelings, hopes and anxieties. However, this hard-core Afrikanerdom refuses to see it that way. A Nationalist in the Cape Provincial Council was once asked, "Is it fair to offer the Africans something, and then not honour it?" "Why not?" was his reply—straight, and not ironic.

IF YOU ARE NOT SURE whether the African has feelings, hopes and anxieties, listen to a crowd of Africans singing *We Carry a Load*. Or read the words of one of the accused reflecting on the Treason Trial of 1964.

> "A slice of our lives has gone with the Treason Trial. I never knew the torture of sitting and the pain of incessantly falling words. . . . We have come a long way since the dawn arrests. . . . It was summer then; it is now spring. The seasons have pulsed through the barn-like Drill Hall [where the trial was being held] and brought their changes. The fans that whirred in the heat of the summer stood forlorn, like slain windmills, in the cold of winter. The leaves of the plane trees outside turned a smutted gold, twirled into the gutter, leaving the trees bare and desolate. Now they are filled with the nodules of spring. . . . It has been a river of words with a bitter sediment. And sometimes life has seemed caught in eddies; things recalled, things relived—the Defiance Campaign, the riots of East London, Port Elizabeth, Kimberley; the protest marches, school boycotts, conferences.
>
> A cataract of anguish leaps at you startling you anew. . . . Humour and pathos; comedy and tragedy—all have drifted down the rivers of words and the pools of tedium. . . . Our Counsel has in our defence explored the treasure-chests of human thought and activity down the centuries; touched the beacon of human ideals that have remained true in the sea of flux and change: Shelley, Heinrich Heine, Lincoln at Gettysburg. They seemed to parade through the Drill Hall. The longing of hearts through the centuries was affirmed; the longing for liberty, equality, the brotherhood of man; and those things that grieve the heart were recounted—racial discrimination, oppression, the inhumanity of man to man. . . . The treason suspect is a darling of the people, fêted, often pampered. All you have to do is to suggest in a roundabout way that you are one—and open sesame. And this very love brings home the littleness of your contribution and brands into you the heroism of the people who give to you what is rightly theirs. How they have lightened the weight of the trials; how they have rallied to us—making regret a stranger, injecting us with their indestructible strength, and the heritage of their future. . . . Meanwhile we sit. The river of words flows on, meandering to some end that is far from sight."

Between Scylla & Charybdis



WHAT OF THE future? The recent eruption inside the ranks of Afrikanerdom makes it clear that things are fast moving to a head. With the passage of time it is becoming transparent that the *apartheid* policy of tough original Afrikaner Nationalism must die and be reborn in the holistic South African nation, to which every section, black and white, can make its full contribution. The pattern of 19th-century England will have to be followed, but with the quickened tempo of this era approaching the 21st century. Much valuable time has been lost through the intrusion of the ultra-racist Verwoerd into South African affairs. The damage he did was considerable. For the evolutionary social process should have been set in motion straight after the warning

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signals of Sharpeville, some 22 years ago. It was what the Cape Nationalists vainly advised as an alternative to "Verwoerdism."

What are the chances of it succeeding? There are a number of favourable circumstances. The major factor is the progressive approach to affairs by the Cape Nationalists. At the least it has brought about the present split between Prime Minister P. W. Botha and Dr. A. P. Treurnicht, and this is not to be ignored. In addition there have been certain developments in the Transvaal which have tended to draw the fangs from the reactionary brand of Transvaal Nationalism.

During the last 30 years the Afrikaners have made a solid invasion of industry and commerce. They have moved from the morass of "poor whiteism" into the disciplines of international high finance. The black man may still be the cursed Ham—but he is needed to hew the wood and carry the water if industry, in which Afrikanerdom has a heavy stake, is not to grind to a standstill. And he will just not be available if, in accordance with the doctrine of *apartheid*, he is sent away to the Bantustans across the border. With the expansion of South Africa's economy, in which Afrikaner capitalism is playing a big part, skilled labour will have to be drawn from the coloured and black sections, and this will furnish the basis for a realistic policy. The mining interests, including the Afrikaner capitalists, are beginning to invest in secondary industry, and are ready to face the economic and political facts of life. They are adopting a more enlightened policy towards black labour. This factor did not operate during the Smuts régime, when the spirit of liberalism which began to manifest itself was largely sentimental. The local industrialists, both English and Afrikaans, are perforce adopting a liberal policy, for the same reasons that American industrialists did during the Civil War of 1861. They must adapt or die (Mr Botha's warning). If they don't adapt soon, the racial problem will be solved by irresistible insurrection of the coloured races.

When Mr Vorster was Prime Minister, he did not exactly distinguish himself by making memorable pronouncements. One worth recalling is his statement that if Afrikanerdom goes down, it will be its fate, and not its fault. There is the smell of *Götterdämmerung* about these words—the twilight of the Afrikaner gods. The least that Mr Botha can do is to move over to the position of a vote for every "civilised" person, black or white. Details of the franchise could be worked out. That will at all events get the country out of the tunnel; and then it can await world developments. This move could even bring about a coalition between the liberal Nationalists and the Progressive Party, and it would greatly defuse tension for many years.

Another factor in the situation, not to be ignored, is the pressure being brought to bear on the South African Government from without. America is prepared to come to South Africa's aid, provided that the country makes certain legislative changes so that the US does not antagonise the coloured world with her pro-South African orientation.

What of the policy of "One man, one vote"? That is not a starter. It is not a question of whether it is right or wrong. This policy no white government would be willing, or even possess the force, to impose from above. That can only be achieved through a successful insurrection from below, following the pattern of Rhodesia—with a Mugabe taking over power. If Mr Botha is going to look over his shoulder with trepidation every time he takes a liberalising step, he will be hastening this insurrection. Measures, not half-measures, are called for.

South Africa could, of course, deploy much greater military thrust than Ian Smith's Rhodesia in the event of an open clash. But here Mr Botha would have to take into account that the blacks have become much more politically sophisticated during the last ten years. More important still, the black proletariat occupies strategic positions in industry, which they could exploit to their purpose. The "Battle of the Blood River", when the Boers broke the power of the Zulus, is 150 years behind us, and might serve as a lesson to some, an inspiration to others. But a full-blooded racial confrontation today would bring ruin and disaster to the whole country. And the world would not look on with folded arms—to judge by the Israeli experience in the Lebanon.

PRIME MINISTER BOTHA'S constitutional changes of last year, dealing with the coloureds and Indians, were an important advance in terms of the sluggish pace at which legislation involving the non-whites moves in South Africa. In the past, even the liberal General Smuts was inclined to do as little as possible about it so as "not to rock the boat." But he did realise that sooner or later the matter would have to receive his serious attention.

For one thing, the blacks are no longer politically as inarticulate as they were 140 years ago. In addition, the entry of the "coloured" Third World upon the political and diplomatic scene since the last War has sharply changed the situation. They are now able to exercise pressure on the major powers both economically and diplomatically. Mr Botha who, broadly speaking, is a liberal Cape Nationalist, faced reality when he said that South Africa must "adapt or die." His constitutional changes completely ignored the black man: as if he didn't exist. Politics, like nature, abhors a vacuum. *Apartheid*, which is another word for racial helotry, was devised by Dr Verwoerd, apostle of Hitler and Gobineau, to keep the black man forever on the level of the ox and the ass, the words brazenly used by him in Parliament.

Mr Botha now has to sail between the Scylla of extreme Afrikaner Nationalism (which recently asserted its determination to see that the Afrikaner *Reich* will keep the blacks in total subjection for a thousand years) and the Charybdis of pressure from the Western world (which is urging South Africa to deal with its racial problems in such a way that it can receive their support, without antagonising the coloured races). The provenance of the dream of a thousand-year *Reich* is, of course, familiar enough. The major powers have no doubt also told Mr Botha that his intransigence is playing into the hands of Russia.

What will Mr Botha do in the face of this difficult situation? It is my belief that he has agreed to change course on the vital issue of *apartheid*. My conclusion is based on the fact that he had already made important concessions to the Western world when he came to terms with President Machel of Mozambique, and neighbouring African states. It is true that they, in turn,

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also made concessions, but they could not have faced their own people if they had not something important to show regarding *apartheid*.

Mrs Thatcher would not have invited Mr Botha to discuss matters with her if he had not proved flexible on this vital issue. I don't say that he has gone so far as to meet Father Huddleston's grievances against South Africa (given in his letter to *The Times*), but it can be assumed that he has made considerable concessions.

Mr Botha should have little difficulty in meeting the challenge of extreme Afrikanerdom—it is an impression I have formed during a recent visit to South Africa. The Afrikaners are becoming more reasonable in their attitude to racial matters as they realise that their myths belong to the past. It is of extreme significance that a few months ago the students of Stellenbosch University, one of the spiritual citadels of Afrikanerdom, voted in favour of a policy which would give every racial group the benefits of democratic rule; this would have been inconceivable a few years back.

More important still is the genuinely liberal attitude of the non-Afrikaner section of the population towards racial issues. They are sick unto death of being the pariah amongst the nations, defending a policy that no longer makes sense. (Mrs Thatcher's very determined effort to prevent a British Rugby team from going to South Africa was surely related to the recent diplomatic moves behind the scenes.)

If my conjectures are correct, it is not to be excluded that there will be some kind of *rapprochement* between the Nationalists and the Progressive Party. It would be an improvement all round, viewing matters in the short term—whatever the distant future may hold. At the least, it would open the way to progress, where now it is heavily blocked.

The Rhyming Dictionary

During the war/far/scar,
When I was fourteen/green/keen,
I wanted to be a poet/poet/poet.

My kind mother sent/with good intent
A present to me/evacuee,
A book she had chosen with care/dare/scare.

It came by post/cost lost/uttermost,
The parcel was brown/sent down/from town,
With blotches and splotches of red/blood shed.

I undid the string/saving/everything,
And found inside/pride/well-tried guide,
A rhyming dictionary/sanguinary.

Red spots on the jacket/soaked through the packet,
Red spots on the binding/finding/minding,
A dotted and spotted delight/blight/fright.

I scraped off the stains/pains/remains,
And soaped and scrubbed/and tubbed/and rubbed,
Till the book was as pure as could be/white spots/leprosy.

When I wanted a rhyme/chime/sublime,
There was no distress/less/happiness,
Soon the scrubbed scars started to fade/shade/decayed.

But today I see/reluctantly,
On the foxed front page/(not carnage/age),
That the book is arranged according to terminations.

I remember that day/so far away,
And the parcel that came/fame/shame,
And scrubbing somebody else off my birthday present.

Ruth Silcock

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MEMOIR

The Premature Obituary of the late Uwe Johnson

A LONG TIME AGO, many years before his recent death—at the age of 49, in his lonely island house in Sheerness in the Thames estuary—Uwe Johnson gave us the following manuscript: his own death notice, as it might one day be prepared by the men in "the morgue" of *The New York Times*. It was intended to be part of a series of "premature obituaries", a rather morbid editorial idea which came to naught (although some interesting pieces came in from Colin MacInnes and Leslie Fiedler, among others). The folder was put aside; and, as sometimes happens in an editor's office, the file of MSS was lost, or misplaced. By sheer accident—or, some would say, "Koestlerian coincidence"—Johnson's text turned up in the days after his death.

The real obituaries were just being published. *The Times* (London, 15 March 1984) wrote, ". . . As a stylist Johnson was humorous, ironic, and elegant—one of the best German writers of his time." David Holloway of the *Daily Telegraph* noted his chronic restlessness; having fled East for West Germany, he settled in the USA and thereafter in a seafront English cottage, where he saw hardly anyone, met no writers or publishers, scarcely knew a soul in the local village, and was in fact dead for three weeks before his body was discovered.

I saw him last in a bar in New York. His leather jacket was bulky with clippings from *The New York Times*, around which he was to write his last novels, the four-volume *Anniversaries*. That ungainly black jacket brought an embarrassed smile, for it was once a subject of some outlandish sartorial altercation between us. We had both been involved in the international Formentor Literary Prizes; and Johnson, affecting his most militant proletarian manner, resigned one morning in a huff over the intolerably *de luxe* Spanish hotel décor. At the time that jacket had been brand-new and elegant, and I thought it paradoxical, even ironic, that we should all be getting on with the jury work in shabby cotton summer suits and he be parading a guilt-ridden refugee conscience dressed in the finest black *nappa*. I am afraid I rather taunted him about that *blouson* (were the lovely patch-pockets hand-sewn, had the poor animal been personally picked for its skin quality, could we possibly get the name of his tailor? . . .). But the stylish contradictions of his youth were to become tragic personal eccentricities in his later years, as he wandered from land to land, working on tetralogies, and slowly drinking himself to death. The Sheerness publican on the Isle of Sheppey raised the alarm when he began to worry about the tall, taciturn German, who had not been around for a while to pick up his supplies of drink.

ON THE ISLAND he lived in a plain terraced house at 26 Marine Parade. His wife, Elisabeth Johnson, with whom he had had *nothing to do* for years, lived only a few streets away. His local pub, "The Napier", was his only regular contact with the outside world. Here he drank his eight or nine pints of an evening, smoked half-a-pack of Gauloises, and had a large vodka at closing time.

"How should we have known that something was wrong?" the pub-owner explained to a German investigative reporter (*Stern*, No. 22, 24 May) "He sometimes disappeared for weeks, on some trip somewhere. And how could we know whether he was at home or not? There were not even milk bottles *accumulating at the front door, he always took his tea and* coffee black." He drank only Hürlimann beer (no chemical additives); and always turned up at the pub in the same outfit—cap, jacket, jeans, boots, all black. He almost invariably sat alone, frequently with a book in his hand, more often a pencil and notebook. No one took him for a writer: he was known simply as "Charles", an eccentric and puzzling foreign fellow but "a nice chap for *all* that." Once, after a heavy drinking bout, he sang at the bar, with tear-filled eyes, *Lili Marlene*, adding the Brecht-Weill *Mackie Messer* song as an encore.

Concern began to mount when weeks went by and he hadn't even come by to pick up his usual case of Spanish red wine (on which, as a "big customer", he got a discount). Nobody dared to ask his wife, for he hated it when anybody made contact with her. He once drew up an itinerary for her with his daily timetable marked on the village map so that they would never even meet accidentally at a street-corner. One of his last pieces, written for a Max Frisch anthology, was a bitter indictment of "a lying wife who had betrayed." Apparently even the idea of her haunted him; and once when he was invited to give a prestigious Frankfurt seminar on "poetics", he astonished his audience by lecturing for a week on the counter-intelligence of a certain woman's infidelities in an espionage underground. Indeed his own marriage had ostensibly broken up because his wife took a lover who also happened to be working as an agent

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for the Czechoslovak Intelligence service. (He had a "thing", as readers of the following pages will note, about secret police.) In his last will and testament Johnson forbade that Elisabeth Johnson inherit anything in his house on Marine Parade, not a book, picture, or scrap of paper. When she heard of his body being found she came around to the pub to ask, "Was it over quickly? . . . Did he suffer any pain?" Now they could speak with her about him, but no one there knew very much about the death, or for that matter the life, of Uwe ("Charles") Johnson.

THE REAL *New York Times* obituary (14 March 1984) began:

> "Uwe Johnson, a leading immigrant East German novelist who lived for a time in the United States, has died in England, the Berlin Academy of Art reported yesterday. He was 49 years old. The cause of death was not announced."

Johnson (*New York Times*-obsessed like most New Yorkers) had in one of his fanciful Manhattan moments almost got it quite right. He would have treasured that "*immigrant*", pondering in his semantic finickiness whether it shouldn't be "emigrant", or "*émigré*", or even migrant; and he might well have been tempted to have an advance look, for there are cases of getting a "sneak peek" at one's pre-prepared obit in the newspaper's morgue. *The Times* necrologist went on:

> "Johnson visited the United States several times in the early 1960s, once for a reading tour with Günter Grass, the novelist. In 1966, through the help of Helen Wolff, his publisher, Mr Johnson was employed as an editor in the school department of Harcourt Brace & World (now Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). 'I pay taxes to everybody, have a Social Security card and am in a position to imagine the working day of an American', he said in an interview at that time. He remained for two years."

It added:

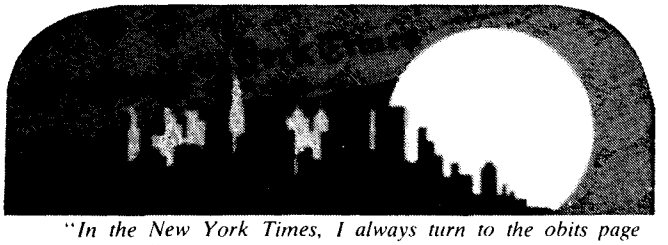
> "But Mr Grass said that Mr Johnson never felt at home in the United States or England, and was always homesick for the East. 'He remained a stranger in the West and he attached importance to this', Mr Grass said. . . ."

In life as in death, for Uwe Johnson the real was always in pursuit of the ridiculous, with life outrageously outracing it.

Needless to say, *The New York Times* had duly composed the obituary all on its own; it may not have been in its best inimitable manner, but it was quite oblivious of Johnson's pastiche. He wrote it, by the way, in English; and if in its lively original inspiration it set out to say something about newspaper style—on Johnson's Sheerness bookshelves, in his neon-lit window-barred cellar study, there were volumes upon volumes of *The New York Times* back-numbers—in the end it revealed between the paragraphs of parody many truths about a lonely, estranged, and very gifted man of letters.

M.J.L.

Dead Author's Identity in Doubt: Publishers Defiant



"In the New York Times, I always turn to the obits page first. . . ."

WYSTAN H. AUDEN

Special to The New York Times

COBH, IRELAND, AUGUST 25. In this quaint little city a new chapter is being unfolded in the life of the German author Uwe Johnson that ended last week, when this newspaper mentioned his death in a report about the heavy casualty rate among passengers in the meandering hallways at Orly airport, France.

Mr Johnson, who until now was credited with numerous works of fiction, may not be the author of any of them, according to Thomas Shean, attorney-at-law in Cobh, which has lost much of its importance as a port for transatlantic liners.

Mr Shean yesterday filed a will that he had drawn up several years ago, when the deceased fiction personality passed through Cobh on a search for a house. The peculiar thing about the will is that about seven hundred typewritten pages are attached to it. Apart from the usual bequests to the family, the sheaf of legal size paper is said to contain an irregular diary for the years 1958 to 1968, with literary criticism and biographical passages strewn throughout. What puzzles the lawyer, who disclosed the story in his small and dusty office to this correspondent, is that the literary criticism is directed at the works published under the name of Uwe Johnson, that it undoubtedly is written in his own hand, and that he disclaims any authorship of the books he is reviewing in his legacy.

The biographical part, until 1958, is loosely identical with the promotion copy given out during the lifetime of Uwe Johnson. He was born, 1934, in Pomerania, in the now Polish part, and spent his childhood until 1945 in a small town on the river Peene. From then on until 1954 he was in Mecklenburg, another province in Northern Germany, first in a village, then in a country town on the river Nebel, where he graduated from high school, and then in Rostock, where he began to study the history of German literature. Rostock is situated on the river

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Warnow, which flows into the Baltic sea there. In 1956 he graduated from Leipzig University, which is named after Marx, the economic analyst, and was ready for an academic career, when the State Youth organisation, whose functionaries he had often angered by his comments on their actions and beliefs, interfered with his installation at a university and made him unemployable at any similar institution in the part of Germany not under US control. It was at that time also, that Mr Johnson submitted a novel to a state-owned publishing house in Communist Berlin and, when it was rejected, to Peter Suhrkamp, a grand old man in the Western field of publishing, who dismissed it too, following the advice of an aide.

In this interesting situation, excluded from his type of work, barred from hopes of poetic fame, Mr Johnson accepted an offer that literally made him another man. It sent him to the Western world, into a life of modest affluence and into the circles of authors which otherwise would have been beyond his reach. His family is of peasant origin.

Became Author

AN UNIDENTIFIED PERSON, whose name the writing in the legacy often threatens to expose but never does, asked Mr Johnson through intermediaries whether he would be interested in taking a manuscript to the West and posing as its author, for a consideration. The time of the negotiations is given as early 1958. Mr Johnson thought the manuscript, entitled *The German Reich Railway*, not without literary merit, and as he had to regard his chances in the then German Democratic Republic as spent, he welcomed an easy beginning in the West and agreed to the stipulations of the unknown party. He changed the title of the manuscript to *Conjectures about Jakob* and took it to the Suhrkamp publishing house in Hesse, one of the, geographically, middle provinces in the then Federal Republic of Germany. The publishers accepted the book, a 330-page novel, for publication, though hesitantly, because of Mr Johnson's previous reputation as an author.

What followed was not the comfortable existence of quiet speculation, but a life by instruction. He was advised to carry out any publicity effort the publisher deemed necessary, and so Mr Johnson had to appear at boring parties, talk to strangers about his feelings, read from the book on radio and television and at small-town "*Dichtung*" clubs, and was expected, over and over again, to explain what the book, in the final analysis, meant to say. Mr Johnson was at that time, as far as the clippings of the period yield, in more than one respect fit for this role. He had been trained in the theory of the novel, and was able to discuss intelligently even general problems of literature with people he fooled into believing that he was one of their peers. He had, furthermore, the important quality of not really looking like a man who wrote in the manner of *Conjectures*. He was, in 1959, a tall, sturdily built man of reticent and somewhat formal behaviour, who seldom smiled. He fulfilled his part of the agreement with the actual author or authors through about ten years and four more books, and only then began to show the first strains. He took to refusing to say what the novels under his name were *meant* to say and responded to quests for the symbol just by repeating what the books *contained*.

A Planned Life

THE INSTRUCTIONS FROM the provider of the manuscripts, according to the version in Mr Johnson's legacy, covered not only his "professional" appearances, but also large stretches of his private life. The orders, which arrived in the second week of each month, together with the handsome wages, from an American Express agency in Stockholm, told Mr Johnson also where to live, where to travel, and what to wear. This meant that he had to live for six years in West Berlin, the part occupied by the three Western Allies, the USA, Great Britain, and France, as a consequence of World War II, and had to explain the choice of residence by professing he liked the climate. The climate of West Berlin is not different from that in East Berlin. It meant that he had to live in Rome, to go to the United States, to return to West Berlin, to travel for two absurd days to Switzerland, to spend certain months entirely at lecturing, to return to the United States, to stay there, without ever knowing the pattern of the commands. He was asked to wear a black leather jacket whenever possible, never let himself be photographed without his glasses and, as a special favour to the sponsor, to have his marriage held in the Roemer in Frankfurt, a historic building. It seems, following the legacy's recounting, that he had to mention phillumelia as a boyhood hobby. In one case, he was forced to decline a drink.

Crisis Begins in New York

IN EARLY 1966 it was arranged for Mr Johnson to go to New York, the city on the Hudson, and to take a job, because he had complained about increasing difficulties of killing the time. This assignment consisted of actual work at full office hours, but even so, he was still often at a loss as to what to do with himself. In the earlier years of his life as a, as it were, representative he had soon failed to while a day away with books or movies and had to resort to the more sophisticated method of riding the subways of the city he happened to be in for half days, watching people and scrutinising the system maps. But in the repetition the process lost its effect, and he began to discover a new way to fill unoccupied hours, and weekends. This was the habit of writing by himself. It is supposed that the bulk of the legacy was drawn up in the years 1967–69, and if we assume an output of three pages a day as no mean achievement for a person without practice in the métier, he may not have had much playtime on his hands. He committed to paper, with great detail, incidents in his life before the fateful year 1958, speculations about the intentions of the real authors and, with great zest and bitterness, attacked the fiction that bore his name and that, after all, nobody is in a position to know as intimately as he did.

There is also a "Contribution to the Jargon of Upper Riverside Drive, with Notes on the Phonetic System."

But the regular work on what seems to have been meant as a justification of his existence had not the tranquillising effect it has on the expert. There was much time spent in Irish bars on

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Third Avenue. There was an occasion when Mr Johnson refused VIP treatment at Tempelhof airport, West Berlin, and created an uproar. There was a flight to Stockholm on a weekend, to investigate the American Express office, which was, of course, closed. There was a growing reluctance to appear at literary functions and to talk about literature, let alone the books by "Johnson." His state of mind was further impaired, it transpires from the legacy's thick and curly handwriting, by the obligation to spend the office hours of one entire year in a cubicle at a New York publishing house, without work, and affect the manners of somebody who writes, and is a novelist.

To escape the degradations and aggravations of his hollowed-out life, he seems to have been ready for a rather eccentric step. This was hinted at by an employee of the Turkish Embassy in Washington, D.C., who wishes his name to be withheld. It is almost sure that Mr Johnson was prepared to disappear.

Why not Earlier?

IT IS SAFE TO ASSUME that, for some years, Mr Johnson managed to enjoy his part of the contract he had signed as an unexperienced graduate fresh from academy. Not that there is much fun to be found in the contemporary literary scene (see this newspaper's section 7), but it certainly must be acceptable to participate in it without really being guilty. He did not even have to learn what the public actually thought of "Johnson's" books, because there was a set-up to relay all professional mail to the office of his employer's lawyer. As the sale of "Johnson's" books was modest, and did not amass much more than the salary paid, he did not even have to feel short-changed, financially, that is. He could afford most of his wishes. There was also some private life.

The manuscript in Cobh mentions a plan to arrange his own writings more systematically and to publish them under an assumed name. There is a credible theory that a number of poems in Little Magazines, the author of which cannot be traced beyond his post office box, are from the pen of Mr Johnson. The poems are plays on linguistics, and signed with the initials J.U. The prospect of a gradual reconciliation with the requirements of the thirty-year agreement was suddenly shattered when, after years of scant communication, Mr Johnson was informed by two days' notice that a new manuscript would be handed over to him at Orly airport, France. It emerges from the legacy's almost illegible handwriting that Mr Johnson was incited by the instruction to tell the press on departure that "his" new book would have the title *96th and Broadway*, that it was a novel, and that it dealt with the locale indicated. To understand Mr Johnson's indignation, it should be noted that he himself had lived in the vicinity of that street corner and had passed there two times every day.

What he obviously could not bear was that everything was made to appear as if he himself had written this new book and that he would be held responsible for the contents in a much more personal way than was the case with the earlier productions. In addition, Mr Johnson was irked by the suspicion that his employer had lived around 96th Street and Broadway at the same time as he, and that a watch might have been kept on him.

Mode of Operation

MR JOHNSON INTENDED to take the manuscript with him from Orly to the place of his disappearance, read it, and hide it forever.

Paris Police Unshaken

PARIS POLICE pronounce they see nothing unusual in the unfortunate incident that happened and was discovered last Thursday at Orly airport. Orly serves Paris, the capital of France, and its suburbs.

Disappointed Reactions

FRIENDS OF Mr Johnson in the Upper West Side area of Manhattan recalled last night that the deceased impostor had given them the impression of being a stable person. His occasional sad posture had been interpreted as fatigue. He is said to have looked like "the man of diligent work", and nobody had been aware that Mr Johnson, after hours of amiable conversation, would leave with no other purpose than to ride the subway, just to get the rest of the day over with. Mr Johnson is said to have loved the outdoor scene. He was a connoisseur of what we would call the Boston steak tradition, and he had won respect in a Chinese restaurant.

The general reaction of these acquaintances to the strange news was that, as Mr Johnson was not the novelist they saw in him, their friendship had been betrayed.

Dublin Postmark

THE MANUSCRIPT dispatched by Mr Johnson before his departure arrived in Cobh under a Dublin, Ireland, postmark. Cobh is a fishing city on a wide bay, of former transatlantic liner fame.

No Comments

THE GERMAN "COLLEAGUES" of Mr Johnson have declined comment. Generally informed habitués of the literary exchange indicate that the silence may be caused by the host of put-ons placed in the news by *The Sunday Times* of London, which is not to be confused with this newspaper.

Number of Children Unknown

MR JOHNSON leaves a wife and a number of children not established by this correspondent.

Sister Cites Clue

THE SISTER OF Mr Johnson recalled in a telephone interview that he had lately acquired the habit of quoting, when slightly drunk, the promise of a radio personality to get Mr Johnson an

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announcer's job in case his literary career should falter. She said he was always deeply moved when he spoke of that noble gesture. She would not elaborate.

Papers to be Published

THE GERMAN PUBLISHER of Mr "Johnson's" work has declared the news development a "hoax" but has nevertheless sent a vice-president to Cobh to obtain the copyright of the manuscript left by a man who had not written as a ghost but had led the life of one. Giangiacomo Feltrinelli, the wealthy Communist, is also reported bidding. Cobh is in the county of Cork, Ireland. It is connected to the city of Cork by a railway service along the river Lee which provides a scene of romantic beauty. The publication rights are administered by a little-known journalist named Mike S. Schoelman, who so far has not been associated with one of the major publication coups of our time and does not know Mrs Alliluyeva personally. Alliluyeva is the maiden name of Mr Dshugashvili's second wife. Mr Dshugashvili called himself Stalin. Alliluyeva is the name used by the daughter of Stalin when she works on jobs in the US. For sale are also the rights to turn Mr Johnson's life into a movie.

Mike S. Schoelman, Mr Johnson's prospective biographer, said that parts of the manuscript posted in Dublin have the appearance of being written in code, especially an analysis of the changes of New York subway maps, and might contain clues leading to the person or persons or organisation behind Mr Johnson, if not to more. Spot-checks in places of Mr Johnson's youth have shown that people in Guestrow, on the Nebel river, or Leipzig, on the Pleisse river, do not recognise him in photographs.

As a spokesman for the Defense Department points out, there is a possibility that the entire East German part of Mr Johnson's "biography" has been fabricated and that he has been engaged in espionage activities under the cover of a leisured novelist. He also said that the name Johnson sounded suspicious.

Meanwhile Cork police find themselves unable to locate Mr Johnson's surviving family in Cork county and are convinced, in the words of detective Thomas Shean (no relative), that still another chapter will be "unfolded" in the life of the intriguing Mr Johnson, who died last Thursday at Orly airport near Paris, in his sleep.

Gravity

The gravity of the planets
does not affect earth's truth
on earth's own gravity:
love, not psychoanalysis.

Rust creeps from horseshoe
to horseshoe to find
the freezing point of our desire.

Mist hides the bitter kernel,
the invisible, the curve of the fruit,
the colour, the splitting bark.

You tear the wind,
part the mist,
divide the water.
You paint a parabola of emotion
on the glass dark sea.

Agave and Oleander, your companions,
arouse random doubt:
where is our innocence?

This is not the hour for definitions

David Rokeah
translated from the Hebrew
by Ruth and Matthew Mead

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LETTERS

Laski's Change of Mind

PROFESSOR F. A. HAYEK'S theory about Harold Laski's alleged insanity (Letters, June)—because he changed his mind under the impact of shattering news—will convince no one. Up to the outbreak of the War Professor Laski shared with many other intellectuals of the Left illusions about the Soviet Union being an anti-fascist power with a classless society, a planned economy, and no unemployment—facts which in his mind made up for the absence of political democracy. For Harold Laski the conclusion of the Stalin-Hitler Pact must have come as a terrible shock, and his sudden change of mind as described by Professor Hayek is quite understandable.

As far as I remember, Laski never publicly condemned Soviet policy between August 1939 and June 1941, and he started again to propagate cooperation between democratic Socialists and Soviet Communists after Hitler's attack on the Soviet Union. In 1942 I managed to convince him to reject in a lecture the plans for the wholesale expulsion of the Germans (whether guilty or innocent) from Czechoslovakia. When in 1945 I reminded him of that—and asked him in his then capacity as Chairman of the Labour Party for help for the German Social Democrats of Czechoslovakia—he did not want to hear about it, for in the meantime Moscow had changed from an anti-fascist to an anti-German line. Consequently, Professor Laski had given up his previous condemnation of "Vansittartism" in order not to come into conflict with the super-Vansittartism preached by the Kremlin after May 1943, and he was not prepared to support any action in favour of German opponents of Hitler.

This could be called inconsistency, but should we really regard every politician as insane who changes his mind for opportunistic reasons?

J. W. BRUEGEL

London

Normal & Abnormal

ON ONE POINT in their conversation (ENCOUNTER, April and May) George Urban and Alexander Zinoviev are agreed. They are agreed that the proper question about political psychiatry in the USSR is whether or not the KGB's "patients" are in truth abnormal. But of course they are—both in a purely descriptive understanding, since active dissidents in fact constitute only a tiny proportion of the total population; and in a prescriptive interpretation, since they are most courageously and devotedly defying the established norms of Soviet society.

The right question, however, is whether such *KGB* victims are patients of what can properly be rated as mental illnesses. For, surely, a mental illness, just like a physical illness, must be in some way incapacitating and/or painful to the patient? It is, after all, this and this alone which makes a plea of such affliction a possible excuse. It is also this, and this alone, which provides the guarantee that psychiatric intervention is authentically Hippocratic—intervention for the sake of, and in accordance with, the wishes of the patient, rather than of that many-headed monster "Society."

We cannot insist upon these simple fundamentals too heavily or too often. For they were not recognised even by S. Block and P. Reddaway in their systematic survey of *Russia's Political Hospitals* (London: Futura, 1978). And, especially but not only in the USA, courts continue to be offered—and to accept as excusing—psychiatric evidence which is evidence only of abnormality rather than of illness and of consequent incapacitation. (For support for this assertion see, for instance, my *Crime or Disease?* [London: Macmillan, 1973]). It is indeed in large part because so many psychiatrists (again, especially but by no means only in the USA) have been undertaking to treat conditions which are not truly mental illnesses that there has been and still is such widespread reluctance to arraign the psychiatrist torturers of the KGB, and to expel them and their organisations from all international medical institutions. Notoriously, those who live in—and make very good livings from—glass houses are, in prudence, reluctant to throw stones!

ANTONY FLEW

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Ontario

Kedourie's Middle East

ELIE KEDOURIE has long promoted a dramatic and rather simplistic view of events in the Middle East. There is an identifiable villain, he argues: the muscular and intrusive West, which has swaggered and stumbled noisily about on the oriental scene and mindlessly smashed up the natural peace and order of centuries.

In his conversation with Andrew Mango (ENCOUNTER, June) Kedourie is once more on his usual theme. Political activity itself, he begins, is part only of "a Western ethos and Western habits of mind." It is an abnormality and a disaster "in Middle Eastern conditions." Kedourie seems here to be dreaming of sleepy societies empty of politics—but later his thought clears. The problem, he says finally, is that there is no longer "a traditional ruling class which can impose its order or its view of order" on native populations, and, what is worse, "these populations are no longer passive."

"In the Middle East", Kedourie states flatly, "there has to be an overlord; if there isn't, the thing is not workable."

To call it by its right name, therefore, what Kedourie regrets is, quite simply, imperialism. Stripped of the evocative rhetoric of the words East and West and of their vague attendant overtones of religious mystique and cultural enigma, it is clear that the once-upon-a-time stability of the Mideast, such as it was, rested quite prosaically upon a religious hegemony imposed by the Arabs, the Egyptians, the Turks, or whomever. But there *was* a political life, naturally: a politics based upon the enforced acceptance of Muslim authority and Muslim law; a politics based upon the recognition of ruling and privileged Muslim castes and élites; a politics based upon the exploitation, subservience, and quiescence of subject and minority peoples who were kept firmly in place within the political system.

Was this, then, different from other imperialisms—the English, for example, or the French, the Dutch, the Belgian, even the Russian? Does religious imperialism differ in some significant political or moral way from national or ethnic or racial imperialism? And if the final breakup of the imperial Ottoman Muslim power led to quarrel and disorder in the Middle East, well, thus also did the withdrawal of European imperial authority lead to similar disorders elsewhere in Asia and Africa. Our newspapers recount such stories every day, datelined everywhere.

If Kedourie wishes to defend great-power imperialism as a force for peace and stability in the world, he can perhaps make a plausible case. But it is only fair that he apply his standard world-wide, and not pretend that the Middle East presents some extraordinarily complex and exotic case which we heavy-handed and thoughtless Westerners are too insensitive to understand but for which we must be prepared to take all blame.

One of the most serious and disruptive issues in the Middle East today is, of course, the right to self-determination of Christians and Jews in an area of the world where one single religion still demands unconditional dominance and complete political power and total territorial possession. The West cannot be blamed for these intransigent Muslim claims, nor can the West be held responsible for the politics of Islam.

ROSE G. LEWIS

Pelham, New York

I AM GLAD that Miss Lewis is such a diligent reader of my writings. I would have wished, however, that her attending to what I was saying in my conversation with Andrew Mango could have been more exact. I was not concerned there with "imperialism"—a word which is anyway well-nigh empty of meaning. Neither was I concerned with the character of Islamic government, nor with comparing the breakdown of an imperial order in the Middle East with other breakdowns elsewhere. These are undoubtedly important issues but they cannot possibly be encompassed within a short conversation. Had we but world enough and time. . . .

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The only point directly relevant to the conversation which ENCOUNTER published is that relating to political activity. Miss Lewis assumes that societies which, as she puts it, are empty of politics are *ipso facto* "sleepy societies." This, of course, is far from being the case. All kinds of lively societies have existed, the members of which went on happily with their daily lives and occupations without concerning themselves very much with politics. The point of my remarks in the conversation is that contemporary Middle Eastern society, as a result of Western influences, has become steadily more politicised. As I also tried to explain, the pursuit of politics by the citizens of modern Western societies is considered usual and indeed beneficial. In the Middle East, and other non-Western societies, the pursuit of the life of politics in the hope that politics will create a new heaven and a new earth has proved to be destructive, indeed catastrophic.

ELIE KEDOURIE

London School of Economics

A Reply to T. R. Fyvel

By Lionel Bloch

GENERAL SHARON and Menachem Begin are clearly T. R. Fyvel's *bêtes noires*, but even when he berates them in his review of some recent books on Israel (April), he does so with an avuncular benevolence that charms and disarms. As a doyen of international liberal humanists, Fyvel tries to do justice to what he perceives as "the nice half of Israel"; but his radiant radicalism blinds him to the geo-strategic imperatives that have to be accepted by both halves that make up the Jewish State.

As Anatole France observed, all book reviews are essentially exercises in subjectivism, and I will not take issue with Fyvel just because he rides the odd hobby-horse. What does concern me are his over-simplifications.

Could "the earlier Israel, dominated by Kibbutzim and Socialists of European background" ever have been a plausible model for a sovereign state?

Many of those collective settlements were run by the Marxist-Leninist *Hashomer-Hatzair*, who (against all evidence to the contrary) kept on advocating an impractical Jewish-Arab bi-national state. Today, their heirs in Israel are champions of impractical peace policies which are rejected both by the Arab Palestinians and by the vast majority of Israelis. In the past these idealists failed to allow for the average individual's unquenchable thirst for personal property, just as now they turn a blind eye to the Arab world's implacable hostility to Zion. Is there really any virtue in being a perpetual inhabitant of Cloud-cuckoo-land?

The fact that most Israelis have come to recognise the depth of this Arab hatred does not mean that liberal humanism is exhausted. Israel's press is as free as ever; the judiciary remains fiercly independent; the universities flourish, and so does the country's intense cultural life.

The changes from early innocence are mainly noticeable in economic and social attitudes and have little to do with the 1949–1951 influx of Jews from Arab countries—and everything to do with unbridled consumerism. What is very noticeable in Israel today is the excessive enbourgeoisement of Mr Fyvel's "nice half of Israel." An obsessive preoccupation with material comforts has created vested interests which obstruct urgently needed economic reforms. The new prosperity has also undermined the "Spartan spirit" indispensable to a nation under constant siege.

One can sympathise with the Israelis who are fed up with austerity and wars. Only those who work as hard as they did to build a modern state against all odds, can understand their reluctance to tighten tight belts even further. Be this as it may, the fact remains that Israel's middle classes have been pampered and are sometimes perceived as the society's "soft underbelly."

FYVEL IS UNFAIR in describing Israel's 1982 intervention in Lebanon as "Sharon's War." It was in fact one of Israel's periodical acts of exasperation and, in my view, a very necessary signal that it is determined to go on surviving. People forget that Israel tried to deter the PLO from attacking its nationals in 1978 by a short, sharp incursion into Lebanon up to the Litani River and back. It did not work, and in the end the Israeli government realised that the PLO had to be defeated decisively. This was the real achievement of the drive to Beirut. It was neither a "ruthless war" nor a "moral blunder." It was not ruthless because in their anxiety to minimise civilian casualties, the Israeli forces suffered considerable losses and allowed the fighting to drag on for weeks on end.

Had General Eytan finished off the Syrian Army after destroying most of their armour during the first few days of the war, and had General Sharon gone on to take West Beirut by assault, the war would have ended much earlier. One can hardly blame Begin for failing to foresee the departure of US Secretary of State Haig and all the other complications of Lebanon's civil war. (Had Bashir Gemayel remained alive. . . .) Nor could he have foreseen the unprecedented international—and Israeli—hysteria about casualties and the emergence of the new Western doctrine that military forces are only to be deployed if one could be fairly certain that they would not suffer significant losses. President Reagan has now learned—the hard way—the implications of this defeatist concept.

As for the contention that Israel's defensive action was a "moral blunder", this is to turn morality on its head. The quantity of Soviet weapons captured by the Israelis in South Lebanon was sufficient to arm three PLO divisions. Would it have been "more moral" for Israel to wait until these divisions were fully formed and trained? Should Israel have waited till these divisions were ready to attack its northern frontier in order to persuade the world that Israel was in the right? This political strategy of patent self-defence was tried during the Yom-Kippur war, and it failed abysmally. At that time Golda Meir's government went out of its way to show world opinion that the Egyptians were the aggressors. That demonstration, together with a certain Israeli military slackness, severely jeopardised the State's security, but it did not pay any political dividends. In the eyes of its detractors, Israel was—and will always be—the aggressor, because its very existence is, as they perceive it, an "act of aggression."

T. R. Fyvel is, of course, right when in the end he half accepts the fact that a "Solomonic judgment" to divide the land is not a practical solution. But once we have the intellectual integrity to recognise that at present the Israel-Arab conflict is not open to a compromise solution, we have to ask ourselves whether we have the right to castigate Israel for ruthlessness and moral blunders when all the Jewish State is trying to do is to protect its inhabitants from a second Holocaust.

"The Main Enemy at Home"?

THERE IS an important, if saddening, point for us East Europeans which emerges from both the Lord Chalfont and now the Gerald Frost inquiries into the nature of the European Peace Movement. I hope your Western readers will not think that we—perhaps like your *Homo Sovieticus*, Professor Zinoviev—are ideology-obsessed if we trace it back to V. I. Lenin.

Lenin used to preach that "the main enemy is at home." The peace-fighters, not unlike the proletarian class-strugglers, also find "the main enemy" in their own country—and so the Americans must fight against US imperialism, the British against the Tory defence establishment (and its Yankee bases), the French *vs.* the Elysée, the Germans *vs.* Bonn, etc.

That leaves us East Europeans with a formidable job on our hands. We have resisted, dissented, occasionally reformed and revolted. But necessary and honourable as the insurgence was, it hardly won us even the smallest of human rights, not to mention the economic and political privileges of democracy which our peoples long to enjoy. We are not strong enough, and in the foreseeable future are not likely to be. This does not mean that we are abandoning hope, or

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giving up the ghost. Not at all! But we have to recognise that our "main enemy at home", the Communist ruling class, is not likely for now to be stopped from racing its armament industries, proliferating its Soviet-Russian weapons, putting pressure on vulnerable governments near and far, and if necessary sending invading armies across a troubled frontier.

This must mean that, given this asymmetry in the power-potential of peace movements in the Western open societies and in the Eastern closed (even if not absolutely, perfectly, "totalitarian" systems), the campaigns of E. P. Thompson, Heinrich Böll, and their friends will never be able to be matched by their friends in the East. The Oxford pledglings of the 1930s may have weakened (and probably did) the will to resist in pre-War England; but the isolated and handicapped Martin Niemöllers and Carl von Ossietskys, valiant though they were, could not stop the aggressiveness of the Nazis and Hitler's temptation to make war.

It is for this reason that Andrei Sakharov, surely the most noble peace-fighter of them all, has begged the West not to relax its vigilance, not to trust the Kremlin's blandishments, not to turn away from the harsh necessities of building up its military strength, including its nuclear weapons (see his "Open Letter," as published last year in *Foreign Affairs* and reprinted in the *New York Times*).

Similarly, the Poles of the *Solidarity* underground (and indeed overground) leadership have made it repeatedly clear that their deep longing for peace in Europe is not based on vague hopes of mass demonstrations with pacifist banners but is predicated on a favourable military balance of power between East and West which will serve to *deter* "the main enemy", namely Soviet imperialism.

So it cannot be surprising that when Western peace-fighters like E. P. Thompson want to greet and embrace "the comrades from the East": the Russians like Popov and Botovrin (as chronicled in Frost's article)—they soon find them very "disappointing." They are too "anti-Communist", or too "cold-warish", or whatever. Many of our East European friends, when they turn up in the West, quickly get dropped by the "Peace International."

Just the other day there was a dramatic by-play in the "fraternal" relations between the Czechoslovak "Charter 77" groups and Britain's END (European Nuclear Disarmament). The "Charter 77" people were grateful for such support of their dissidence as was forthcoming; but they criticised END's interpretation of their foreign policy views. I quote from the "Charter 77" statement, as published in the liberal-left Sunday newspaper, *The Observer* (London, 20 May 1984):

> "While we don't approve of the mad accumulation of weapons arsenals, we are no less opposed to attempts at unilateral disarmament and unequal concessions, which would, in the present situation, only serve to exacerbate the threat.
>
> Unlike you, we have personal experience of other, perhaps less conspicuous, but no less effective means of destroying civilisation than those represented by thermonuclear war; some of us, therefore, prefer the risk involved in maintaining a firm stance against aggression to the certainty of the catastrophic consequences of appeasement."

The letter was signed by Vaclav Benda, Jiri Ruml, and Jana Sternova. In our view, given the opportunity to obtain signatures in Prague, Warsaw, East Berlin and Budapest—with the same freedom in which signatures are openly petitioned in Trafalgar Square and Times Square—there would be millions of more names on such a statement.

The trouble with the E. P. Thompsons, longing for socialism and for peace, is that they dream vainly of having the masses on their side. They are wrong. "The masses" have views of their own.

Vaclav Masryk
Gyula Kodaly
Leszek Kieselewski

Munich

Frost's "Peace"

May I take a little more of your space to reply briefly, if "collectively", to a number of correspondents who have written to me (via Encounter and also personally)? They have offered interesting comments and certain corrections ("The Contradictions of E. P. Thompson", Encounter, May); and I am glad to be able to acknowledge both.

On the errors of fact which some students of the Peace movement have spotted, I should like to say that, even allowing for the not inconsiderable documentation in my article, I regret that I should have got even a few details wrong.

The date of "the Cuba crisis"—not the "Bay of Pigs" but the Missile Confrontation of the Kennedy Presidency—was, as has been rightly pointed out, in October 1962. I am also sorry about the confounding of Peggy Duff and Pat Arrowsmith; one of them did run off to the Irish caves to save herself in the name of saving mankind, but it was Ms Arrowsmith not the late Ms Duff.

As for "all those marches to Aldermaston", most of them were not *to* the Aldermaston US Air Force base, but *from* . . . heading for Marble Arch and Trafalgar Square. Needless to say, their direction does not in any way alter my analysis of their nature or purpose: they thought they had a destination, but the marchers were only walking into the past.

A number of correspondents (including Mr Nicholas Walter, an experienced Peace-fighter) emphasise the importance of registering the difference in the Peace movement between genuine pacifists and the ideologues of the political Left. An important tension has been raging here, and in various places in my article I did call attention to its consequences, in terms of personal conflicts and ideological ambiguities.

Gerald Frost

London

Space Wars

In the May issue of Encounter Gerald Frost was given many pages to attack E. P. Thompson. In the July/August issue E. P. Thompson takes 30 column centimetres to make a reply. This is followed by Mr Frost again who is given a further 60 column centimetres on the same pages to reply to Mr Thompson's reply.

I appreciate that Encounter may wish to defend its polemicists against the barbs of their victims but surely it is a considerable distortion of the right of reply to allow Mr Frost a last word twice as long as Mr Thompson's letter.

Denis MacShane

Geneva

Ed. Note: We have an absolute commitment to "the right to reply", but authors, according to long-standing journalistic practice, are entitled to have "the last word." More than that, may we also explain that in honouring it we usually don't count words; we certainly don't use *space* measurements as indications of *fairness*. We would have been pleased to publish E. P. Thompson's letter *in toto* even if it had been a thousand words longer. We would have been happy to print Frost's final rejoinder had it been a thousand words shorter.

From Leavis to Eliot

Eric Griffiths in "Geoffrey Hill's Criticism" (Encounter, July/August) describes "the common pursuit of true judgment" as "Leavis's phrase, adopted from Johnson." It is in fact from T. S. Eliot's essay, "The Function of Criticism", as indeed Leavis, in the preface to his book *The Common Pursuit*, duly acknowledges.

E. W. F. Tomlin

London

Words out of the Underworld

Which came first: the roast chicken or the hard-boiled egg? No point to roasting anybody's thesis about hard-boiled gangsterdom, as Melvin J. Lasky tentatively does in his piece about P. G. Wodehouse's "Noo Yawk" (Encounter, March), until somebody collects some real and good evidence about how the mob actually talks. It could be, as J. B. Priestley argued, that the big-time (and small-fry) crooks don't actually talk like their counterparts in flamboyant fiction—but would like to talk like them!

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Or, as Lasky suggests in a highbrow formula, it may be "the wild fate of all social reality, its words and deeds, to find an ultimate existence, a final form, in the related fantasies of fiction. . . ."

I thought of this when the so-called "Mafia Princess", Antoinette Giancana, the daughter of the late American gangster Sam Giancana ("caught in a hail of lead" in 1975), began to reminisce about her life—and contrasted it with the fictional descriptions in, for example, Mario Puzo's *Godfather* tales. She remembered one phrase: "*cement shoes*." But she didn't know what it meant, until some hard-boiled mobster was found dead in cement at the bottom of a river. Then, as she records, "*Ohhh*—that's what they meant when they said '*cement shoes*'. . . ."

Not everything was seen as through a Cadillac rear-window curtain, darkly. At least her father surmised so. Once when Antoinette, then fairly grown-up, remarked to Sam Giancana that she'd like to write a book of her memoirs, he is supposed to have replied: "You write it and I'll kill you. . . ." No, I don't quite think that's the way P. G. Wodehouse would have imagined the scene, not even in his most earnest early New York period. As for Mario Puzo, the "Mafia Princess" doesn't find *The Godfather* to be "a true portrayal at all. . . ." Puzo narrates stories of women being murdered. No, "women weren't murdered, they were treasured. . . ." What, no buried treasures?

IT COULD BE THAT the "Mafia Princess" herself is more like a character in a caricatured crime chronicle than just plain Sam's daughter: she registered "religious feelings" everywhere in the underworld she remembers, and misses their spiritual presence in the atheistical accounts of our novelists. She tried to protect herself, psychologically, when in schools she heard fellow students say, "That's Giancana's daughter—he's a murderer. . . ." And when one day at university (it was Northwestern) she was a candidate for an exclusive club of young women—being "pledged for a sorority", it's called—she ruins her chances outlandishly. "For some ungodly reason I wore my mother's mink coat to this sorority for an interview—and I was rejected." Surely something out of Jacqueline Susann, or perhaps Judith Krantz.

But they, too, were no real and informed experts in underworld lingo, and their small limited story-telling talents never rise to creating a language which real-life gangsters would, *pace* Priestley, want to imitate. It could also be that either the underworld characters never read books and remained blissfully ignorant of the verbal currency in which crime can pay off; or, they knew that such public language could be dangerous because slang has a tendency to snitch, and there could be incriminating evidence in every vivid phrase. Their great formula was, we are told, "*to swim with the fishes.*" But Antoinette Giancana cannot recall ever having heard that expression. But then, "Mafia Princess" or not, she cannot ever recall either having heard the phrase "rub out." An erased memory, Lasky might argue. I'll suspend judgment until one can really know whether the underworld's semantics precedes the literary world's phraseology, or vice versa.

LUIGI R. CAPELLI

Chicago

Phallic Fallacy

THE REMARKS of the Labour MP from Pontypool, Mr Leo Abse, about the phallic nature of cruise missiles (ENCOUNTER, May) revive the old Freudian saw about the masculine nature of weaponry, from spears and arrows to rocketry. Why murderous projectiles have come to be regarded as such is a puzzle. True enough, "ballistics" today has become the science of rocketry. But the origins of the term itself suggest a different nomenclatural ancestry—namely, balls. Balls are round. The globular ball is spheroid, not phallic (cf. cannon-balls, bullets, etc). The female ovum is spheroid also.

Where all of this leads I am not sure. But the apple which Eve ate, thus giving rise to original sin, also was round.

PAUL SEABURY

Berkeley, California

Aron's Relevance

I ENJOYED your series of articles on Raymond Aron, especially the one written by François Bondy (ENCOUNTER, February). How relevant some of Aron's comments are when considering the Marxist student movement in this country in recent years! He says of the French academics that they had no real longing for revolution and merely wished to criticise the world. The situation in this country today, not unlike France was then, is far from intolerable . . . yet the Marxist students are willing to criticise anything the Government does and march against any of its policies.

It is only when it rains and few students turn up for marches that one realises that their longing for change is as shallow as those French academics. They prefer to listen to their de luxe tape-recorders in their warm flats—while militantly condemning gaps in the standards of living of the masses.

These enthusiasts will follow blindly on behind "the cause", as long as someone else in society is doing the hard work. One is no longer surprised by comments in our universities like "Only by killing the wrong people will the right people for this country come to power", or by graffiti like "*Drown the Royal Babies!.*" These people, in the words of Aron, will "justify all sorts of crimes as long as they are committed in the name of the right ideas and of the party to which they have signed away their souls. . . ."

What they fail to see is that although, in theory, it might seem possible that people will work harmoniously together for an "equal society", in practice most people are mainly interested in their own lives and their own well-being.

GUY GOODWIN

London School of Economics

Friedman, Capitalism, Jews

WRITING with reference to Milton Friedman's article (ENCOUNTER, June) on "Capitalism and the Jews", I would like to suggest an extension of the thesis suggested by Professor Werner Cohn whereby the over-representation of Jews among anti-capitalists has been attributed to the association of anti-Semitism with pro-capitalist forces.

The climax of this juxtaposition occurred in the Pale of Settlement and elsewhere in Russia, where after the assassination of Alexander II in 1881 Czarist policy was associated with overt anti-Semitism. Since the bulk of the world's Jewish population was concentrated in this area—and Jews elsewhere in Western Europe and, particularly, the United States were highly apt to have relatives there—it was understandable that these groups upheld a revolutionary ethic *vis-à-vis* Czarist Russia, oriented to and based on the adoption of universalistic principles finding justification in the socialist cause. (The degree to which immigrant Jews in America had been "russified" or "polonised" is revealed tellingly in Irving Howe's *Land of Our Fathers.*)

With a reversal of roles following the Soviet Revolution and, above all, the collapse of anti-Soviet and anti-Semitic Nazi Germany, Jews the world over have now tended to become outspokenly anti-Soviet. They tend to be hawks rather than doves. They move toward the Republicans rather than the Democrats. They are more likely to read ENCOUNTER than the *New Statesman.* (For an American illustration, just look at *Commentary.*)

PETER DODGE

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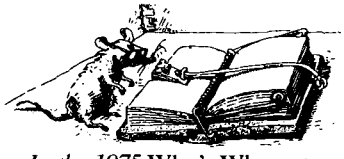
Life & Letters Today

London



NEW BOOK: *A reason given by Neil Kinnock for resigning as Michael Foot's PPS in 1975 was to finish a book on Aneurin Bevan's speeches.*

In the 1975 Who's Who *entry, Kinnock says that "As Nye Said" was published that year. In his 1976 and 1977 entries, he says it came out in 1976, and in 1978's he gives the publication date as 1977. In 1979 and again in 1980 he says the book came out in the same year as the current editions of* Who's Who.

Yesterday it transpired it has never been published. George Drower's biography of the Labour Leader—which will be published by Weidenfield next month—reveal, that when challenged on the alleged publication, Kinnock stammered: "It's, er . . . in four cardboard boxes, in the attic at the moment, having been moved there from the garage. Er, I just haven't had time to finish it off."

THE TIMES

Washington, D.C.

STRANGELOVISM: **National Security adviser William Clark served as a civilian in the State Department for nearly a year. In his first public speech in his new job—a collection of banalities piled on obfuscations, laced with sycofancy footwork—he came up with a Strangelovism that might just be the Euphemism of the Year [writes William Safire].**

The subject was military strategy, which he viewed as "a planning continuum." At the lower end of that spectrum was the training of foreign troops and the supply to them of our "support capability." And then:

> *"At the higher end of the conflict spectrum . . . any conflict with the Soviet Union could expand to global dimensions."*

Nobody is sure exactly what Clark meant in that speech—it was a lulu of obfuscation and banalities—but some of us suspect that "the Higher End of the Conflict Spectrum" is a way of not saying "War."

NEW YORK TIMES

London

TERMINOLOGY: **"What happens if you do not pay your exorcist?"—"You get repossessed."**

FINANCIAL TIMES

London

M. CHAUVIN (WHO HE?): *The "male chauvinist" ways of Andrew Hulford, a builder, finally became too much for his wife Jacqueline, Mr Justice Sheldon said in the High Court Family Division yesterday. She liked to go out and meet people and have some independence. But he believed a wife's place was in the home, and her duty was to look after her husband and children.*

After the judgment, Mr Hulford said: "I don't see myself as having the attitudes of a Victorian husband. I don't accept that I was domineering or chauvinist.

"I just consider myself to be an ordinary English husband. I like to come home from work and see my wife and kids there. And I like my wife to stay at home with me in the evening. Any husband would.

"I couldn't believe what the Judge said. I didn't even know what a male chauvinist was until someone told me later."

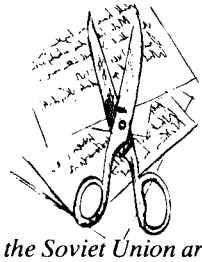
DAILY TELEGRAPH

London

BACK-SLASH: **The word "coiffure" is as dead as the Dodo. Young people detest rigid styling and that "hot from the hairdryer" look. Today the emphasis is on good colour, good shaping and healthy, manageable hair. In New York, the hairdresser Christiaan has created a highly original cut which looks ladylike and efficent by day but exuberant and dashing by night. It's called the Buzz. Catching on here, it's known as the Slash.**

SUNDAY TIMES MAGAZINE

London



SELF CENSORSHIP: *A leading Russian editor and writer who fled to the West four months ago has been given asylum in Britain. Oleg Bitov was the foreign-culture editor of the Soviet weekly, "Literary Gazette", and he specialised in Anglo-American literature. The articles he is now writing about the motives for his flight and his troubles in the Soviet Union are being written in English.*

He first tried composing them in Russian but says he found the life-long habit of self-censorship so deeply ingrained that he was unable to express the truth and had to turn to English instead.

Being in a senior position, Bitov was allowed to see any of the 400 foreign publications taken by the paper's Information Department. These included all the British quality dailies and Sundays as well as spicier fare like "Playboy." But every one had been vetted by the official censorship agency "Glavlit" before it even reached the "Literary Gazette."

"Imagine how many thousands of man-hours are being wasted in this absolutely futile way! Every single publication is inspected by *Glavlit* before it is passed on, and this of course causes endless delays. By the time any foreign paper reached us, its news was bound to be out of date.

"When the foreign papers eventually arrived, they had been allotted various degrees of secrecy. All had to be kept in a specially-protected library whose door was locked every night, and the lock sealed with wax. Ordinary publications were kept on open shelves, but anything specially restricted had to be stored in safes.

"It was a nightmare of bureaucracy."

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

London

WHAT'S THE **meaning of the "D" in D-Day? If you look D-Day up in the dictionary, it means "unnamed day". It didn't actually stand for anything.**

But the "D" in D-day is the exception as "D" stands for day. It is even parallelled in France where they refer to D-Day as J-Jour.

THE STANDARD

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